

THE
VISIONS

OF

DOM FRANCISCO

Gomez DE *R*

QUEVEDO

VILLEGAS,

Knight of the Order of St. JAMES.

Made English

BY

Sir ROGER L'ESTRANGE, Kt.

The Eleventh Edition, Corrected.

L O N D O N,

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TO THE
READERS,
Gentle and Simple.



THIS Preface is meerly for Fashion-sake, to fill a space, and please the Stationer; who says, 'tis neither usual nor handsome, to leap immediately from the Title-Page to the Matter. So that in short, a Preface ye have, together with the Reason of it, both under One: but as to the Ordinary Mode and Pretence of Prefaces, the Translator desires to be Excus'd: For he makes a Conscience of a Lye, and it were a damn'd one, to tell ye, that he has publisht This either to Gratify the Importunity of Friends, or to Oblige the Publick; or for any other Reason of a hundred, that are commonly given in excuse of Scribling. Not but that he loves his Friends as well as any Man, and has taken their Opinion along with him. Nor, but that he loves the Publick too, (as many a Man does a Coy Mistress that has made his Heart ake.) But to pass from what had no effect upon him in this Publication, to that which over-rul'd him in it. It was pure Spite. For he has had hard Measure among the

A 2 Physicians,

P R E F A C E.

Physicians, *the* Lawyers, *the* Women, &c. and Dom Francisco de Quevedo, in English, Revenges *him upon all his* Enemies. *For it is a* Satyr, *that taxes* Corruption of Manners, *in all sorts and degrees of* People, *without reflecting upon* particular States or Persons. *It is full of* Sharpness and Morality; *and has found so good* Entertainment in the *World, that it wanted only* English of being baptiz'd into all Christian Languages.



THE
FIRST VISION,
OF THE
ALGOUAZIL (OR CATCHPOLE)
POSSEST.



GOING t'other Day to hear Mass at a Convent in this Town, the Door it seems was shut, and a World of People pressing and begging to get in. Upon Enquiry *What the Matter was*; they told me of a *Demoniac* to be *exorcised*; (or *dispossessed*) which made me put in for one, to see the Ceremony, though to little Purpose; for when I had half smothered myself in the Throng, I was e'en glad to get out again, and bethink my self of my Lodging. Upon my way homeward, at the Streets-end, it was my fortune to meet a familiar Friend of mine of the same Convent, who told me as before. Taking notice of my Curiosity, he bad me follow him; which I did, 'rill with his *Passapax-tout*, he brought me through a little back-door into the Church, and so into the Vestry: Where we saw a wretched kind of a dog-look'd Fellow, with a Tippet about his Neck, as ill-ordered as you'd wish; his Cloaths all in tatters, his Hands bound behind him, roaring and tearing after a most hideous manner. Bless me, quoth I, (crossing my self) what have we here? This (says the good Father who was to do the Feat) is a Man that's possesst with an *Evil Spirit*. *That's a damn'd Lye*, (with respect of the Company, cryed the Devil that tormented him) for this is not a *Man* possesst with a *Devil*, but a *Devil* possesst with a *Man*; and therefore you should do well to have a care what you say; for it is most evident, both by the Question and Answer, that you are but a Company of Sots. You must understand, that we *Devils*, never enter into the Body of a *Catchpole*, but by force, and in spite of our Hearts; and therefore to speak properly, you are to say, this is a *Devil catchpol'd*, and not a *Catchpole bedevil'd*.

And, to give you your Due, *you Men* can deal better with *us Devils*, than with the *Catchpoles*; for *We flye from the Crosse*; whereas *They make use of it*, for a Cloak for their Villany.

But though we differ thus in our *Humours*, we hold a very fair Correspondence in our *Offices*; If we draw Men into *Judgment and Condemnation*, so do the *Catchpoles*; we pray for an increafe of *Wickedness* in the World, so do they; nay and more zealously than we; for they make a *Livelihood* of it, and we do it only for *Company*. And in this, the *Catchpoles* are worse than the *Devils*; they prey upon their own Kind, and worry one another. For our parts, we are *Angels* still, though *black ones*, and were turn'd into *Devils* only for aspiring into an equality with our Maker: Whereas the very *Corruption of Mankind is the Generation of a Catchpole*. So that, my good Father, your labour is but lost in plying this Wretch with *Reliques*; for you may as soon redeem a Soul from Hell, as a Prey out of his Clutches. In fine, your *Algouazils* (or *Catchpoles*) and your *Devils* are both of an Order, only your *Catchpole-Devils* wear *Shoes and Stockings*, and we go *barefoot*, after the Fashion of this reverend Father; and (to deal plainly) have a very hard time on't.

I was not a little surpriz'd to find the *Devil* so great a Sophister; but all this notwithstanding, the Holy Man went on with his *Exorcism*, and to stop the Spirit's Mouth, washt his Face with a little *Holy-Water*; which made the *Demoniac* ten times madder than before, and set him a yelping so horridly, that it deafned the Company, and made the very Ground under us to tremble. And now, says he, you may, perchance, imagine this Extravagance to be the Effect of your *Holy-Water*; but let me tell you, that meer *Water* it self would have done the same Thing; for your *Catchpole* hates nothing in this World like *Water*; [especially that of a *Gray's-Inn Pump*.] But to conclude, They are so reprobated a sort of *Christians*, that they have quitted even the very Name of *Misins*, (by which they were formerly known) for that of *Algouazils*; the latter being of *Pagan extraction*, and more suitable to their Manners.

Come, come, says the Father, there is no Ear, nor Credit to be given to this Villain; set but his Tongue at Liberty, and you shall have him fall foul upon the Government, and the Ministers of Justice, for keeping the World in Order and suppressing Wickedness, because it spoils his Market. No more chopping of Logick, good Mr. Conjuror, says the Devil; for there's more in't than you are aware of; but if you'll do a poor Devil a good Office, give me my Dispatch out of this accursed *Algouazil*; for I am a Devil, you must know, of *Reputation and Quality*, and

and shall never be able to endure the Gibes and Affronts will be put upon me at my return to Hell, for having kept this Rascal company. All in good time, said the *Father*, thou shalt have thy Discharge; that is to say, in pity to this miserable Creature, and not for thy own Sake. But tell me now, what makes thee torment him thus? Nothing in the World, quoth the *Devil*, but a Contest betwixt him and me, which was the greater *Devil* of the *Two*.

The Conjuror did not at all relish these wild and malicious Replies; but to me the Dialogue was extreme pleasant, especially being by this time a little familiariz'd with the *Devil*. Upon which Confidence, my good *Father*, said I, here are none but Friends; and I may speak to you as my *Confessor*, and the Confident of all the secrets of my Soul; I have a great mind with your leave, to ask the *Devil* a few Questions; and who knows but a Man may be the better for his Answers, though perchance contrary to his Intention? keep him only in the Interim from tormenting this poor Creature. The *Conjuror* granted my request, and the *Spirit* went on with his Babble. Well, says he smiling, the *Devil* shall never want a Friend at Court, so long as there's a *Poet* within the Walls. And indeed the Poets do us many a good turn, both by Pimping and otherwise; but if *you*, said he, should not be kind to us (looking upon me) you'll be thought very ungrateful, considering the Honour of your Entertainment now in Hell. I ask'd him then, what store of Poets they had? Whole Swarms, says the *Devil*; so many, that we have been forc'd to make more room for them; Nor is there any thing in Nature so pleasant as a Poet in the first Year of his *probation*; he comes ye laden forsooth, with Letters of Recommendation to our Superiours, and enquires very gravely for *Charon*, *Cerberus*, *Rhadamanthus*, *Eacus*, *Minos*.

Well, said I, but what's their Punishment? (for I began now to make the *Poets* Case my own.) Their Punishments, quoth the *Devil*, are many, and suited to the Trade they drive. Some are condemn'd to hear other Men's Works: (and this is the Plague of the *Fidlers* too.) We have others that are in for a Thousand Years, and yet still poring upon some old Stanza's they have made of Jealousie. Some again are beating their Foreheads with the Palms of their Hands, and even boring their very Noses with hot Irons, in rage that they cannot come to a Resolution, whether they shall say *Face* or *Vilage*; whether they shall say *Jayl* or *Gaol*; whether *Cony* or *Cunny*, because it comes from *Cuniculus*, a *Rabbit*. Others are biting their

their Nails to the quick, and at their Wits end for a Rhime to *Chimney*, and dozing up and down in a brown study, till they drop into some Hole at last, and give us trouble enough to get them out again. But they that suffer the most, and fare the worst, are your *Comick Poets*, for Whoring so many Queens and Princesses upon the Stage, and coupling Ladies of Honour with Lacquies, and Noblemen with common Strumpets, in the winding up of their Plays; and for giving the Bastinado to *Alexander* and *Julius Caesar* in their Interludes and Farces. Now be it known unto you, that we do not lodge these with other *Poets*, but with *Petty-Foggers* and *Attorneys*, as common Dealers in the Mystery of Shifting, Shuffling, Forging, and Cheating. And now for the Discipline of Hell, you are to understand we have incomparable *Harbingers* and *Quarter-Masters*; insomuch that let them come in whole *Caravans*, as it happen'd t'other day, every Man is in his Quarter before you can say *what's this!*

There came to us several Tradesmen; the first of them a Poor Rogue that made Profession of *drawing the Long-Bow*; and him we were about to put among the *Armourers*, but one of the Company moved and carried it, that since he was so good at Draughts, he might be sent to the *Clerks* and *Scriveners*; a sort of People that will fit you with *Draughts* good and bad, of all sorts and sizes, and to all purposes. Another called himself a *Cutter*: We ask'd him whether in *Wood or Stone*? Neither, said he, but in *Cloth and Stuff*, (*Anglice a Taylor*;) and him we turn'd over to those that were in for Detraction and Calumny, and for cutting large Thongs out of other Men's Leather. There was a *blind Fellow* would fain have been among the *Poets*, but (for likeliness sake) we quartered him among the *Lovers*. After him came a *Sexion*, or (as he stiled himself) a *Burier of the Dead*; and then a *Cook* that was troubled in Conscience for putting off *Cats* for *Hares*: These were dispatch'd away to the *Pastry-Men*. A matter of half a dozen *Crack brain'd Fools* we disposed of among the *Apologers* and *Aichymists*. In the Number, there was one notorious *Murderer*, and him we pack'd away to the Gentlemen of the Faculty, the *Physicians*. The *Broken-Merchants* we kennel'd with *Judas*, for making ill Bargains. *Corrupt Ministers* and *Magistrates*, with the *Tuif* on the left Hand. The *Embroylers of Affairs*, and the *Water-bearers*, take up with the *Vintners*; and the *Brokers* with the *Jews*. Upon the whole matter, the Polity of Hell is admirable, where every Man has his Place according to his condition.

As I remember (said I) you were speaking e'en now concerning *Lovers*. Pray tell me, have ye many of them

in your Dominions? I ask, because I am my self a little subject to the Itch of *Love*, as well as *Poetry*. *Love* (says the Devil) is like a great spot of Oil, that diffuses itself every where, and consequently Hell cannot but be sufficiently stockt with that sort of Vermin. But let me tell you now, we have several sorts of *Lovers*; some doat upon *Themselves*; others upon their *Felf*: these upon their own *Discourses*; those upon their own *Actions*; and once in an Age perchance, comes a Fellow that doats upon his own *Wife*; but this is very rare, for the Jades commonly bring their Husbands to repentance, and then the Devil may throw his Cap at them. But above all, for sport (if there can be any in Hell) commend me to those *Gawdy Monsieurs*, who by the variety of Colours and Ribbands they wear, (*Favours*, as they call them) one would swear, were only dress'd up for a *Sample*, or kind of *Inventory* of all the *Gewgaws* that are to be had for Love or Money at the *Mercers*. Others you shall have so overcharged with *Perruque*, that you'll hardly know the Head of a *Cavalier*, from the ordinary *Block* of a *Tire-Woman*: And some again you'd take for *Carriers*, by their *Pacquets* and *Bundles* of *Love-Letters*; which being made combustible by the Fire and Flame they treat of, we are so thrifty, as to employ upon the finding of their own Tails, for the saving of better Fuel. But Oh! the pleasant postures of the Maiden-Lover, when he is upon the Practice of the *Gentle Lear*, and embracing the Air for his Mistress! Others we have that are condemn'd for *Feeling*, and yet never come to the *Touch*: These pass for a kind of *Buffoon-Pretenders*; ever upon the *Vigil*, but never arrive at the *Festival*. Some again have lost themselves with *Judas* for a *Kiss*.

One Story lower is the abode of *Contented Cuckolds*; a nasty Poisonous place, and strew'd all over with the Horns of Rams and Bulls, &c. Now these are so well read in *Woman*, and know their Destiny so well before-hand, that they never so much as trouble their Heads for the matter. Ye come next to the *Admirers* of *Old Women*; and these are Wretches of so depraved an Appetite, that if they were not kept tyed up, and in Chains, they'd Horse the very *Devils themselves*, and put *Barabbas* to his Trumps to defend his Buttocks: For the Truth is, whatever you may think of a Devil, he passes with them for a very *Adonis* or *Narcissus*.

So much for your Curiosity, a word now for your Instruction. If you would make an Interest in Hell, you must give over that Roguish way ye have got of abusing the *Devils* in your Shews, Pictures and Emblems: One

while forsooth we are painted with *Claws* or *Talons*, like *Eagles* or *Griffons*. Another while we are drest up with *Tails*, like so many Hackney-Jades with their *Fly-flaps*; and now and then ye shall see a Devil with a *Coxcomb*. Now I will not deny but some of us may indeed be very well taken for *Hermits* and *Philosophers*. If you can help us in this Point, do; and we shall be ready to do ye *one good Turn* for another. I was asking *Michael Angelo* here a while ago, why he drew the Devils in his great Piece of the *Last Judgment*, with so many *Monkey Faces*, and *Jack-Pudding Postures*. His Answer was, that he followed his Fancy, without any Malice in the World, for as then, he had never seen any Devils; nor (indeed) did he believe that there were any; but he has now learned the contrary to his cost. There's another thing too we take extreemly ill, which is, that in your ordinary Discourses, ye are out with your Purse presently to every Rascal, and calling of him *Devil*. As for Example. Do you see how this *Devil* of a *Taylor* has spoil'd my Sute? How the *Devil* has made me Wait? How that *Devil* has couzen'd me, &c. Which is very ill done, and no small disparagement to our Quality, to be rank'd with *Tailors*: A Company of Slaves, that serve us in Hell only for Brushwood; and they are fain to beg hard to be admitted at all: Though I confesse they have *Possession* on their sides, and *Custom*, which is *another Law*: Being in Possession of Theft, and *stollen Goods*; they make much more Conscience of keeping your *Stuffs* than your *Holy-days*, grumbling and domineering at every turn, if they have not the same respect with the Children of the Family. Ye have another trick too, of giving every thing to the Devil, that displeases ye; which we cannot but take very unkindly. *The Devil* take thee, says one: a goodly Present I warrant ye; but the *Devil* has somewhat else to do, than to take and carry away all that's given him; if they'll come of themselves, let them come and welcome. Another gives that Whelp of a *Lacquey* to the *Devil*; but the *Devil* will have none of your *Lacqueys*, he thanks you for your Love; a pack of Rogues that are commonly worse than Devils; and to say the truth, they are good neither Rost nor Soddan. I give that *Italian* to the *Devil*, cries a third; thank you for nothing: For ye shall have an *Italian* will chouse the *Devil* himself, and take him by the Nose like Mustard. Some again will be giving a *Spaniard* to the *Devil*; but he has been so cruel wherever he has got footing, that we had rather have his room than his company, and make a Present to the *Grand-Signior* of his *Nutmegs*.

Here the Devil stopt, and in the same instant, there
happening

happening a slight scuffle, betwixt a couple of conceited Coxcombs, which should go foremost: I turn'd to see the matter, and cast my Eye upon a certain *Tax-gatherer*, that had undone a Friend of mine; and in some sort to revenge my self of this *Ass* in a *Lion's Skin*, I ask'd the *Devil*, whether they had not of that sort of Blood-Suckers among the rest, in their Dominions? (an informing, projecting Generation of Men, and the very Bane of a Kingdom.) You know little (says he) if you do not know these Vermin to be the right Heirs of Perdition, and that they claim Hell for their Inheritance: And yet we are now e'en upon the point of discarding them; for they are so pragmatical, and ungrateful, there's no enduring of them. They are at this present in Consultation about an *Impost* upon the *High-way* to Hell; and indeed Payments run so high already, and are so likely to increase too, that 'tis much fear'd in the end, we shall quite lose our Trading and Commerce. But if ever they come to put this in Execution, we shall be so bold, as to treat them next bout, to the Tune of *Fortune my Foe*, &c. and make them cool their Heels on the wrong side of the Door, which will be worse than Hell to them; for it leaves them no retreat, being expel'd *Paradise* and *Purgatory* already. This Race of Vipers, said I, will never be quiet, till they Tax the way to Heaven it self. Oh, quoth the *Devil*, that had been done long since, if they had found the Play worth the Candles; but they have had a Factor abroad now these half-score years, that's glad to wipe his Nose on his Sleeve still, for want of a Handkercher. But these new Impositions, upon what, I pray ye, do they intend to levy them? For that (quoth the *Devil*) there's a Gentleman of the Trade at your Elbow, can tell you all; pointing to my old Friend the Publican. This drew the Eyes of the whole company upon him, and put him so damn'dly out of Countenance, that he pluckt down his Hat over his Face, clapt his Tail between his Legs, and went his way; with which we were all of us well enough pleas'd, and then the *Devil*, went on. Well (said the *Devil*, and laugh'd) my Voucher is departed, ye see; but I think I can say as much to this point as himself. The Impositions now to be set on foot, are upon *Bare-neck'd Ladies*, *Patches*, *Mole-skins*, *Spanish Paper*, and all the *Mundus Muliebris* more than what is necessary and decent; upon your *Tour à la mode*, and *Spring-Garden Coaches*; excess in *Apparel*, *Collations*, *Rich Furniture*, your *Cocating* and *Blasphemy*, *Gaming Ordinaries*, and in general, upon whatsoever serves to advance our Empire; so that without a Friend at Court, or some good Magistrate to help us out at a dead Lift,

and stick to us, we may e'en put up our Pipes, and you'll find *Hell* a very *Desart*. Well, said I, and methinks I see nothing in all this, but what is very reasonable; for to what end serves it, but to corrupt good Manners, stir up ill Appetites, provoke and encourage all sorts of Debauchery, destroy all that is Good and Honourable in Human Society, and chalk out in effect the ready way to the Devil?

But you said something e'en now of Magistrates; I hope, (said I) there are no *Judges* in *Hell*. You may as well imagine (cry'd the Spirit) that there are no *Devils* there; for let me tell you (Friend of mine) your *Corrupt Judges* are the great *Spawners* that supply our *Lake*; for what are those Millions of *Catchpoles*, *Proctors*, *Attorneys*, *Clerks*, *Bar-risters*, that come sailing to us every day in *Shoals*, but the *Fry* of such *Judges*? Nay, sometimes, in a lucky year, for *Cheating*, *Forging*, and *Forswearing*, we can hardly find *Cask* to put them in.

From hence now, (quoth I) would you infer, that there's no *Justice* upon the face of the Earth. Very right (quoth the Devil) for *Astraea* (which is the same thing) is fled long since to Heaven. Do not ye know the story? No (said I.) Then (quoth the Devil) mind me and I'll tell ye it.

Once upon a time *Truth* and *Justice* came together to take up their *Quarters* upon the Earth, but the one being naked, and the other very severe and plain dealing, they could not meet with any body that would receive them. At last, when they had wander'd a long time like *Vagabonds* in the open Air; *Truth* was glad to take up her Lodging with a *Mute*; and *Justice*, perceiving that though her name was much used for a Cloak to Knavery, yet that she herself was in no Esteem, took up a resolution of returning to Heaven: and in order to her Journey, she bad adieu in the first Place to all Courts, Palaces, and great Cities, and went into the Country, where she met with some few poor simple Cottagers, that gave her Entertainment; but *Malice* and *Persecution* found her out in the end, and she was banished thence too. She presented herself in many Places, and People ask'd her *what she was*! She answered them, *Justice*, for she would not lye for the matter. *Justice*! (cry'd they) *she is a stranger to us*; tell her *here's nothing for her, and shut the Door*. Upon these repulses, she took wing, and away she went to Heaven, hardly leaving so much as the bare print of her footsteps behind her. Her Name however is not yet forgotten, and she's *Pictured* with a Scepter in her Hand, and is still called *Justice*; but call her what you will, she makes as good a

Fire

Fire in Hell as a *Taylor*; and for flight of Hand, puts down all the *Jilts*, *Cheats*, *Picklocks* and *Trepanners* in the World: To say the Truth, *Avarice* is grown to that height, that Men employ all the faculties of Soul and Body to *Rob*, and *Deceive*. The *Leacher*, does not he steal away the Honour of his Mistress? (though with her Consent) the *Attorney* pick your Pockets, and shew you a Law for't? The *Comedian* gets your Money and your time, with reciting other Men's Labours; the *Lover* cozens you with his Eyes; the *Eloquent* with his Tongue; the *Valiant* with his Arm; the *Musician* with his Voice and Fingers; the *Astrologer* with his Calculations; the *Apothecary* with Sickness and Health; the *Surgeon* with Blood; and the *Physician* with Death it self. And in some sort or other, they are all Cheats; but the *Catchpole* (in the name of *Justice*) abuses you with his whole Man; He watches you with his Eyes; follows you with his Feet; seizes with his Hands; accuses with his Tongue: and in fine, put it in your *Litany*, From *Catchpoles*, as well as *Devils*, *Libera nos, Domine*.

But how comes it (said I) that you have not coupled the *Women* with the *Thieves*? for they are both of a Trade. Not a Word of *Women* as ye love me, (quoth the Devil) for we are so tired out with their Importunities, so deafen'd with the Eternal Clack of their Tongues, that we start at the very thought of them. And to say the Truth, *Hell* were no ill *Winter-Quarter*, if it were not so overstock'd with that sort of Cattel. Since the Death of the *Witch of Endor*, it has been all their Business to improve themselves in Subtilty and Malice, and to set us together by the Ears among our selves. Nay some of them are confident enough to tell us to our Teeth, that when we have done our worst, they'll give us a *Rowland* for our *Oliver*. Only this comfort we have, that they are a cheaper Plague to *Us*, than they are to *You*; for we have no *Exchanges*, *Hide-Parks*, or *Spring-Gardens* in our Territories.

You are well stored then with *Women*, I see, but of which have you most? (said I) *Handsom*, or *Ill-favoured*? Oh, of the *Ill-favoured*, six for one (quoth the Devil;) For your *Beauties* can never want *Gallants* to lay their Appetites; and many of them, when they come at last to have their Bellies full, e'en give over the sport, Repent and 'scape. Whereas no body will touch the *Ill-favoured* without a pair of Tongs; and for want of Water to quench their Fire, they come to us such *Skeletons*, that they are enough to affright the Devil himself. For they are most commonly old, and accompany their last Groans with a Curse upon the younger that are to survive them. I carried away one t'other day of Threescore and Ten, that

that I took just in the nick, as she was upon a certain Exercise to remove obstructions: And when I came to land her; Alas for thee poor Woman! What a terrible fit had she got of the *Tooth-Ach*! When upon search, the Devil a Tooth had she left in her Head, only she belied her Chops, to save her Credit.

You have exceedingly satisfied me, (said I) in all your Answers: But pray'e once again; what store of *Beggars* have ye in Hell? *Poor People*, I mean: *Poor* (quoth the Devil,) who are they? Those (said I) that have no Possessions in the World: How can that be, (quoth he) that those should be damn'd, that have nothing in the World, when Men are only damn'd for cleaving to? And briefly, I find none of their Names in our Books, which is no wonder: for he that has nothing to trust to, shall be left by the Devil himself in time of need. To deal plainly with you, where have you greater Devils, than your Flatterers, false Friends, lewd Company, envious Persons? than a Son, a Brother, or a Relation that lies in wait for your Life, to get your Fortune; that mourns over you in your Sickness, and wishes you already at the Devil? Now the *Poor* have none of this; they are neither flatter'd nor envy'd, nor befriended, nor accompanied: There's no gaping for their Possessions; and in short, they are a sort of People that live well, and die better; and there are some of them that would not exchange their Rags for Royalty it self: They are at Liberty to go and come at pleasure, be it War or Peace; free from Cares, Taxes, and publick Duties. They fear no Judgments or Executions, but live as inviolable, as if their Persons were Sacred. Moreover they take no thought for to morrow, but setting a just value on their hours, they are good Husbands of the present; considering that what is past is as good as *Dead*, and what's to come, *Uncertain*. But they say, *When the Devil Preaches, the World is near an End*.

The Divine Hand is in this (said the Holy Man that performed the *Exorcism*) Thou art the Father of Lyes, and yet deliver'st Truths, able to mollify and convert a Heart of Stone. But do not you mistake your self (quoth the Devil) to suppose that your Conversion is my business; for I speak these Truths to aggravate your Guilt, and that you may not plead Ignorance another day, when you shall be called to answer for your Transgressions. 'Tis true, most of you shed Tears at parting, but 'tis the Apprehension of Death, and no true Repentance for your Sins, that works upon you: For ye are all a pack of *Hypocrites*: Or if at any time you entertain those Reflexions, your trouble is, That your Body will not hold out; and then

then forsooth you pretend to pick a quarrel with the *Sin* it self. Thou art an *Impostor* (said the Religious) for there are many Righteous Souls, that draw their Sorrow from another Fountain. But I perceive you have a mind to amuse us, and make us lose time, and perchance your own hour is not yet come to quit the Body of this miserable Creature; however, I conjure thee in the name of the most High, to leave tormenting him, and to hold thy peace. The Devil obey'd; and the good Father applying himself to us, My Masters (says he) though I am absolutely of opinion, that it is the *Devil* that has talkt to us all this while through the Organ of this unhappy Wretch; yet he that well weighs what has been said, may doubtless reap some benefit by the Discourse. Wherefore without considering whence it came; Remember, that *Saul* (although a wicked Prince) Prophesied; and that Honey has been drawn out of the Mouth of a Lyon. Withdraw then, and I shall make it my Prayer (as 'tis my Hope) that this sad and prodigious Spectacle may lead you to a true sight of your Errors, and in the end, to amendment of Life.

The end of the First Vision.



T H E SECOND VISION, O F DEATH and her EMPIRE.



MEAN Souls do naturally breed sad Thoughts, and in Solitude, they gather together in Troops to assault the Unfortunate; which is the Tryal (according to my observation) wherein the Coward does most betray himself; and yet cannot I for my Life, when I am alone, avoid those Accidents and Surprizes in my self, which I condemn in others. I have sometime, upon reading the Grave and Severe *Lucretius*, been seiz'd with a strange damp;

damp; whether from the striking of his Counsels upon my Passions, or some Tacite Reflection of Shame upon my self, I know not. However, to render this Confession of my Weakness the more excusable, I'll begin my Discourse with somewhat out of that Elegant and Excellent Poet.

" Put the case (says he) that a Voice from Heaven should speak
 " to any of us after this manner; What do'st thou ail, O Mortal
 " Man, or to what purpose is it to spend thy Life in Groans and Com-
 " plaints, under the Apprehension of Death? Where are thy past
 " Tears and Pleasures? Are they not vanish'd and lost in the Flux of
 " Time, as if thou hadst put Water into a Sieve? Bethink thy self
 " then of a Retreat, and leave the World with the same Content and
 " Satisfaction, as thou wouldst do a plentiful Table, and a jolly
 " Company upon a full Stomach. Poor Fool that thou art:
 " Thus to macerate and torment thy self; when thou may'st enjoy thy
 " Heart at ease, and possess thy Soul with Repose and Comfort, &c.

This passage brought into my mind the words of Job, Chap. 14. and I was carried on from one Meditation to another, till at length, I fell fast asleep over my Book, which I ascribed rather to a favourable Providence, than to my natural Disposition. So soon as my Soul felt her self at liberty, she gave me the entertainment of this following Comedy, my Fancy supplying both the Stage and the Company.

In the first Scene enter'd a Troop of Physicians, upon their Mules, with deep Foot-cloths; marching in no very good Order, sometime fast, sometime slow and to say the truth, most commonly in a huddle. They were all wrinkled and wither'd about the Eyes; I suppose with casting so many sour looks upon the Piss-Pots and Close-stools of their Patients; bearded like Goats; and their Faces so over-grown with Hair, that their Fingers could hardly find the way to their Mouths: In the Left-hand they held the Reins, and their Gloves roul'd up together; and in the Right a Staff *à la mode*, which they carried rather for Countenance than Correction? (for they understood no other Menage than the Heel) and all along Head and Body went too, like a Baker upon his Panniers. Divers of them I observed, had huge Gold Rings upon their Fingers, and set with Stones of so large a size, that they could hardly feel a Patient's Pulse, without minding him of his Monument. There were more than a good many of them, and a world of puny Practicers at their Heels, that came out *Graduates*, by conversing rather with the Mules than the Doctors? Well! said I to my self, if there goes no more than this to the making a Physician, it is no marvel we pay so dear for their Experience.

After these, follow'd a long Train of Mountebank-Apothecaries,

caries, laden with *Pestles* and *Mortars*, *Suppositories*, *Spatulas*, *Glister-Pipes*, and *Syringes*, ready charg'd, and as mortal as Gun-shot, and several Titled Boxes, with *Remedies without*, and *Poysons within*. Ye may observe, That when a Patient comes to die, the *Apothecary's Mortar Rings the Passing-Bell*, as the Priest's *Requiem* finishes the business. An *Apothecary's Shop* is (in effect) no other than the *Physician's Armory*, that supplies him with Weapons; and (to say the truth,) the *Instruments* of the *Apothecary* and the *Soldier*, are much of a Quality? What are their Boxes but *Petards*? Their *Syringes*, *Pistols*; and their *Pills*, but *Bullets*? And after all, considering their *Purgative Medicines*, we may properly enough call their *Shops Purgatory*; and why not their *Persons Hell*? Their *Patients* the *Dam'd*? And their *Masters* the *Devils*? These *Apothecaries* were in *Jacquets*, wrought all over with *Rings*, struck through like wounded Hearts, and in the form of the first Character of their *Prescriptions*; which (as they tell us) signifies *Recipe* (*Take Thou*;) but we find it to stand for *Recipio* (*I Take*.) Next to this Figure they write, *Ana*, *Ana*, which is as much as as to say, *An Ass*, *An Ass*; and after this march the *Ounces* and the *Scruples*; an incomparable Cordial to a dying Man; the former to dispatch the *Body*, and the latter, to put the *Soul* into the High-way to the *Devil*. To hear them call over all their *Simples*, would make you swear, they were raising so many *Devils*. There's your *Opopanax*, *Buphtalmus*, *Asaphylinos*, *Alectorolophos*, *Ophioscorodon*, *Anemospchorus*, &c.

And by all this formidable Bombast, is meant nothing in the World but a few paltry Roots, as Carrots, Turneps, Skirrits, Radish, and the like. But they have the old Proverb at their Finger's end; *He that knows thee will never buy thee*: And therefore every thing must be made a Mystery, to hold their Patients in ignorance, and keep up the Price of the Market. And were not the very names of their Medicines sufficient to fright away any Dissembler, 'tis to be fear'd the Remedy would prove worse than the Disease. Can any pain in nature, think ye, have the confidence to look the Physician in the Face, that comes arm'd with a Drug made of *Man's Grease*? Though disguis'd under the name of *Mummy*, to take off the Horror and Disgust of it: Or to stay for a dressing with Dr. *Wharthur's Plaster*, that shall fetch up a Man's Leg to the size of a Mill-post? When I saw these People herded with the Physicians, methought the old sluttish Proverb that says, *There is a great distance between the Pulse and the Arse*, was much to blame for making such a difference in their Dignities, for I find none at all; but the Physician skips in a trice from the *Pulse* to the *Stool* and *Urine*, according to the Doctrine

of *Galen*, who sends all his Disciples to those unfavoury Oracles: From whose hands, the Devil himself, if he were Sick, would not receive so much as a Glisten. Oh! these cursed and lawless Arbitrators and Disposers of our Lives! That without either Conscience or Religion, divide our Souls and Bodies, by their damn'd Poysonous Potions, Scarifications, Incisions, Excessive Bleedings, &c. which are but the several ways of executing their Tyranny and Injustice upon us.

In the tail of these, came the *Surgeons*, laden with *Pincers*, *Crane-bills*, *Catheters*, *Desquamatories*, *Dilaters*, *Scissors*, *Saws*; and with them so horrid an Outcry of *Cut*, *Tear*, *Open*, *Saw*, *Flay*, *Burn*, that my Bones were ready to creep one into another, for fear of an Operation.

The next that came in, I should have taken by their *Mein*, for *Devils* disguis'd, if I had not spyed their Chains of Rotten Teeth, which put me in some hope they might be *Tooth-Drawers*, and so they prov'd; which is yet one of the lewdest Trades in the World; for they are good for nothing but to depopulate our Mouths, and make us old before our time. Let a Man but yawn, and ye shall have one of these Rogues examining his *Grinders*; and there's not a sound Tooth in your Head, but he had rather see't at his Girdle, than in the place of it's Nativity: Nay, rather than fail, he'll pick a quarrel with your *Gums*. But that which puts me out of all Patience, is to see these Scoundrels ask twice as much for drawing an *Old Tooth*, as would have bought me a *New One*.

Certainly (said I to my self) we are now past the worst, unless the Devil himself come next: And in that instant, I heard the Brushing of *Guitars*, and the Ratling of *Cit-terns*, Raking over certain *Passacailles* and *Sarabands*. These are a Kennel of *Barbers*, thought I, or I'll be hang'd; and any Man that had ever seen a Barber's Shop, might have told you as much without a Conjurer, both by the Musick, and by the very Instruments, which are as proper a part of a *Barber's Furniture*, as his *Comb-cases*, and *Washballs*. It was to me a pleasant Entertainment, to see them lathering of *Asses's Heads*, of all sorts and sizes, and their Customers all the while winking and sputtering over their *Basons*.

Presently after these, appear'd a Consort of loud and tedious Talkers, that Tir'd and Deafn'd the Company with their shrill and restless Gaggles: But as one told me, these were of several sorts. Some they call'd *Swimmers* from the motion of their Arms in all their Discourses, which was just as if they had been *Paddling*. Others they call'd *Apes*, (and we *Mimicks*) these were perpetually making of *Mopps*, and

Mowes,

Mowes, and a thousand Antick Ridiculous Gestures, in derision and imitation of Others. In the Third place, were *Make-bates*, and *Sowers of Dissention*, and these were still Rolling their Eyes (like a *Barilemy Puppet*, without so much as moving the Head) and Leering over their Shoulders, to surprize People at unawares in their Familiarities, and Privacies, and gather matter for *Calumny* and *Detraction*. The *Lyars* follow'd next; and these seem'd to be a jolly contented sort of People, well fed, and well cloathed; and having nothing else to trust to, methought it was a strange Trade to live upon. I need not tell you, that they are never without a full Audience, since all *Fools* and *Impertinents* are of their *Congregations*.

After these, came a Company of *Medlers*; a Pragmatical Insolent Generation of Men, that will have an Oar in every Boat, and are indeed the Bane of honest Conversation, and the Troublers of all Companies and Affairs; The most Prostitute of all Flatterers; and only devoted to their own Profit. I thought this had been the last Scene, because no more came upon the Stage for a good while; and indeed I wonder'd that they came so late themselves, but one of the *Bablers* told me (un-ask'd) that this kind of Serpent carrying his Venom in his Tail, it seem'd reasonable, that being the most Poysonous of the whole Gang, they should bring up the Rear.

I began then to take into thought what might be the meaning of this *Oglio* of People of several Conditions and Humours met together; but I was quickly diverted from that Consideration, by the Apparition of a Creature which look't as if 'twere of the Feminine Gender. It was a Person, of a thin and slender make, laden with *Crowns*, *Garlands*, *Scepters*, *Scythes*, *Sheep-hooks*; *Pattins*, *Hob-nail'd-Shoes*, *Tiaras*, *Straw-Hats*, *Miters*, *Monmouth-Caps*, *Embroideries*, *Skins*, *Silk*, *Wool*, *Gold*, *Lead*, *Diamonds*, *Shells*, *Pearl*, and *Pebbles*: She was dress'd up in all the Colours of the Rainbow; she had one Eye shut, the other open; Young on the one side, and Old o'the other. I thought at first, she had been a great way off, when indeed she was very near me; and when I took her to be at my Chamber-Door, she was at my Bed's-head. How to unriddle this Mystery I knew not; nor was it possible for me to make out the meaning of an Equipage so Extravagant, and so Fantastically put to together. It gave me no affright however, but on the contrary I could not forbear laughing; for it came just then into my mind, that I had formerly seen in *Italy* a *Farce*, where the *Mimick*, pretending to come from the other World, was just thus Accoutred, and never was any thing more Nonsensically pleasant. I held as
long

long as I could, and at last, I ask'd what she was? She answer'd me, I am *Death*. *Death!* (the very word brought my Heart into my Mouth;) and I beseech you, Madam, quoth I, (with great Humility and Respect) whither is your Honour a going? No farther (said she) for now I have found you, I am at my Journey's end. Alas, Alas! and must I die then, (said I.) No, no, (quoth *Death*) but I'll take thee Quick along with me: For since so many of the *Dead* have been to visit the *Living*, it is but equal for once, that one of the *Living* should Return a Visit to the *Dead*. Get up then, and come along, and never hang an Arse for the matter: For what you will not do willingly, you shall do in spite of your Teeth. This put me in a cold Fit; but without more delay, up I started, and desired leave only to put on my Breeches. No, no, (said she) no matter for Cloaths, no body wears them upon this Road; wherefore come away, naked as you are, and you'll travel the better. So up I got, without a word more, and follow'd her, in such a Terror and Amazement, that I was but in an ill Condition to take a strict Account of my Passage; yet I remember, that upon the way, I told her, Madam, under Correction, you are no more like the *Deaths* that I have seen, than an *Apple's* like an *Oyster*: Our *Death* is Pictur'd with a *Scythe* in her Hand, and a *Carcase* of Bones, as clean, as if the Crows had pick'd it. Yes, yes, (said she) turning short upon me, I know that very well; but in the meantime your Designers, and Painters, are but a company of Buzzards. The *Bones* you talk of, are the dead, or otherwise the miserable *Remainders of the Living*; but let me tell you, that you your selves are your own *Death*, and that which you call *Death*, is but the Period of your Life, as the first moment of your Birth, is the beginning of your *Death*: And effectually, ye *Die Living*, and your *Bones* are no more than what *Death* has left, and committed to the Grave. If this were rightly understood, every Man would find a *Memento Mori*, or a *Death's-Head* in his own Looking-glass, and consider every House with a Family in't, but as a Sepulchre fill'd with dead Bodies; a Truth which you little dream of, though within your daily View and Experience. Can you imagine a *Death* elsewhere, and not in your selves? Believ't y'are in a shameful Mistake, for you your selves are *Skeletons* before ye are aware.

But, Madam, under favour, what may all these People be that keep your Ladyship Company? And since you are *Death* (as you say,) how comes it, that the *Bablers*, and *Make-bates*, are nearer your Person, and more in your good Graces, than the *Physicians*? Why (says she) there
are

are more People *Talk'd* to Death, and dispatch'd by *Bablers*, than by all the pestilential Diseases in the World. And then your *Make-bates*, and *Medlers*, kill more than your *Physicians*, though (to give the Gentlemen of the Faculty their due) they labour Night and Day for the Enlargement of our Empire: For you must understand, that though *Distemper'd Humours* make a Man *Sick*, 'tis the *Physician* kills him; and he looks to be well paid for't too; (and 'tis fit that every Man should live by his Trade:) So that when a Man is ask'd, what such or such a one dy'd of, he is not presently to make Answer, that he dy'd of a *Fever*, *Plurisy*, the *Plague*, *Purples*, or the like; but that He dyed of the *Doctor*. In one Point, however, I must needs acquit the *Physician*; ye know that the stile of *Right Honourable*, and *Right Worshipful*, which was heretofore appropriated only to Persons of Eminent Degree and Quality, is now in our Days used by all sorts of little People; nay, the very *Bar-foot Fryars*, that live under Vows of *Humility* and *Mortification*, are stung with this Itch of *Title* and *Vain-glory*. And your ordinary *Trades-men*, as *Vintners*, *Tailors*, *Masons*, and the like, must be all drest up forsooth in the *Right Worshipful*; whereas your *Physician* does not so much Court Honour of Appellation, (though if it should Rain Dignities, he might be perswaded happily to venture the wetting) but sits down contented with the *Honour* of disposing of your *Lives* and *Moneys*, without troubling himself about any other sort of Reputation.

The Entertainment of these Lectures, and Discourses, made the way seem short and pleasant, and we were just now entring into a Place, betwixt Light and Dark; and of horror enough, if *Death* and I had not by this time been very well acquainted. Upon one side of the Passage, I saw three moving Figures, *Arm'd*, and of *Human shape*: and so alike, that I could not say which was which. Just opposite, on the other side, a Hideous Monster, and these Three to One, and One to Three, in a Fierce, and Obstinate Combat. Here *Death* made a stop, and facing about, ask'd me, if I knew these People. Alas! No, (quoth I) Heaven be prais'd, I do not, and I shall put it in my Litany, that I never may. Now to see thy Ignorance, cry'd *Death*; These are thy old Acquaintance, and thou hast hardly kept any other Company, since thou wert born. *Those Three*, are, the *World*, the *Flesh*, and the *Devil*; the Capital Enemies of thy Soul: And they are so like one another, as well in Quality, as Appearance, that effectually, whoever has One, has All. The Proud and Ambitious Man thinks he has got the *World*, but it proves the *Devil*. The *Leacher*, and the *Epicure*, perswade themselves, that they have

have gotten the *Flesh*, and that's the *Devil* too; and in fine, thus it fares with all other kinds of Extravagants. But what's he here, said I, that appears in so many several shapes, and fights against the other Three? That (quoth *Death*) is the *Devil of Money*, who maintains, that *He* himself *Alone*, is equivalent to them *Three*, and that wherever *He* comes, there's no need of *Them*. Against the *World* *He* argues from their own Confession, and Experience: For it passes for an Oracle, that *there's no World but Money*; *he that's out of Money, is out of the World*. Take away a *Man's Money*, and take away his *Life*. *Money answers all things*. Against the *Second Enemy*, he pleads that *Money* is the *Flesh* too; witness the *Girls* and the *Ganimedes* it procures, and maintains. And against the *Third*, *He* urges, that there's nothing to be done without this *Devil of Money*. *Love does much, but Money does all: And Money will make the Pot boyl, though the Devil Piss in the Fire*. So that for ought I see (quoth I) the *Devil of Money* has the better end of the Staff.

After this, advancing a little farther, I saw on one Hand *Judgment*, and *Hell* on the other (for so *Death* called them.) Upon the sight of *Hell*, making a stop, to take a stricter Survey of it; *Death* ask'd me what it was I look'd at? I told her, it was *Hell*; and I was the more intent upon it, because I thought I had seen it somewhere else before. She question'd me, where? I told her, that I had seen it in the *Corruption* and *Avarice* of *Wicked Magistrates*; in the *Pride* and *Haughtiness* of *Grandeers*; in the *Appetites* of the *Voluptuous*; in the *Lewd Designs* of *Ruine* and *Revenge*; in the *Souls* of *Oppressors*; and in the *Vanity* of divers *Princes*. But he that would see it whole, and entire, in one Subject, must go to the *Hypocrite*, who is a kind of a *Religious Broker*, and puts out at *Five and Forty per cent.* the very *Sacraments*, and *Ten Commandments*.

I am very glad too (said I) that I have seen *Judgment* as I find it here, in it's Purity; for that which we call *Judgment* in the *World*, is a meer Mockery: If it were like this, Men would live otherwise than they do. To conclude; If it be expected that our *Judges* should govern Themselves and Us by this *Judgment*, the *World's* in an ill Case, for there's but little of it there. And to deal plainly, as matters are, I have no great Maw to go home again; for 'tis better being with the *Dead*, where there's *Justice*, than with the *Living*, where there's none.

Our next step was into a fair and spacious *Plain*, encompass'd with a huge Wall, where he that's once in, must never look to come out again. Stop here (quoth *Death*) for we are now come to my *Judgment-Seat*, and here it is that I give *Audience*. The Walls were hung with *Sighs* and
Groans,

Groans, *Ill-News*, *Fears*, *Doubts* and *Surprizes*. *Tears* did not there avail, either the *Lover* or the *Beggar*; but *Grief* and *Care* were without both *Measure* and *Comfort*; and serv'd as *Vermine*, to gnaw the *Hearts* of *Emperors* and *Princes*, feeding upon the *Insolent* and *Ambitious*, as their proper *Nourishment*. I saw *Envy* there drest up in a *Widow's Vail*, and the very *Picture* of the *Governante* of one of your *Noblemen's Houses*. She kept a continual *Fast* as to the *Shambles*, *Preying* only upon *her self*, and could not but be a very *slender Gentlewoman*, upon so *spare* a *Diet*. Nothing came amiss to her *Teeth*, (*Good* or *Bad*) which made the whole *Set* of them *Yellow* and *Rotten*; and the *Reason* was, that though she *bit*, and set her *mark* upon the *Good*, and the *Sound*, she could never *swallow* it. Under her, sat *Discord*; the *Legitimate Issue* of her own *Bowels*. She had formerly convers'd much with *Married People*; but finding no need of her there, away she went to *Colleges* and *Corporations*, where it seems they had more already than they knew what to do withal: And then she betook her self to *Courts* and *Palaces*, and officiated there, as the *Devils Lieutenant*. Next to *Her*, was *Ingratitude*, and she out of a certain *Paste* made up of *Pride* and *Malice*, was moulding of *New Devils*. I was extream glad of this *Discovery*, being of *Opinion*, till now, that the *Ungrateful* had been the *Devils themselves*, because I read, that the *Angels* that fell, were made *Devils* for their *Ingratitude*. To be short, the whole *Place* *Eccho'd* with *Rage* and *Curses*. What a *Devil* have we here to do? (said I) does it *Rain Curses* in this *Countrey*? With that, a *Death* at my *Elbow* ask'd me, what a *Devil* could I expect else, in a place where there were so many *Match-makers*, *Attorneys* and *Common-Barretters*, who are a *Pack* of the most *Accursed Wretches* in *Nature*? Is there any thing more common in the *World*, than the *Exclamations* of *Husbands* and *Wives*? Oh! That damn'd *Devil* of a *Pander*: A heavy *Curse* upon that *Bitch* of a *Barwd* that ever brought us together. The *Pillory* and *Ten thousand Gibbets* to boot, take that *Pick-Pocket Attorney*, that advised me to this *Law-suit*, he's ruin'd me for ever. But pray'e (said I) what do all these *Match-makers* and *Attorneys* here together? Do they come for *Audience*? *Death* was here a little quick upon me, and called me *Fool* for so impertinent a *Question*. If there were no *Match-makers* (said she) we should not have the *Tenth Part* of these *Skelerons* and *Desperado's*. Am not I here, the *fifth Husband* of a *Woman* yet living in the *World*, that hopes to send twice as many more after me, and drink *Mandlin* at the *Fifteenth's Funeral*? You say well, (said I) as to the business of *Match-makers*; but why so many *Petty Foggers*, I pray'e? Nay then I perceive, (quoth *Death*) now you have a mind to seize me; for that rascally

rascally sort of Caterpillars have been my undoing. Had not a Man better die by the *Common-Hangman*, than by the Hand of an *Attorney*, to be killed by *Falsities*; *Quirks*, *Cavils*, *Delays*, *Exceptions*, *Cheats*, *Circumventions*? Yes, yes, and it must not be deny'd, that these *Makers of Matches*, and *Split-terers of Causes*, are the principal Support of this Imperial Throne.

At these words I rais'd my Eyes, and saw *Death* seated in her Chair of State, with abundance of little *Deaths* crowding about her; as the *Death of Love*, of *Cold*, *Hunger*, *Fear*, and *Laughter*; all, with their several Ensigns and Devices. The *Death of Love*, I perceived, had very little *Brain*, and to keep her self in Countenance, she kept company with *Pyramus* and *Thisbe*; *Hero* and *Leander*, and some *Amadis's* and *Palmerins d'Olive*; all *Embalm'd*, steep'd in good *Vinegar*, and well dry'd. I saw a great many other sorts of *Lovers* too, that were brought, in all Appearance, to their last *Agonies*; but by the singular Miracle of self-Interest recover'd to the Tune of

*Will, if looking Well won't move her,
Looking Ill prevail?*

The *Death of Cold*, was attended by a many *Prelates*, *Bishops*, *Abbots*, and other *Ecclesiasticks*; who had neither *Wives*, nor *Children*, nor indeed any body else that cared for them, farther than for their *Fortunes*. These, when they come to a Fit of *Sickness*, are *Pillag'd*, even to their *Sheets* and *Bedding*, before ye can say a *Pater-Noster*. Nay, many times they are *stript*, e'er they are laid, and destroy'd for want of *Cloaths* to keep them warm.

The *Death of Hunger* was encompassed with a Multitude of *Avaritious Misers*, that were *Cording up of Trunks*; *Bolting of Doors* and *Windows*; *Locking up of Cellars* and *Garrets*; and *Nailing down of Trap-Doors*; *Burying of Pots of Money*, and starting at every *Breath of Wind* they heard. Their *Eyes* were ready to drop out of their *Heads* for want of *Sleep*, their *Mouths* and *Bellies* complaining of their *Hands*; and their *Souls* turn'd into *Gold* and *Silver*; (the *Idols* they ador'd.)

The *Death of Fear* had the most *Magnificent Train* and *Attendance* of all the rest, being accompanied with a great number of *Usurpers* and *Tyrants*, who commonly do Justice upon Themselves, for the *Injuries* they have done to Others: Their own *Consciences* doing the Office of *Tormentors*, and *Avenging* their publick Crimes by their private *Sufferings*, for they live in a perpetual *Anguish* of Thought, with *Fears* and *Jealousies*.

The *Death of Laughter* was the last of all, and surrounded with a Throng of People, *hasty to Believe*, and *slow to Repent*,

pent; *Living without fear of Justice, and Dying without hope of Mercy.* These are they that pay all their Debts and Duties with a Jest. Bid any of them give every Man his due, and return what he has either Borrow'd, or wrongfully taken, his Answer is, *Tou'd make a Man die with Laughing.* Tell him, my Friend, you are now in Tears, your Dancing Days are done, and your Body is worn out; what should such a Scare-Crow as you are, do with a Bedfellow? Give over your Bawdy Haunts for shame, and don't make a Glory of a Sin, when you are past the Pleasure of it, and your self upon all Accompts contemptible into the Bargain. This Fellow (says he) would make a Man break his Heart with Laughing. Come, come, say your Prayers, and bethink your self of Eternity, you have one Foot in the Grave already, and 'tis high time to fit your self for the other World. *Thou wilt absolutely kill me with Laughing.* I tell thee, I'm as sound as a Roach, and I do not remember that ever I was better in my Life. Others there are, that, let a Man advise them upon their Death-Beds, and even at the last Gasp, to send for a Divine, or to make some handsome Settlement of their Estates. Alas, alas! they'll cry; *I have been as bad as this many a time before, and (with Falsaffe's Hostess) I hope in the Lord there's no need to think of him yet.* These Men are lost for ever, before they can be brought to understand their danger. This Vision wrought strangely upon me, and gave me all the Pains and Marks imaginable of a true Repentance. Well, (said I) since so it is, that Man has but one Life allotted him, and so many Deaths; but one way into the World, and so many Millions out of it, I will certainly at my Return, make it more my Care than it has been to Live with a good Conscience, that I may die with Comfort.

The last Words were scarce out of my Mouth, when the Cryer of the Court with a loud Voice, called out, *The Dead, The Dead; Appear the Dead.* And so immediately, I saw the Earth begin to Move, and gently opening it self, to make way, first for Heads and Arms, and then by Degrees for the whole Bodies of Men and Women that came out, half muffled in their Night-Caps, and ranged themselves in excellent Order, and with a profound silence. Now (says Death) let every one speak in his Turn; and in the instant, up comes one of the Dead to my very Beard, with so much Fury and Menace in his Face and Action, that I would have given him half the Teeth in my Head for a Composition. *These Devils of the World* (quoth he) *what would they be at? My Masters, cannot a Poor Wretch be quiet in his Grave for ye? But ye must be casting your Scorns upon him, and charging him with things that upon my Soul, he's as innocent of, as the Child that's Unborn.* What hurt has he done any of you (ye Scoundrels you,) to be thus abused? And I beseech you, Sir,

said I, (under your favourable Correction) who may you be? For I confess I have not the Honour either to know or to understand ye. *I am* (quoth he) *the Unfortunate Tony, that has been in his Grave now this many a fair Year, and yet your Wife Worships forsooth, have not Wit enough to make your Selves and your Company marry, but Tony must still be one half of your Entertainment and Discourse. When any Man plays the Fool or the Extravagant, presently he's a Tony. Who drew this or that ridiculous Piece?* Tony. *Such or such a one was never well Taught:* No, he had a Tony to his Master. But let me tell ye, he that shall call your Wifdoms to shrift, and take a strict Account of your Words and Actions, will upon the Upshot find you all a Company of Tonys: And in effect, the Greater Impertinents. As for instance, *Did I ever make ridiculous Wills (as you do) to oblige others to Pray for a Man in his Grave, that never Pray'd for Himself in his Life? Did I ever Rebel against my Superiours? Or, was I ever so errant a Coxcomb, as by colouring my Cheeks and Hair, to imagine that I could reform Nature, and make my self young again? Can ye say, that I ever put an Oath to a Lye; or broke a solemn Promise, as you do every Day that goes over your Heads? Did I ever enslave my self to Money? Or, on the other side make Ducks and Drakes with it? And squander it away in Gaming, Revelling, and Whoring? Did my Wife ever wear the Breeches? Or, did I ever marry at all to be reveng'd of a false Mistress? Was I ever so very a Fool as to believe any Man would be True to me, who had Betray'd his Friend? Or, to venture all my Hopes upon the Wheel of Fortune? Did I ever envy the felicity of a Court-Life, that sells and spends all for a Glance: What pleasure did I ever take in the lewd Discourses of Hereticks and Libertines? Or did I ever list my self in the Party, to get the name of a Gifted Brother? Who ever saw me insolent to my Inferiors, or basely servile to my Betters? Did I ever go to a Conjuror, or to your Dealers in Nativities and Horoscopes upon any occasion of Loss or Death? Now if you your selves be guilty of all these Fopperies, and I innocent, I beseech ye where's the Tony?* So that you see Tony is not the Tony you take him for. But (to Crown his other Vertues) he is also endued with so large a stock of Patience, that whoever needed it, had it for the asking; unless it were such as came to borrow Money; or in Cases of Women that claim'd Marriage of him; or *Laquais* that would be making sport with his Bauble; and to these, He was as resolute as *John Florio*.

While we were upon this Discourse, another of the Dead came marching up to me, with a Spanish Pace and Gravity; and giving me a touch o' the Elbow; *Look in my Face* (quoth he with a stern Countenance) *and know, Sir, that you are not now to have to do with a Tony.* I beseech your Lordship (said I, saving your Reverence) let me know
your

your Honour, that I may pay my Respects accordingly; for I must confess, I thought all People here had been, *Hail Fellow well met.* I am call'd (quoth he) by Mortals, *Queen Dick*; and whether you know me or not, I'm sure you think and talk of me often enough; and if the Devil did not possess ye, you would let the Dead alone, and content your selves to prosecute one another. Ye can't see a High-crown'd Hat, a Threadbare Cloak, a Basket Hilt Sword, or a Dudgeon Dagger; nay, not so much as a reverend Matron, well stricken in years, but presently ye cry, this or that's of the Mode or Date of *Queen Dick*. If ye were not every Mother's Child of ye stark mad, ye would confess that *Queen Dick's* were Golden Days to those ye have had since, and 'tis an easy matter to prove what I say. Will ye see a Mother now teaching her Daughter a Lesson of good Government? *Child*, (says she) *you know that Modesty is the great Ornament of your Sex; wherefore be sure, when ye come in Company, that you don't stand staring the Men in the Face, as if ye were looking Babies in their Eyes; but rather look a little downward, as a Fashion of Behaviour, more suitable to the Obligations of your Sex.* Downward! (says the Girl,) I beseech you, Madam, Excuse me: This was well enough in the Days of *Queen Dick*, when the poor Creatures knew no better. Let the Men look downward towards the Clay of which they were made; but Man was our Original, and it will become us to keep our Eyes upon the matter, from whence we came. If a Father give his Son in charge, to Worship his Creator; to say his Prayers Morning and Evening; to give Thanks before and after Meat; to have a care of Gaming and Swearing. Ye shall have the Son make Answer, That 'tis true, this was practis'd in the time of *Queen Dick*, but it is now quite out of Mode: And in plain English, Men are better known now a-days by their *Atheism* and *Blasphemy* than by their *Beards*.

Hereupon, *Queen Dick* withdrew, and then appear'd a large *Glass-Bottle*, wherein was Luted up (as I heard) a famous *Necromancer*, hackt and minc'd according to his own Order, to render him immortal. It was boyling upon a Quick Fire, and the Flesh by little and little began to piece again, and made first an Arm, then a Thigh, after that a Leg, and at last there was an entire Body that raiz'd it self upright in the Bottle. Bless me (thought I!) what's here? A Man made of a Pottage, and brought into the World out of the Belly of a Bottle? This Vision affrighted me to the very Heart; and while I was yet panting and trembling, a Voice was heard out of the Glass. *In what year of our Lord are we? 1636.* (quoth I) *And Welcome, said he; for 'tis the happy Year I have longed for so*

many a Day. Who is it, I pray'e, (quoth I) that I now see and hear in the Belly of this Bottle? I am (said he) the great *Necromancer* of *Europe*; and certainly you cannot but have heard both of my Operations in General, and of this particular Design. I have heard talk of you from a Child (quoth I) but all those Stories I took only for old Wive's Fables. You are the Man then it seems: I must confess that at first, at a distance I took this Bottle for the Vessel that the ingenious *Rablais* makes mention of; but coming near enough to see what was in it, I did then imagine it might be some *Philosopher*, by the Fire; or some *Apothecary* doing Penance for his Errors. In fine, it has cost me many a heavy Step to come hither; and yet to see so great a Rarity I cannot but think my Time and Pains very well bestow'd. The *Necromancer* call'd to me then to unstop the Bottle; and as I was breaking the Clay to open it, Hold, hold, a little, he cry'd; and I prithee tell me first, how goes squares in *Spain*? What Money? Force? Credit? The *Plate Fleets* go and come (said I) reasonably well; but the Foreigners that come in for their snips, have half spoil'd the Trade. The *Genoeses* run out as far as the Mountains of *Potosi*, and have almost drain'd them dry. My Child, (quoth he) That Trade can never be secure and open, so long as *Spain* has any Enemy that's Potent at Sea. And for the *Genoeses*, they'll tell you this is no injustice at all; but on the contrary, a new way of quitting old scores, and justifying his Catholick Majesty for a good Pay-master. I am no Enemy to that Nation, but upon the Account of their Vices and Encroachments; and I confess, rather than see these Rascals prosper, I'd turn my self into a *Bossillon* again, as ye saw me just now; nay, I did not care if 'twere into a *Powder*, though I ended my days in a *Tobacco-Box*. Good Sir, (said I) comfort your self, for these People are as miserable as you'd wish them. You know they are *Cavaliers* and *Signiors* already, and now (forsooth) they have an Itch upon them to be *Princes*: A vanity that gnaws them like a *Cancer*; and by drawing on great Expences, breeds a Worm in their Traffick, so that you'll find little but Debt and Extravagance at the foot of the Account. And then the *Devil's* in them for a Wench, insomuch, that 'tis well, if they bring both ends together; for what's gotten upon the *Change*, is spent in the *Stews*.

This is well (quoth the *Necromancer*) and I'm glad to hear it. Pray'e tell me now, what Price bears *Honour* and *Honesty* in the World? There's much to be said (quoth I) upon that Point; but in brief, there was never more of it in *Talk*, nor less in *Effect*. Upon my *Honesty*, cries the *Tradesman*;

Tradesman; upon my *Honour*, says his *Lordship*: And in a word, every Man has it, and every thing is it, in some disguise or other: But duly considered, there's no such thing upon the Face of the Earth. The *Thief* says, 'tis more *Honourable* to *Take* than *Beg*. He that asks an *Aims*, pleads, that 'tis *Honest* to *Beg* than *Steal*. Nay, the *False Witnesses* and *Murderers* themselves, stand upon their *Points*, as well as their *Neighbours*, and will tell ye that a *Man of Honour* will rather be *buried alive*, than *Submit*, (though they will not always do as they say.) Upon the whole matter, every Man sets up a *Court of Honour* within himself; pronounces every Thing *Honourable* that serves his *Purpose*, and laughs at them that think otherwise. To say the Truth, all things are now *Topfie Turvie*. A good *Faculty* in *Lying* is a fair step to *Preferment*; and to pack a Game at Cards, or help the Frail Die, is become the *Mark and Glory* of a *Cavalier*. The *Spaniards* were heretofore, I confess, a very brave and well-govern'd People: But they have *Evil Tongues* among them now a-days, that say they might e'en go to School to the *Indians* to learn *Sobriety* and *Virtue*. For they are not really *Sober*, but at their own *Tables*, which indeed, is rather *Avarice*, than *Moderation*; for when they Eat or Drink at another Man's *Cost*, there are no greater *Gluttons* in the World; and for *Fuddling*, they shall make the best *Pot-Companion* in *Switzerland* knock under the Table.

The *Necromancer* went on with his Discourse; and ask'd me what store of *Lawyers* and *Attorneys* in *Spain* at present? I told him, that the whole World swarm'd with them, and that there were of several sorts; some, by *Profession*, others, by *Intrusion*, and *Presumption*, and some again by *Study*; but not many of the last, though indeed sufficient of every kind to make the People pray for the *Egyptian Locusts* and *Caterpillars*, in Exchange for that *Vermine*. Why then (quoth the *Necromancer*) if there be such *Plagues* abroad, I think I had best e'en keep where I am. It is with *Justice* (said I) as with *Sick-Men*; in time past, when we had fewer *Doctors*, (as well of *Law*, as of *Physick*) we had more *Right*, and more *Health*: But we are now destroy'd by *Multitudes*, and *Consultations*, which serve to no other end, than to enflame both the *Distemper*, and the *Reckoning*. *Justice* as well as *Truth*, went naked, in the days of *Old*; one single *Book of Laws* and *Ordinances*, was enough for the best Order'd Government in the World. But the *Justice* of our Age, is Trick up with *Bills*, *Parchments*, *Writs*, and *Labels*; and furnish'd with Millions of *Codes*, *Digests*, *Pandects*, *Pleadings*, and *Reports*; and what's their Use, but to make *Wrangling* a Science? And to Embroil us in *Seditious*, *Suits*, and endless *Trouble* and *Confusion*? We have had more

Books Publish'd this last Twenty Years, than in a Thousand before; and there hardly passës a Term without a New Author. in Four or Five Volumes at least, under the Titles of *Glosses, Commentaries, Cases, Judgments, &c.* And the great Strife is, who writes *Most*, not *Best*; so that the whole Bulk, is but a *Body* without a *Soul*, and fitter for a *Church-yard* than a *Study*. To say the Truth, these *Lawyers* and *Solicitors*, are but so many *Smoak-Merchants, Sellers of Wind, and Troublers of the Publick Peace*. If there were no *Attorneys*, there would he no *Suits*; if no *Suits*, no *Cheats*, no *Serjeants*, no *Catchpoles*, no *Prisons*; if no *Prisons*, no *Judges*; no *Judges*, no *Passion*; no *Passion*, no *Bribery* or *Subornation*.

See now what a Train of Mischiefs one wretched *Petty-Fogger* draws after him! If you go to him for Counsel, he Hears your Story, Reads your Case, and tells you very gravely: Sir, this is a nice Point, and would be well handled; We'll see what the Law says. And then he runs ye over with his Eye and Finger, a matter of a hundred Volumes, grumbling all the while like a Cat, that Claws in her play'twixt Jest and Earnest. At last down comes the Book, he shews the Law, bids you leave your Papers, and he'll study the Question. But your Cause is very good (says he) by what I see already; and if you'll come again in the *Evening* or to *Morrow Morning*, I'll tell ye more. But pardon me, Sir, now I think on't, I am retain'd upon the business of the *Fens*, it cannot be till *Monday Next*, and then I'm for ye. When ye are to part, and that you come to the Greasing of his Fist; (the best thing in the World both for the Wit and Memory,) Good Lord! Sir, (says he) *what do you mean? I beseech you, Sir; Nay pray'e, Sir;* and if he spies you drawing back, the Paw opens, seizes the *Gold*, and good *Morrow Countryman*. Say'st thou me so? (quoth the good Fellow in the Glass) stop me up close again as thou lovest me then, for the very Air of these Rascals will Poyson me, if ever I put my Head out of this Bottle, till the whole Race of them be extinct. In the mean time take this for a Rule: *He that would thrive by Law, must Fee his Enemy's Council as well as his own.*

But now ye talk of great Cheats; what News of the *Venetians*? Is *Venice* still in the World or no? *In the World*, do ye say? Yes, marry is't (said I) and stands just where it did. Why then (quoth he) I prithee give it to the Devil from me as a token of my Love; for 'tis a Present equal to the severest Revenge. Nothing can ever destroy that Republick but Conscience; and then you'll say 'tis like to be Long-liv'd; for if every Man had his own, it would not be left worth a Groat. To speak freely, 'tis an odd

odd kind off *Common-Wealth*: 'Tis the very *Arse-Gut*, the *Drain* and *Sink* of *Monarchies*, both in War and Peace. It helps the *Turk* to Vex the *Christians*, and the *Christians* to Gall the *Turk*, and maintains it self to torment both. The *Inhabitants* are neither *Moors*, nor *Christians*, as appears by a *Venetian Captain*, in a *Combat* against a *Christian Enemy*: Stand to't, my *Masters* (says he) *Ye were Venetians before Ye were Christians*.

Enough, enough of this, cry'd the *Necromancer*, and tell me, how stand the People affected? What *Malecontents* and *Mutineers*? *Mutiny* (said I) is so universal a Disease, that every Kingdom is (in effect) but a great Hospital, or rather a Bedlam (for all Men are mad) to entertain the disaffected. There's no stirring for Me then (quoth the *Necromancer*) but pray'e commend me however to those busy Fools, and tell them, that carry what Face they will, there's *Vanity* and *Ambition* in the *Pad*. *Kings* and *Princes*, have in their Nature much of *Quick-silver*. They are in perpetual *Agitation*, and without any *Repose*. Press them too hard, (that is to say beyond the Bounds of Duty and Reason) and they are lost. Ye may observe, that your *Gilders*, and great Dealers in *Quick-silver*, are generally troubled with the *Palsy*; and so should all *Subjects Tremble*, that have to do with *Majesty*; and better to do it at first, out of *Respect*, than afterward, upon *Force and Necessity*.

But before I fall to pieces again, as you saw me e'en now, (for better so than worse) I beseech ye, one word more, and it shall be my last: *Who's King of Spain now*? You know (said I) that *Philip* the Third is dead: Right (quoth he) a Prince of incomparable Piety and Virtue, or my Stars deceive me. After him, (said I) came *Philip* the IV. If it be so (quoth he) break, break my Bottle immediately, and help me out; for I am resolv'd to try my Fortune in the World once again, under the Reign of that Glorious Prince. And with that word, he dash'd the Glass to pieces against a Rock, crept out of his Case, and away he ran. I had a good mind to have kept him Company; but as I was just about to start, Let him go, let him go, cry'd one of the Dead; (and laid hold of my Arm,) he has Devilish Heels, and you'll never overtake him.

So I staid, and what should I see next but a wondrous Old Man, whose Name might have been *Bucephalus* by his Head, and the Hair on his Face might very well have stufed a couple of Cushions: Take him together, and you'll find his Picture in the Map, among the *Savages*. I need not tell ye that I stared upon him sufficiently; and he taking notice of it, came to me, and told me; Friend (say

he) my Spirit tells me, that you are now in pain to know who I am; understand that my Name is *Nostradamus*. Are you the Author then (quoth I) of that *Gallimaufry of Prophecies*, that's Publish'd in your Name? *Gallimaufry*, say'st thou? Impudent and Barbarous Rascal that thou art, to despise Myſteries that are above thy reach, and to revile the Secretary of the Stars, and the Interpreters of the Destinies: Who is ſo brutal as to doubt the meaning of theſe Lines?

*From ſecond Cauſes, this I gather,
Nought ſhall beſal us, Good or Ill,
Either upon the Land or Water,
But what the great Diſpoſer will.*

Reprobate and beſotted Villains that ye are; What greater Bleſſing could betide the World, than the Accompliſhment of this Prophecy? Would it not eſtabliſh Juſtice and Holineſs, and ſuppreſs all the Vile Suggeſtions and Motions of the Devil? Men would not then any longer ſet their Hearts upon Avarice, Cozening, and Extortion, and make Money their God; that Vagabond Money, that's perpetually trotting up and down like a wandring Whore, and takes up moſt commonly with the unworthy, leaving the *Philoſophers*, and *Prophets*, which are the very *Oracles* of the *Heavens*, (ſuch as *Noſtradamus*) to go bare-foot. But let's go on with our *Prophecies*, and ſee if they be ſo frivolous and dark, as the World reports them.

*When the marry'd ſhalt marry,
Then the Jealous will be ſorry;
And though Fools will be talking,
To keep their Tongues walking;
No Man runs well I find,
But with's Elbows behind,*

This gave me ſuch a fit of Laughing, that it made me caſt my Noſe up into the Air, like a Stone-Horſe that hath got a Mare in the Wind: Which put the *Aſtrologer* out of all patience. Buffoon, and Dog-Whelp, as ye are (quoth he) there's a Bone for you to pick; you muſt be ſnarling and snapping at every thing. Will your Teeth ſerve you now to fetch out the Marrow of this Prophecy? Hear then in the Devil's Name, and be mannerly: Hear, and Learn, I ſay, and let's have no more of that Grinning, unleſs ye have a mind to leave your Beard behind ye. Do ye imagine that all that are married, marry? No, not the one half of them. When you are married, the *Prieſt* has done his part; but after that, to marry, is to do the Duty of a *Huſband*. Alack, how many marry'd Men live as if they

they were single ! and how many *Batchelors* on the other side, as if they were *marry'd* ! after the Mode of the Times. And *Wedlock* to divers Couples, is no other than a more sociable state of *Virginity*. Here's one half of my Prophecy expounded already ; now for the rest. Let me see you run a little for Experiment, and try if you carry your Elbows *before* or *behind*. You'll tell me perhaps, that this is ridiculous, because every body knows it. A pleasant Shift : As if Truth were the worse for being plain. The things indeed that you deliver for *Truths*, are for the most part meer *Fooleries* and *Mistakes* ; and it were a hard matter to put Truth in such a Dress as would please ye. What have ye to say now, either against my Prophecy or my Argument ? Not a Syllable, I warrant ye, and yet somewhat there is to be said ; for *there's no Rule without an Exception*. Does not the *Physician* carry his Elbow *before* him, when he puts back his Hand to take his Patient's Money ? And away he's gone in a trice, so soon as he has made his Purchase. But to proceed, here's another of my Prophecies for ye.

*Many Women shall be Mothers,
And their Babbies,
Their N'own Daddies.*

What say ye to this now ? Are there not many *Husbands* do ye think (if the truth were known) that Father more *Children* than their own ? Believe me (Friend) a Man had need have good *Security* upon a Woman's Belly ; for *Children* are commonly made in the *Dark*, and 'tis no easy Matter to know the *Workman*, especially having nothing but the Woman's bare word for't. This is meant of the Court of *Assistance* ; and whoever interprets my Prophecies, to the Prejudice of any Person of Honour, abuses me. You little think what a World of our Gay Folks in their *Coaches* and *six*, with *Lacquies* at their Heels, by the Dozens, will be found at the last day, to be only the *Bastards* of some *Pages*, *Gentlemen-Ushers*, or *Valets de Chambre* of the Family ; nay, perchance the *Physician* may have had his Hand in the wrong Box, and in case of a necessity, good use has been made of a *lusty Coachman*. Little do you think (I say) how many Noble Families upon that grand Discovery, will be found extinct for want of Issue.

I am now convinc'd (said I to the *Mathematician*) of the Excellency of your Predictions ; and I perceive (since you have been pleas'd to be your own Interpreter) that they have more weight in them than we were aware of. Ye shall have one more (quoth he) and I have done.

*This Tear, if I've any skill I'th' Weather,
Shall many a one take Wing with a Feather.*

I dare say that your Wit will serve ye now to imagine, that I'm talking of *Rooks* and *Jack-daws*; but I say, no; I speak of *Lawyers*, *Attorneys*, *Clerks*, *Scriveners*, and their *Fellows*, that with the Dash of a Pen can defeat their *Clients* of their *Estates*, and fly away with *Them* when they have done.

Upon these Words, *Nostradamus* vanisht, and some body plucking me behind, I turn'd my Face upon the most meager, melancholick Wretch that ever was seen, and cover'd all in white. For *Pity's* sake, (says he) and as you are a good Christian, do but deliver me from the Persecution of these *Impertinents* and *Bablers* that are now tormenting me, and I'll be your Slave for ever, (casting himself at my Feet in the same Moment, and crying like a Child.) And what art thou (quoth I) for a miserable Creature? I am (says he) an antient and an honest Man, although defam'd with a thousand Reproaches and Slanders: And in fine, some call me *Another*, and others *Somebody*; and doubtless ye cannot but have heard of me, as *Somebody* says, crys one, that has nothing to say for himself; and yet till this instant, I never so much as open'd my Mouth. The *Latins* call me *Quidam*, and make good use of me to fill up Lines and stop Gaps. When ye go back again into the World, I pray'e do me the favour to own that you have seen me, and to justifie me for one that never did, and never will either Speak or Write any thing, whatever some Tatling Idiots may pretend. When they bring me into *Quarrels* and *Brawls*, I am call'd forsooth, *A certain Person*: In their *Intrigues*, I know not who: And in the Pulpit, *A certain Author*: And all this, to make a Mystry of my Name, and lay all their Fooleries at my Door. Wherefore I beseech ye help me; which I promis'd to do. And so this Vision withdrew to make place for another.

And that was the most frightful piece of *Antiquity* that ever Eye beheld in the shape of an *Old Woman*. She came nodding towards me, and in a hollow ratling Tone, (for she spoke more with her *Chops* than her *Tongue*,) Pray'e, (says she) *Is there not somebody come lately hither from the other World?* This Apparition, thought I, is undoubtedly one of the *Devil's Scare-Crows*. Her *Eyes* were so sunk in their *Sockets* that they lookt like a pair of *Dice* in the bottom of a couple of *Red-boxes*. Her *Cheeks* and the *Soles* of her *Feet*, were of the same Complexion. Her *Mouth* was pale and open too, the better to receive the *Distillations* of her *Nose*. Her *Chin* was cover'd with a kind of *Goose-down*, as
Toothless

Toothless as a *Lamprey*; and the *Flaps* of her *Cheeks* were like and *Ape's Bags*: Her *Head* danc'd, and her *Voice* at every word kept time to't. Her *Body* was Veil'd, or rather wrapt up in a shroud of *Crape*. She had a *Cutch* in one Hand, which serv'd her for a *Supporter*; and a *Rosary* in t'other, of such a length, that as she was stooping over it, a Man would have thought she had been Fishing for *Death's Heads*. When I had done gaping upon this *Epirome* of *past Ages*; *Hola! Grannum*, (quoth I, good lustily in her Ear, taking for granted that she was deaf) what's your Pleasure with me? With that she gave a Grunt, and being much in wrath to be called *Grannum*, clapt a pair of Spectacles upon her *Nose*, and Pinking through them, I am, quoth she, neither *Deaf* nor *Grannum*, but may be called by my Name as well as my Neighbours; (giving to understand, that Women will take it ill to be called Old, even in their very Graves.) As she spake, she came still nearer me, with her Eyes dropping, and the smell about her perfectly of a dead Body. I begg'd her pardon for what was past, and for the future her Name, that I might be sure to keep my self within the bounds of Respect. I am call'd (says she) *Donegna*, or *Madam the Gouvernante*. How's that, quoth I, in a great Amazement? Have ye any of those Cattle in this Country? Let the Inhabitants pray heartily for Peace then; and all little enough to keep them quiet. But to see my Mistake now, I thought the Women had not died when they came to be *Gouvernantes*, and that for the punishment of a wicked World the *Gouvernantes* had been immortal. But I am now better inform'd, and very glad truly to meet with a Person I have heard so much talk of. For with us, who but *Madam the Gouvernante* at every turn? Do you see that *Mumping Hag*, cries one? Come here, ye *Damn'd Jade*, cries another. That *Old Bawd*, says a third, has forgotten, I warrant ye, that ever she was a *Whore*: And now see if we do not remember ye. You do so, and I'm in your debt for your remembrance, the *Great Devil* be your *Pay-Master*, ye Son of a Whore, you: Are there no more *Gouvernantes* than my self? Sure there are, and ye may have your Choice without affronting me. Well, well, (said I) have a little patience, and at my return I'll try if I can put things in better order. But in the mean time, what business have you here? Her Reverence upon this was a little qualified, and told me, that she had now been *Eight hundred Years* in *Hell*, upon a design to erect an Order of the *Gouvernantes*; but the right *Worshipful the Devil-Commissioners*, are not as yet come to any Resolution upon the Point. For, say they, if your *Gouvernantes* should come once to settle here, there would need no other Tor-

mentors, and we should be but so many *Jacks out of Office*. And besides, we should be perpetually at *Daggers-drawing* about the *Brands* and *Candle-Ends*, which they would still be filching, and laying out of the way; and for us to have our Fuel to seek, would be very inconvenient. I have been in *Purgatory* too (she said) upon the same Project; but there so soon as ever they set Eye on me, all the Souls cry'd out unanimously, *Libera nos, &c.* As for Heaven, that's no Place for *Quarrels*, *Slanders*, *Disquiets*, *Heart-burnings*, and consequently none for Me. The Dead are none of my Friends neither, for they grumble, and bid me let them alone as they do me, and be gone into the World again if I please, and there (they tell me) I may play the *Gouvernante* in *secula seculorum*. But truly I had rather be here at my ease than spend my Life crumpling, and brooding over a Carpet at a Bed-side, like a thing of Clouts, to secure the Poultry of the Family from strange Cocks, which would now and then have a brush with a Virgin Pullet, but for the care of the *Gouvernantes*. And yet 'tis she, good Woman, bears all the blame in case of any Miscarriage: The *Gouvernante* was presently of the Plot, she had a feeling in the Cause, a Finger in the Pye: And 'tis she, in fine, that must answer for all. Let but a Sock, an old Hankercher, the greasie Lining of a masque, or any such frippery piece of business be missing; ask the *Gouvernante* for this or for that. And in short, they take us certainly for so many *Storks* and *Ducks*, to gather up all the filth about the House. The *Servants* look upon us as *Spies* and *Tell-tales*: My *Cousin* forsooth, and t'other's *Aunt* dares nor come to the House for fear of the *Gouvernante*. And indeed I have made many of them *Cross* themselves that took me for a Ghost. Our *Masters* they curse us too, for embroiling the Family. So that I have rather chosen to take up here betwixt the *Dead* and the *Living*, than to return again to my Charge of a *Donegna*, the very sound of the Name being more terrible than a Gibbet; as appears by one that was lately travelling from *Madrid* to *Vailladolid*, and asking where he might lodge that Night? Answer was made, at a small Village call'd *Donegnas*. But is there no other Place (quoth he) within some reasonable distance, either short, or beyond it? They told him, No, unless it were at a *Gallows*. That shall be my *Quarter* then, (quoth he) for a *Thousand Gibbets* are not so bad to me as one *Donegna*. Now you see how we are abus'd; (quoth the *Gouvernante*) I hope you'll do us some Right when it lies in your Power.

She would have talk'd me to Death, if I had not given her the slip upon the removing of her Spectacles; but I could

could not 'scape so neither, for looking about me for a Guide to carry me home again, I was arrested by one of the *Dead*; a good proper Fellow, only he had a pair of *Ram's-horns* on his Head; And I was about to salute him for *Aries* in the *Zodiac*: But when I saw him plant himself just before me, with his *best Leg* forward, stretching out his Arms, clutching his Fists, and looking as sour as if he would have eaten me without *Mustard*; Doubtless (said I) *The Devil is Dead, and this is He*. No, no, cry'd a By-stander This is a *Man*: Why then (said I) he's Drunk, I perceive, and *Quarrelsome in his Ale*, for here's no body has touch'd him. With that, as he was just ready to fall on; I stood to my Guard, and we were arm'd at all points alike, only he had the odds of the Head-piece. Now, Sirrah, (says he) *Have at ye*, Slave that you are, to make a Trade of defaming persons of Honour. By the Death that commands here, I'll ha' my Revenge, and *Turn your Skin over your Ears*. This insolent Language stirr'd my Choler, I confess, and so I call'd to him; *Come, come on, Sirrah*; A little nearer yet, and if ye have a mind to be twice kill'd, I'll do your business: *Who the Devil brought this Cornuto hither to trouble me?* The word was no sooner out, but we were immediately at it, Tooth and Nail, and if his Horns had not been flatted to his Head, I might have had the worst on't. But the whole Ring presently came in to part us, and did me a singular kindness in't, for my Adversary had a Fork, and I had none. As they were *Staving and Tayling*, you might have had more Manners (cry'd one) than to give such Language to your Betters, and to call *Don Diego Moreno Cuckold*. And is this that *Diego Moreno*, then, said I? Rascal that he his, to charge me with abusing Persons of Honour. A Scoundrel (said I) that 'tis a shame for Death to be seen in's company, and was never fit for any thing in his whole life, but to furnish Matter for a Farce. And that's my Grievance, Gentlemen, (quoth *Don Diego*) for which with your Leave, he shall give me satisfaction. I do not stand upon the matter of being a Cuckold, for there's many a brave Fellow lives in *Cuckolds-Row*. But why does he not name others as well as me? As if the Florn grew upon no bodies Head but mine: I'm sure, there are Others that a thousand times better deserve it; I hope he cannot say that ever I gor'd any of my Superiors, or that my being *Cornuted* has rais'd the Price of *Post-Horns*, *Lanthorns*, or *Pocket-Inkhorns*. Are not *Shoeing-horns* and *Knife-handles*, as cheap now as ever? Why must I walk the Stage then more than my Neighbours? Beyond question, there never liv'd a more peaceable Wretch upon the face of the Earth, all things consider'd, than my self. Never

was Man freer from *Jealousie*, or more careful to step aside at the time of Visit: For I was ever against the spoiling of sport, when I could make none my self. I confess, I was not so charitable to the Poor as I might have been; the truth of it is, I watch'd them as a Cat would do a Mouse, for I did not love them. But then in Requital, I could have out-shorted the seven Sleepers, when any of the better sort came to have a Word in private with my Wife. The short ou't is, We agreed blessedly well together, she and I; for I did whatever she would have me; and she would say a thousand and a thousand times, *Long live my poor Diego, the best condition'd, the most complaisant Husband in the World; whatever I do is well done, and he never so much as opens his Mouth good or bad.* But by her leave, that was little to my Credit, and the Jade when she said it, was beside the Cushion. For many and many a time have I said, *This is Well, and That's Ill.* When there came any Poets to our House, Fiddlers or Morrice-Dancers, I would say, *This is not well.* But when the rich Merchants came, *Oh very good,* would I say, *this is as well as well can be.* Sometime we had the hap to be visited by some Pennyles Courtier, or Low-Country Officer perchance; then should I take her aside, and rattle her to some Tune: *Sweet-heart,* would I say, *Pray'e, What ha' we to do with these Frippery Fellows, and Damme Boys? Shake them off, I'd advise ye, and take this for a Warning.* But when any came that had to do with the Mint or the Exchequer, and spent freely, (for lightly come, lightly go) *I marry, my Dear, (quoth I) there's nothing to be lost by keeping such Company.* And where's the hurt of all this now? Nay on the Contrary, my poor Wife enjoy'd her self happily under the protection of my Shadow, and being a *Femme Couverte*, not an Officer durst come near her. Why should this Buffoon of a Poitaster now make me still the ridiculous Entertainment of all his Interludes and Farces, and the Fool in the Play? By your Favour (quoth I) we are not yet upon even Terms; and before we part, you shall know what 'tis to provoke a Poet. If thou wert but now alive, I'd Write thee to Death, as Archilocus did Lycambes. And I'm resolv'd to put the History of thy Life in a Satyr, as sharp as Vinegar, and give it the Name of the *Life and Death of Don Diego Moreno.* It shall go hard (quoth he) but I'll prevent that, and so we fell to't again, Hand and Foot, till at length the very fancy of a Scuffle wak'd me, and I found my self as weary as if it had been a real Combat. I began then to reflect upon the Particulars of my Dream, and to consider what Advantage I might draw from it; for the Dead are past fooling, and *Those are the soundest Counsels, which we receive from such as advise us without either Passion or Interest.*

The end of the Second Vision.

THE

T H E
THIRD VISION,
O F
The LAST JUDGMENT.



HOMER makes JUPITER the Author or Inspirer of Dreams; especially the Dreams of Princes and Governors: And if the matter of them be Pious and Important. And it is likewise the Judgment of the Learned Propertius, That Good Dreams came from above, have their weight, and ought not to be slighted. And truly I am much of his Mind, in the case of a Dream I had the other Night. As I was reading a Discourse touching the *End of the World*, I fell asleep over the Book, and Dreamt of the *Last Judgment*. (A Thing which in the House of a Poet is scarce admitted, so much as in a Dream.) This fancy minded me of a Passage in *Claudian*; *That all Creatures dream at Night of what they have heard and seen in the Day: As the Hound dreams of Hunting the Hare.*

Methought I saw a very handsome Youth tawring in the Air, and sounding of a Trumpet; but the forcing of his Breath, did indeed take off much of his Beauty. The very Marbles, I perceived, and the Dead obey'd his Call; for in the same moment the Earth began to open, and set the Bones at Liberty, to seek their Fellows. The first that appear'd, were *Sword-Men*; As *Generals of Armies*, *Captains*, *Lieutenants*, *Common-Soldiers*; who supposing that it had sounded a Charge, came out of their Graves, with the same Briskness and Resolution, as if they had been going to an Assault, or a Combat. The *Misers* put their Heads out, all Pale and Trembling, for fear of a *Plunder*. The *Cavaliers* and *Good Fellows* believed they had been going to a *Horse-Race*, or a *Hunting-March*. And in fine, though they all heard the Trumpet, there was not any Creature knew the meaning of it (for I could read their Thoughts by their Looks and Gestures.) After this there appear'd a great many *Souls*; whereof some came up to their

their *Bodies*; though with much Difficulty and Horror : Others stood wondring at a distance, not daring to come near so hideous and frightful a Spectacle. This wanted an Arm, That an Eye, T'other a Head. Upon the whole, though I could not but smile at the prospect of so strange a variety of Figures; yet was it not without just matter of Admiration at the *All-powerful Providence*, to see Order drawn out of *Confusion*, and every part restor'd to the right Owner. I dreamt my self then in a *Church-yard*; and there, methought, divers that were loth to appear, were changing of Heads; and an *Attorney* would have *Demurr'd*, upon Pretence, that He had got a Soul was none of his Own, and that his Body and Soul were not fellows.

At length, when the whole Congregation came to understand, that This was the *Day of Judgment*, it was worth the while, to observe what shifting and shuffling there was among the *Wicked*. The *Epicure* and *Whoremaster* would not own their *Eyes*, nor the *Slanderer* his *Tongue*, because they'd be sure to appear in Evidence against them. The *Pick-Pockets* ran away as hard as they could drive from their own *Fingers*. There was one that had been Embalm'd in *Egypt*, and staying for his *Tripes*, an Old Usurer ask'd him, if the *Bags* were to rise with the *Bodies*? I could have laugh'd at this Question, but I was presently taken up with a crowd of *Cut-purses*, running full speed from their own Ears (that were offer'd them again) for fear of the sad Stories they expected to hear. I saw all this from a convenient Standing; and in the Instant, there was an Outcry at my Feet, *Withdraw, Withdraw*. The word was no sooner given, but down I came, and immediately a great many *Handsome Ladies* put forth their Heads, and call'd me Clown, for not paying them that Respect and Ceremony which belong'd to their Quality (now you must know that the *Women* stand upon their Pantoffles, even in Hell it self.) They seem'd at first very Gay and Frolick; and truly, well enough pleas'd to be seen naked, for they were *clean skin'd and well made*. But when they came to understand that this was the *Great Day of Account*, their Consciences took Check, and all the Jollity was dash'd in a moment: Whereupon they took to a Valley, miserably Listless, and out of Humour: There was One among the rest, that had had *Seven Husbands*, and promis'd every one of them never to marry again, for she could never love any thing else she was sure: This Lady was casting about for Fetches, and Excuses, and what Answer she should make to that Point. Another that had been as common as *Ratcliffe High-Hay*, would neither *Lead nor Drive*, and stood *Humming* and *Hawing* a good while, pretending

&c.

she had forgot her *Night-Geer*, and such Fooleries; but spite of her Heart, she was brought at last within sight of the Throne; where she found a World of her old Acquaintance that she had carry'd part of their way to Hell; who had no sooner set Eye on her, but they fell a *Pointing* and *Hooting*, so that she took up her Heels, and herded her self in a Troop of *Serjeants*. After this, I saw a many People driving a *Physician* along the Bank of a River, and these were only such as he had unnecessarily dispatcht before their time. They follow'd him with Cries of *Justice, Justice*, and forc'd him on toward the *Judgment-Seat*, where they arriv'd in the end with much ado. While this pass'd, I heard, methought, upon my Left-hand, a *Padding* in the Water, as if one had been Swimming; And what should this be, but a *Judge* in the middle of a River, washing and rinsing his hands over and over. I ask'd him the meaning of it; and he told me, That in his Lifetime he had been often dawb'd in the *Fist*, to make the business slip the better, and he would willingly get out the Grease before he came to hold up his Hand at the Bar. There follow'd next a Multitude of *Vintners* and *Tailors*, under the Guard of a Legion of *Devils*, arm'd with *Rods, Whips, Cudgels*, and other Instruments of Correction: And these counterfeited themselves Deaf, and were very loath to leave their Graves, for fear of a worse Lodging. As they were passing on, up started a little *Lawyer*, and ask'd whither they were going? They made Answer, That they were going to give an account of their Works. With that the *Lawyer* threw himself flat upon his Belly in his Hole again. If I am to go downward at last, (says he) I am thus much onward on my way. The *Winter* sweat as he walk'd, till one drop follow'd another; That's well done, cry'd a *Devil* at's Bellow, to purge out thy Water, that we may have none in our Wine. There was a *Taylor* wrapt up in *Sarcenets*, *Crook-finger'd*, and *Baker-legg'd*, spake not one word all the way he went, but *Alas! Alas!* how can any Man be a *Thief* that dies for want of Bread? But his Companions gave him a Rebuke for discrediting his Trade. The next that appeared were a *Band of Highway Men*, following upon the heels one of another, in great Distrust and Jealousy of Thieves among themselves. These were fetch'd up by a Party of *Devils* in the turning of a hand, and lodg'd with the *Tailors*: For (said one of the Company) your *Highway-Man* is but a *Wild Taylor*. They were a little Quarrelsome at first, but in the conclusion, they went down into the Valley and Kennel'd quietly together. After these came *Folly* with her Gang of *Poets, Fiddlers, Lovers* and *Fencers*; The People of all the World.

World, that Dream the least of a Day of Reckoning: These were disposed of among the *Hangmen, Jews, Scribes* and *Philosophers*. There were also a great many *Solicitors*, wondring among themselves, that they should have so much *Conscience* when they were *Dead*, and none at all *Living*. In fine, the *Word* was given, *Silence*.

The *Throne* being *Erected*, and the *Great Day* come: A Day of *Comfort* to the *Good*, and of *Terror* to the *Wicked*. The *Sun* and the *Stars* waited on the *Foot-stool*; the *Wind* was *still*; the *Water* *quiet*; the *Earth* in *Suspense* and *Anguish* for fear of her *Children*: And in brief, the whole *Creation* was in *Anxiety* and *Disorder*. The *Righteous* they were employ'd in *Prayers* and *Thanksgivings*; and the *ungodly* in framing of *Shifis* and *Evasions*, to *Extenuate* their *Pains*. The *Guardian Angels* were at hand on the one side, to acquit themselves of their *Duties* and *Commissions*: And on the other side, were the *Devils* hunting for more matters of *Aggravation* and *Charge* against *Offenders*. The *Ten Commandments* had the *Guard* of a *Narrow Gate*, which was so strait, that the most mortify'd *Body* could not pass it, without leaving a good part of his *Skin* behind him.

On one *Hand* there were in *Multitudes*; *Disgraces*, *Misfortunes*, *Plagues*, *Griefs* and *Troubles*; All in a *Clamour* against the *Physicians*. The *Plague* confess'd indeed, that she had struck many; but 'twas the *Doctor* did their business. *Melancholy* and *Disgrace* said the like; and *Misfortunes* of all sorts made open *Protestation*; that they never brought any *Man* to his *Grave*, without the *Help* and *Advice* of a *Doctor*. So that the *Gentlemen of the Faculty* were call'd to *Account* for those they had kill'd. They took their *Places* upon a *Scaffold*, with *Pen*, *Ink*, and *Paper* about them; and still as the *Dead* were call'd, some or other of them answered to the *Name*, and declared the *Year* and *Day*, when such a *Patient* passed through his *Hand*.

They began the *Inquiry* at *Adam*, who, methought, was severely handled about an *Apple*. Alas! (cry'd *Judas* that was by) if that were such a fault, what will become of me that sold and betray'd my *Lord* and *Master*? Next came the *Patriarchs*, and then the *Apostles*, who took their *Places* by *St. Peter*. It was worth the noting, that at this *Day* there was no *Distinction* between *Kings* and *Beggars*, before the *Judgment Seat*. *Herod* and *Pilate*, so soon as they put out their *Heads*, found it was like to go hard with them. My *Judgment* is just (quoth *Pilate*.) Alack! (cry'd *Herod*.) What have I to trust to; *Heaven* is no place for me, and in *Limbo* I should fall among the *Innocents* I have *Murther'd*; so that without more ado, I must e'en take

take up my Lodging in *Hell*: The common Receptacle of Notorious Malefactors.

There came in immediately upon this, a kind of a fowre rough-hewn Fellow; Look ye (says he) stretching out his Arm, here are my Letters. The Company wonder'd at his humour, and askt the Porter, What he was? Which he himself over-hearing, I am (quoth he) *a Master of the Noble Science of Defence*: And plucking out several seal'd Parchments; These (said he) are the Attestations of my Exploits. At which word, all his Testimonials fell out of his Hand, and a Couple of Devils would fain have whipt them up, to have brought them in Evidence against him at his Tryal; but the Fencer was too nimble for them, and took them up himself. At which time; an *Angel* offer'd him his Hand to help him in; but he, for fear of an *Attack*, leapt a step backward, and with great Agility, *alonging* withal. Now, (says he) if ye think fit, I'll give ye a Taste of my Skill. The Company fell a Laughing, and this Sentence was Past upon him; *That since by his Rules of Art, he had occasioned so many Duels and Murthers; He should himself go to the Devil by a Perpendicular Line.* He pleaded for himself, that he was no *Mathematician*, and knew no such Line; but while the word was in his Mouth a Devil came up to him, gave him a turn and a half, and down he tumbled.

After him, came the *Treasurers*, and such a Cry following them, for Cheating and Stealing, that some said the *Thieves* were coming; others said no; and the Company was divided upon't. They were much troubled at the Word, *Thieves*, and desir'd the benefit of Council to plead their Cause. And very good reason (said one of the *Devils*) Here's a *discarded Apostle* that has Executed both Offices, let them take him; where's *Judas*? When the *Treasurers* heard that, they turn'd aside, and by chance, spy'd in a Devil's Hand, a huge Roll of *Accusations* ready drawn into a formal *Charge* against them. With that, one of the boldest among them: *Away, away*, (cry'd he) with these *Informations*; We'll rather come to a Fine and Compound, though it were for Ten or Twenty Thousand Years in *Purgatory*. Ha! Ha! (quoth the Devil, a cunning Snap that drew up the *Charge*,) if ye are upon those Terms, ye are hard put to't. Whereupon the *Treasurers*, being brought to a forc't put, were e'en glad to make the best of a bad Game, and follow the Fencer.

These were no sooner gone, but in came an unlucky *Pastry-Man*; they ask'd him, if he would be try'd. That's e'en as't hits; (said he.) At that word, the Devil that manag'd the Cause against him, prest his *Charge* and laid it home

home to him, that he had put off *Cats* for *Hares*; and fill'd his *Pyes* with *Bones*, instead of *Flesh*; and not only so, but that he had sold *Horseflesh*, *Dogs* and *Foxes*, for *Beef* and *Mutton*. Upon the Issue, it was prov'd against him, that *Noah* never had so many *Animals* in his *Ark*, as this poor Fellow had put in his *Pyes*, (for we read of no *Rats* and *Mice* there) so that he e'engave up his Cause, and went away to see if his *Oven* were hot. Next, came the *Philosophers* with their *Syllogisms*, and it was no ill Entertainment, to hear them *Chop Logick*, and put all their *Expostulations*, in *Mood* and *Figure*. But the pleasantest People in the World were the *Poets*, who insisted upon it, that they were to be try'd by *Jupiter*: And to the Charge of *Worshipping false Gods*, their answer was, that through *them* they worshipt the *True One*, and were rather mistaken in the *Name* than in the *Worship*. *Virgil* had much to say for himself, for his *Sicelides Muse*; but *Orpheus* interrupted him; who being the *Father of the Poets*, desired to be heard for them all. What *He*? (cry'd one of the *Devils*) Yes; for teaching that *Boys* were better *Bedfellows* than *Wenches*; but the *Women* had Comb'd his *Coxcomb* for him, if they could have catcht him. Away with him to *Hell* once again, then they cry'd, and let him get out now if he can. So they all fil'd off, and *Orpheus* was their *Guide*, because he had been there once before. So soon as the *Poets* were gone, there knockt at the Gate a *Rich Penurious Chuff*; but 'twas told him, that the *Ten Commandments* kept it, and that he had not kept them. It is impossible, (quoth he) under favour, to prove that ever I broke any One of them. And so he went to justifie himself from point to point: He had done this and that; and he had never done that nor t'other; but in the end, he was deliver'd over to be rewarded according to his Works. And then came on a Company of *House-breakers*, and *Robbers*: So dextrous, some of them, that they sav'd themselves from the very *Ladder*. The *Scriveners*, and *Attorneys*, observing that; Ah! Thought they, if we could but pass for *Thieves* now! And yet they set a Face good enough upon the business too: Which made *Judas* and *Mahomet* hope well of themselves; for (said they) if any of these Fellows come off, there's no fear of us: Whereupon they advanc'd boldly, with a Resolution to take their Tryal; which set the *Devils* all a Laughing. The *Guardian Angels* of the *Scriveners*, and *Attorneys*, mov'd that the *Evangelists* might be of their *Council*, which the *Devils* oppos'd; for, (said they) we shall insist only upon the matter of *Fact*, and leave them without any possibility of *Reply*, or *Excuse*. We might indeed content our selves with the bare proof of what they are; for 'tis Crime enough that

that they are *Scriveners* and *Attorneys*. With that, the *Scriveners* deny'd their Trade, alledging that they were *Secretaries*, and the *Attorneys* call'd themselves *Solicitors*. All was said in effect, that the Case would bear; but the best part of their Plea was *Church-member-ship*. And in fine, after several *Replications* and *Rejoynders*, they were all sent to *Old Nick*; save only two or three that found *Mercy*. Well (cry'd one of the *Scriveners*,) *This 'tis to keep lewd Company!* The *Devils* called out then, to clear the Bar, and said they should have occasion for the *Scriveners* themselves, to enter *Protestations* in the Quality of *Publick Notaries*, against lawless and disorderly People: But the poor Wretches it seems, could not hear on that Ear. To say the Truth, the *Christians* were much more troublesome than the *Pagans*, which the *Devils* took exceeding Ill; but they had this to say for themselves, that they were *Christened* when they were *Children*, so that 'twas none of their Fault, and their *Parents* must answer for't. *Judas* and *Mahomet* took such Courage, when they saw two or three of the *Scriveners*, and *Attorneys* say'd, that they were just upon the point of *Challenging their Clergy*; but they were prevented by the Doctor I told you of, who was set first to the Bar, in Company with an *Apothecary*, and a *Barber*, when a certain *Devil*, with a great Bundle of *Evidences* in his Hand, inform'd the Court, that the greatest part of the *Dead* there present, were sent thither by the Doctor then at the Bar, in Confederacy with his *Apothecary*, and *Barber*, to whom they were to acknowledge their Obligation for that fair Assembly. An *Angel* then interposing for the *Defendant*, recommended the *Apothecary* for a Charitable Person, and one that *Physick'd the Poor for nothing*: No matter for that, (cry'd the *Devil*) for I have him in my Books, and am able to prove, that he has killed more People with two little Boxes, than the *King of Spain* has done with *Two thousand Barrels of Powder*, in the *Low Country Wars*. All his Medicines are corrupted, and his Compositions hold a perfect Intelligence with the Plague: He has utterly un-peopled a couple of his Neighbour Villages, in a matter of three Weeks time. The Doctor he let fly upon the *Pothecary* too, and said he would maintain against the whole College, that his *Prescriptions* were according to the *Dispensatory*: And if an *Apothecary* would play the *Knave*, or the *Fool*, and put in *This* for *That*, he could not help it. So that withoutany more Words, the *Pothecary* was put to the *Summer-salt*, and the Doctor and Barber were brought off, at the Intercession of St. *Cosmus* and St. *Damian*.

After

After these, came a *Dapper Lawyer*, with a Tongue steep'd in Oyl, and a great Master of his Words and Actions; a most exquisite *Flatterer*, and no man better skill'd in the Art of moving the Passions than himself; or more ready at bolting a lueky Precedent at a dead list; or at making the best of a bad Cause; for he had all the shifts and starting holes in the Law at his Finger's ends: But all this would not serve; for the Verdict went against him, and he was *Order'd to pay Costs*. In that Instant, there was a Discovery made of a Fellow that hid himself in a Corner, and look'd like a *Spy*; They ask'd him, what he was? He made answer, an *Empyrick*; What (said a *Devil*) my Old Friend *Pontaus*: Alas! Alas! Thou hadst Ten thousand times better be in *Covent-Garden* now, or at *Charing-Cross*; for upon my word thou't have nothing to do here, unless, perhaps, for an Oynment for a Burn, or so; and so *Pontaus* went his way. The next that appear'd were a Company of *Vintners*, who were accused for *Adulterating*, and *Mingling Water* with their *Wines*. Their Plea was, that in Compensation they had furnish'd the *Hospitals* with *Communion-Wine* that was *Right*, upon *Free-Cost*; but this Excuse signify'd as little, as that of the *Taylor* there present, who suggested that they had *Cloth'd* so many *Fryars Gratis*; and so they were dispatch'd away together. After these, follow'd a number of *Banquiers*, that had turn'd *Bankrupt*, to cozen their *Creditors*; who finding there several of their old Correspondents, that they had reduced to a *Morsel of Bread*, began to treat of Composition: But one of the Devils presently cry'd out, All the rest have had enough to do to answer for themselves; but these People are to reckon for other Men's scores, as well as their own. And hereupon, they were forthwith sent away to *Pluto* with Letters of Exchange; but as it happen'd at that time, the Devil was out of Cash.

After this, enter'd a *Spanish Cavalier*, as *Upright*, as *Justice* it self. He was a matter of a Quarter of an Hour in his *Legs*, and *Reverences*, to the Company. We could see no Head he had, for his Prodigious starch'd Ruff that stood staring up like a *Turkey-Cocks-Tail*, and cover'd it. In fine, it was so fantastick a Figure, that the Porter was gaping at it, a good while, and ask'd if it were a *Man*, or no? It is a *Man*, (quoth the *Spaniard*) upon the Honour of a Cavalier, and his Name is *Don Pedro Rhodomontoso*, &c. He was so long a telling his Name and *Titles*, that one of the Devil's burst out a Laughing in the middle of his Pedigree, and demanded, *What he would be at? Glory*, (quoth he) which they taking in the worse Sense, for *Pride*, sent him away immediately to *Lucifer*. He was a little severe upon

upon his Guides, for disordering his *Mustachoes*, but they help'd him presently to a pair of *Beard-Irons*, and all was well again.

In the next place, came a Fellow weeping and wailing; but my Masters, (says he) my Cause is never the worse for my *Crying*; for it I would stand upon my Merits, I could tell ye that I have kept as good company, and had as much to do with the *Saints* as another Body. What have we here (cry'd one) *Dioclesian* or *Nero*? For they had enough to do with the Saints, though 'twere but to Persecute them. But upon the Upshot, what was this poor Creature, but a small *Officer*, that swept the Church, and dusted the Images and Pictures. His Charge was for stealing the *Oyl* out of the Lamps, and leaving all in the dark; pretending that the *Owls* and *Jack-daws* had drunk it up. He had a Trick too of Clothing himself out of the *Church-Habits*, which he got new-dy'd; and of *Crumming his Porrage with consecrated Bread*, that he stole every Sunday. What he said for himself, I know not; but he had his *Mittimus*, and took the Left-hand way at parting.

With that a Voice was heard, *Make way there, clear the Passage*: And this was for a *Bevy* of handfom, buxom, *Bona Roba's* in their Caps and Feathers, that came Dancing, Laughing, and Singing of Ballads and Lampoons, and as merry as the Day was long. But they quickly chang'd their Note; for so soon as ever they saw the hideous Looks of the Devils, they fell into violent fits of the Mother; beating their Breasts, and tearing their Hair with all the Horror and Fury imaginable. There was an Angel offer'd in their favour, that they had been great Frequenters of *Our Lady's Chapel*: Yes, yes, (cry'd a Devil) *less of her Chapel, and more of her Virtue*, would have done well. There was a notable Whipster among the rest, that confess'd, the Devil had reason. And then her Tryal came on, for making a Cloak of a *Sacrament*; and only marrying, that she might play the *Whore* with *Privilege*, and never want a Father for her *Bastards*. It was her fortune alone to be condemn'd; and going along, Well! she cry'd, If I had thought 'twould have come to this, I should ne'er have troubled my self with so many Masses.

And now, after long waiting, came *Judas* and *Mahomet* upon the Stage, and to them *Jack of Leyden*: Up comes an Officer, and ask'd which of the three was *Judas*? I am he, quoth *Jack of Leyden*. Nay, but I am *Judas*, cry'd *Mahomet*. They're a couple of *Lying Rascals*, says *Judas* himself, for I am the Man, only the Rogues make use of my Name to save their Credit. 'Tis true, I sold my Master once, and the World has been ever since the better for't: But these

these Villains sell him and themselves too, every hour of the Day, and there follows nothing but Misery and Confusion. So they were all three packt away to their Disciples.

The Angel that kept the Book, found that the *Serjeants* and *Remembrancers* were to come on next; whereupon they were call'd, and appear'd: But the Court was not much troubled with them; for they confess'd Guilty at first word, and so were ty'd up without any more ado.

The next that appear'd was an *Astrologer*, loaden with *Almanacks*, *Globes*, *Astrolabes*, &c. making Proclamation as loud as he could bawl, that there must needs be a gross mistake in the reckoning; for *Saturn* had not finish'd his Course, and the World could not be yet at an end. One of the Devils that saw how he came provided, and look'd upon him as his own already: A provident Slave, (quoeth he) I warrant him, to bring his firing along withhim. But this I must needs tell ye (says he to the *Mathematician*,) 'Tis a strange thing, ye should create so many *Heavens* in your *Life*, and go to the *Devil* for want of One after your *Death*. Nay for *Going* (cryed the *Astrologer*) ye shall excuse me; but if you'll carry me, *Well and good*. And immediately Order was given to carry him away and pay the Porter.

Hereupon methought, the Court rose; the Throne vanish'd; the Shadows and Darknes withdrew; the Air sweetned; the Earth was covered with Flowers; the Heavens clear: And then I waked; not a little satisfy'd to find that after all this, I was still in my Bed, and among the Living. The Use I made of my Dream was this: I betook my self presently to my Prayers, with a firm Resolution of changing my Life, and putting my Soul into such a Frame of Piety and Obedience, that I might attend the coming of the Great Day with Peace and Comfort.

The End of the Third Vision.



THE
FOURTH VISION,
OF
LOVING FOOLS.



ABOUT four a Clock in a Cold Frosty Morning, when it was much better being in a *Warm Bed*, with a good *Bedfellow*, than upon a *Biere* in the *Church-Yard*; as I lay advising with my *Pillow*, Tumbling and Tossing a Thousand *Love-Toys* in my Head, I pass'd from one *Fancy* to another, till at last, I fell into a slumber; and there appear'd the *Genius of Disabuse*; Laying before me all the *Follies*, and *Vanities* of *Love*; and supporting her *Opinions* with great *Authorities*, and *Reasons*. I was carry'd then (methought I knew not how) into a fair *Meadow*; A *Meadow*, pleasant and agreeable infinitely beyond the very *Fictions* of your half-witted *Poets*, with all their far-fetch'd *Gilding*, and *Enamellings*; for a *Paper of Verses* is worth nothing with them, unless they force *Nature* for't, and *Rifle* both the *Indies*. This *Delicious Field* was water'd with two *Riv'lets*; the *One Bitter*, the *Other Sweet*; and yet they mingled their *Streams* with a pretty kind of *Murmur*, equal perhaps to the best *Musick* in the *World*. The use of these *Waters* was, (as I observ'd) to temper the *Darts of Love*; for while I was upon the *Prospect* of the *Place*, I saw several of *Cupid's little Officers*, and *Subjects*, dipping of *Arrows* there, for their *Entertainment* and *Ease*. Upon this, I fancy'd my self in one of the *Gardens of Cyprus*, and that I saw the very *Hive*, where the *Bee* liv'd, that stung my *Young Master*, and occasion'd that *Excellent Ode* which *Anacreon* has written upon the *Subject*. The next thing I cast my *Eye* upon, was a *Palace*, in the midst of the *Meadow*; a *Rare piece*, as well for the *Structure*, as *Design*. The *Porches* were of the *Doric Order*, excellently wrought; And the *Pedestals*, *Bases*, *Columns*, *Cornishes*, *Capitals*, *Architraves*, *Freezes*, (and in short the whole *Front* of the *Fabrick*) was beautified with *Imaginary*

C

Trophies,

Trophies, and Triumphs of Love, in Half Relief, which as they were intermixt with other fantastick Works and Conceits, carry'd the Face of several little Histories, and gave a great Ornament to the Building. Over the Porch, there was in Golden Letters, upon Black Marble this Inscription.

*This is call'd Fools Paradise,
From the Loving Fools that dwell in't :
Where the Great Fools Rule the Lefs,
The Rest Obey, and all do well in't.*

The *Finishing, and Materials* were pleasant to Admiration. The *Portal* spacious; the *Doors* always open, and the *House* free to all *Comers*, which were very many; the *Porter's* place was supply'd by a *Woman*; Exquisitely handsom, both for *Face and Person*; Tall, *Delicately shap'd*, and set off with great *Advantages of Dress and Jewels*. She was made up in fine, of *Charms*, and her *Name* (as I understood) was *Beauty*. She would let a *Man* in to see the *House* for a *Look*; and that was all I paid for my *Passage*. In the first *Court*, I found a many of both *Sexes*, but so alter'd in *Habit and Countenance*, that they could scarce know one another. They were *sad, pensive*; and their *Complexions* tainted with a yellow *Paleness* (which *Ovid* calls *Cupid's Livery*.) There was no talk of being *True to Friends*; *Loyal to Superiors*; and *Dutiful to Parents*: But *Kindred* did the *Office of Procurers*; and *Procurers* were call'd *Cousins*. *Wives* lov'd their *Husbands* *She-Friends*, and *Husbands* did as much for *Them*, in loving their *Gallants*.

While I was upon the *Contemplation* of these *Encounters of Affection*, there appear'd a strange *Extravagant Figure*, but in the likeness of a *Humane Creature*. It was neither perfectly *Man*, nor perfectly *Woman*, but had indeed a *Resemblance of Both*. This *Person* I perceiv'd was ever busy, up and down, going and coming; beset all over with *Eyes and Ears*, and had one of the *Craftiest distrustful Looks* (methought) that ever I saw. And withal, (as I observ'd) no small *Authority* in the *Place*, which made me enquire after this *Creature's Name and Office*. My *Name* (quoth she, for now it prov'd to be a *Woman*) is *Jealousy*, and methinks you and I should be better acquainted; for how came you here else; However for your *Satisfaction*, you are to understand that the greater part of the *Distemper'd People* you see here, are of my bringing; and yet I am not their *Physician*, but their *Tormentor*; and serve only to *Aggravate and Imbitter* their *Misfortunes*. If you would know any thing farther of the *House*, never ask me, for 'tis *Forty to One* I shall tell you a

Ly e;

Lye; I have not told you half the Truth even of my self, and to deal plainly with you, I am made up of *Inventions*, *Artifice*, and *Imposture*: But the good Old Man that walks there is the *Major Domo*, and will tell you all, if you will but bear with his slow way of Discourse.

Thereupon I went to the Good Man, whom I knew presently to be *Time*: And desir'd him to let me look into the several Quarters and Lodgings of the House, for there were some *Fools* of my Acquaintance there I'd fain Visit; He told me that he was at present so busy about making of *Candles*, *Cock-broths*, and *Gellies* for his Patients, that he could not stir; but yet he directed me where I might find all those I enquired for, and gave me the freedom of the House to walk at pleasure.

I pass'd out of the *First Court*, into the *Maid's Quarter*, which was the very strongest part of the whole Building; and so't had need; for divers of the *Young Wenches* were so Extravagant and Furious, that no other place would have held them. (The *Wives* and *Widows* were in another Room apart.) Here ye shall have *One* sobbing and raging with *Jealousy* of a *Rival*. There *Another* stark mad for a *Husband*, and inwardly bleeding because she durst not discover it. A *Third* was writing of Letters all *Riddle* and *Mystery*, Mending and Marring, till at last the Paper had more *blots* than *whole words* in it. Some were practising in the *Glass* the *Gracious Smile*, the *Rowl* of the *Eye*, the *Velvet Lip*, &c. Others again were in a Diet of *Oatmeal*, *Clay*, *Chalk*, *Coal*, *Hard Wax*, and the like. Some were conditioning with their Servants for a *Ball* or a *Serenade*, that the whole Town might ring of the *Address*. Yes, yes, they cry'd, *You can go to the Park with This Lady, and to a Play with That Lady, and to Banstead with T'other Lady, and spend whole Nights at Beste or Ombre with my Lady Pen-Tweezel; but by my Troth, I think you are asham'd to be seen in My Company.* Some I saw upon the very point of *Sealing* and *Delivering*. *I am thine* (cries one) *and Thine alone, or let all the Devils in Hell, &c. But be sure you be constant. If I be not* (says he) *let my Soul, &c.* and the silly Jade believes him. In one Corner ye shou'd have them praying for *Husbands*, that they might the better love at *Random*: In another, nothing would please them but to be *Marry'd Men's Wives*, and this Disease was look'd upon as a little Desperate. Some again stood ready furnish'd with *Love-Letters* and *Tickets* to be cast out at the Window, or thrust under the Door, and these were look'd upon not only as *Fools* but *Beasts*.

I had seen as much already as I desir'd; for I had learn'd of Old, that *He that keeps such Company, seldom comes off without a scratch'd Face*: But if he misses a *Mistress*, he gets a *Wife*,
and

and stands condemn'd to a *Repentance during Life*, without Redemption, unless One of the Two dies. For *Women* in the *Cafe* are worse than *Pyrats*; a *Gally Slave* may compound for his *Freedom*, but there's no thought of *Ransom* in *Cafe of Wedlock*. I had a good mind to a little Chat with some of them, but (thought I) they'll fancy I'm in Love with them. And so I e'en marched off into the *Marry'd Quarter*.

Where there was such *Ranting*, *Damning*, and *Tearing*, as if *Hell* had been broke loose. And what was all This? but a Number of *Women* that had been lock'd up and shackl'd by their *Husbands*, to keep them in *Obedience*, and had now broken their *Prisons*, and their *Chains*, and were grown ten times madder than before. Some I saw *Caressing* and *Cokefing* their *Husbands*, in the very moment they design'd to betray them. Others were picking their *Husbands* Pockets to pay now and then for a *By-Blow*. Some again were upon a *Religious* point, and all upon the *Humour* (forsooth) of *Pilgrimages* and *Lectures*; when alas! they had no other business with the *Altars* or *Churches*, than a *Sacrifice to Venus* or a *Love-meeting*. Divers there were that went to the *Bath*; but *Bathing* was the least part of the *Errand*; Others to *Confession*, that mistook their *Martyr* for their *Confessor*: Some to be *Revend*'d of *Zealous Husbands*, were resolving to do the thing they fear'd; and pay them in their own Coin. Others were for making sure afore-hand by way of *Advance*; for that's the *Revenge*, they say, that's as sweet as *Muscadine* and *Eggs*. One was *Melancholy* for a *Delay*; Another for a *De-feat*; a Third is preparing to make her *Market* at a *Play*. There was one among the rest, was never out of her *Coach*; and asking her the *Reason*, she told me, she lov'd to be *Jolted*. In this *Crow'd* of *Women*, you must know that there were no *Wives of Ambassadors*, *Soldiers*, or *Merchants* that were abroad upon *Commission*; for such were consider'd in effect as *single Women*, and not allow'd as *Members* of this *Commonwealth*.

The next *Quarter* was that of the *Grave and Wife*; the *Right Reverend Widows*; *Women* in appearance of *Marvellous* severity and reserve, and yet every one of them had her weak side, and ye might read her *Folly* and *Distemper* through her *Disguise*. One of them I saw crying with one *Eye* for the *Loss* of one *Husband*, and laughing with t'other upon him that was to come next. Another, with the *Ephesian Matron*, was solacing herself with her *Gallant*, before her *Husband* was thorough cold in the *Mouth*; considering, that he that dy'd half an hour ago, is as dead as *William the Conqueror*. There were several others passing to and again quite out of their mourning, that look'd so demurely (I warrant ye) as if *Butter* would

would not have melted in their Mouths, and yet *Apostate Widows* (as I was told) and there they were kept as strictly, as if they had been in the *Spanish Inquisition*. Some were laying Wagers, whose mourning was most *A-la-mode*, and best made; or whose *Peak* or *Veil* became her Best: And setting themselves off with a Thousand tricks of Ornament and Dress. The *Widows* I observ'd that were marching off, with the mark out of their Mouths, were hugely concern'd to be thought Young, and still talking of *Masques*, *Balls*, *Fiddles*, *Treats*, *Chanting* and *Jigging* to every Tune they heard, and all upon the *Hoyty-Toyty*, like mad *Wenches of Fifteen*. The *Younger*, on the other side, made use of their time and took pleasure while 'twas to be had. There were two of the *Religious strain*; a People much at their *Beads*, and in private; and these were there in the Quality of *Love-Hereticks*, or *Platonicks*, and under the Penance of perpetual Abstinence from the *Flesh* they lov'd best (which is the most *Mortifying Lent* of all other.) Some that had skill in *Perspective*, were before the *Glass* with their *Boxes* of *Parch* and *Paint* about them; *Shadowing*, *Drawing out*, *Refreshing*, and in short *Covering* and *Palliating* all the *Imperfections* of *Feature* and *Complexion*, every one after her own Humour. Now these Women were absolutely insufferable; for they were most of them *Old* and *Head-strong*, having got the better of their *Husbands*, so that they would be taking upon them to *domineer* here, as they had done at home; and indeed, they found the *Master of the College* enough to do.

When I had tir'd myself with this Variety of Folly and Madnefs, I went to the *Devotes*; where I found a great many Women and Girls that had *Cloystered* up themselves from the Conversation of the *World*; and yet were not a jot soberer than their *Fellows*. These one would have thought might have been easily cur'd, but many of them were in for their Lives, in despite of either *Counsel* or *Physick*. The Room where they were was *Barricado'd* with strong Bars of *Iron*; and yet when the *Toy* took them, they'd make now and then a *Sally*: For when the *Fit* was upon them, they'd own no *Superiour* but *Love*, come what would on't in the Event. The greater part of these good People, were writing of *Tickets* and *Dispatches*, which had still the sign of the *Cross* at the Top, and *Satan* at the Bottom, concluding with this, or some such *Postscript*; I commend this Paper to your Discretion. The *Fools* of this Province would be *Twatling* Night and Day; and if it happen'd that any one of them had talk'd her self a weary, (which was very rare) she would presently take upon her very gravely to admonish the Rest, and read a *Lecture of Silence* to the Company.

There were some that for want of better Entertainment fell in Love with one another; but these were look'd upon as a sort of *Fops* and *Ninnys*, and therefore the more favourably us'd; but they'd have been of another mind, if they had known the Cause of their Distemper.

The Root of all these several Extravagancies was *Idleness*, which (according to *Petrarch's* Observation) never fails to make way for *wantonness*. There was one among the Rest, that had more *Letters of Exchange upon the Credit of her insatiable Desires, than a whole Regiment of Banquiers*. Some of them were sick of their *Old Visiter*, and call'd for a *Fresh-man*. Others, by Intervals, I perceiv'd had their wits about them, and contented themselves discreetly with the *Physician of the House*. In short it e'en pity'd my Heart to see so many poor People in so sad a Condition, and without any hope of Relief, as I gather'd from him that had them in care: For they were still Puddering and Royling their Bodies; and if they got a little Ease for the present, they'd be down again, as soon as they had taken their Medicine.

From thence I went to the *Single Women* (such as made Profession never to marry) which were the least Outragious, and discompos'd of all; for they had a thousand ways to *Lay the Devil* as well as to *Raise him*. Some of them liv'd like *Common High-way-Men*, by *Robbing Peter to Pay Paul*; and stripping honest Men to cloath Rascals, which is (under favour) but a lewd kind of Charity. Others there were, that were absolutely out of their seven Senses, and as mad as *March-Hares* for *This Wit*, and *Toothe Roet*, that never fail'd to pay them again in *Rhimes* and *Madrigals*, with *Ruby Lips*, *Pearly Teeth*: So that to read their Verses, a Man would swear the whole Woman to be directly *Petrify'd*.

*Of Saphir fair, or Cristal clear,
Is the Forehead of my Dear, &c.*

I saw one in Consultation with a *Cunning-Man* to know her *Fortune*: Another dealing with a *Conjurer* for a *Philtre* or *Drink*, to make her Belov'd. A Third was *daubing* and *patching* up an *Old ruin'd face*, to make it fresh and young again: But she might as well have been *washing of a Black-more to make him white*. In fine, a world there were, that with their *borrow'd Hair*, *Teeth*, *Eyes*, *Eye-brows*, look'd like fine folks at a distance, but would have been left as *Ridiculous*, as *Aesop's Crow*, if every Bird had fetch'd away his own Feather. 'Deliver me (thought I, smiling and shaking my Head) if this be *Woman*.

And

And so I stept into the *Men's Quarter*, which was but next Door, and only a thick Wall between. Their great Misery was, that they were deaf to good Advice, obstinately hating and despising both *Physick*, and *Physician*: For if they would have either *quitted*, or *changed*, they might have been *cured*. But they chose rather to Dye; and though they saw their Error, would not mend it. Which minded me of the Old Rhime:

*Where Love's in the Case,
The Doctor's an Ass.*

These Fools-male were all in the same Chamber; and one might perfectly read their *Humour*, and *Distemper*, in their *Looks* and *Gestures*. Oh! how many a Gay Lad did I see there, in his *Point Band*, and *Emboïder'd Vest*, that had not a whole *Shirt* to his *Back*! How many *Huffs* and *High-boys* that had nothing else in their *Mouths*, but the *Lives* and *Fortunes* they'd spend in their sweet *Ladies Service*! That would yet have run *Five Miles* on your *Errand*, to have been treated but at a *Three-penny Ordinary*? How many a *Poor Devil* that wanted *Bread*, and was yet troubled with the *Rebellion of the Flesh*? Some there were, that spent much time in setting their *Perruques*, ordering the *Mustache*, and dressing up the very *Face of Lucifer* himself for a *Beau*: (The *Woman's Privilege*, and in truth an *Encroachment*, to their prejudice.) There were others, that made it their *Glory* to pass for *Hectors*; *Sons of Priam*; *Brothers of the Blade*; and talk'd of nothing but *Attacques*, *Combats*, *Reverses*, *Stramazons*, *Strocados*: Not considering that a *naked Weapon* is present *Death* to a *timorous Woman*. Some were taking the *Round* of their *Lady's Lodgings*, at *Midnight*, and went to *Bed* again as wise as they rose. Others fell in *Love* by *Contagion*, and meerly conversing with the *Infected*. Some again went *Post* from *Church* to *Chapel*, every *Holy-day*, to hunt for a *Mistress*; and so turn'd a *Day of Rest* into a *Day of Labour*. Ye might see others, skipping continually from *House* to *House*, like the *Knight* upon a *Chefs-Board*, without ever catching the (*Queen* or) *Dame*. Some, like crafty *Beggars* made their *Case* worse than 'twas: And others, though 'twere ne'er so bad, durst not so much as open their *Mouths*. Really it griev'd me for the poor *Mutes*, and I wish'd with all my Heart, their *Mistresses* had been *Witches*, that they might have known their *Meaning* by their *Mumping*; but they were lost to all *Counsel*, so that there was no advising them. There was another sort of *Elevated* and *Conceited Lovers*: And these, forsooth, were not to be satisfied without the *Seven Liberal Sciences*, and the *Four Cardinal Virtues*, in the shape of a *Woman*; and their *Case* was desperate. The next I observ'd, were a Generation of *modeest*

Fools, that past under the Notion of People *diffident* of themselves. They were generally Men of good Understanding, but for the most part, *Younger Brothers*, of *Low Fortunes*, and such as for want of wherewithal to go to the Price of higher *Amours*, were fain to take up with *ordinary Stuff*, that brought them nothing in the end, but *Beggery* and *Repentance*. The *Husbands*, I perceiv'd, were horribly furious, although in *Manacles* and *Shackles*. Some of them left their own *Wives*, and fell upon their *Neighbours*. Others to keep the good *Women* in *Awe* and *Obedience*, would be taking upon them, and playing the *Tyrants*; but upon the *Upshot* they found their mistake; and that though they came on as *fierce* as *Lyons*, they went off as *tame* as *Muttons*. Some were making *Friendships* with their *Wives* *She-Cousins* and agreeing upon a *Cross-Gossiping*, whoever should have the first *Child*.

The *Widowers* that had bit of the *Bridle*, past from place to place, where they staid more or less, according to their *Entertainment*, and so were in effect, as good as marry'd, for as long, or as little while as themselves pleas'd. These liv'd single, and spent their time in *Viunting*, first one *Friend*, then another. Here they fell in *Love*, there they kindled a *Jealousy*, which they contracted themselves in one place, and cur'd it in another. But the *Miracle* was, that they all knew, and confest themselves a *Company* of *Mad Fools*, and yet continued so. Those that had skill in *Musick*, and could either *Sing* or *Fiddle*, made use of their *Gifts*, to put the silly *Wenches* that were but *half Mop'd* before, directly out of their *Wits*. They that were *Poetical*, were perpetually hammering upon the *Subjects* of *Cruelty* and *Disappointment*. One tells his good *Fortune* to another that requites him with the story of his *Bad*. They that had set their *Hearts* upon *Girls*, were *Beating* the *Streets* all *Day*, to find what *Avenues* to a *Lady's Lodgings* at *Night*. Some were *Tampering* and *Caresing* the *Chamber-maid*, as the ready way to the *Mistress*. Others chose rather to put it to the push, and attempt the *Lady* her self. Some were examining their *Pockets*, and taking a view of their *Furniture*; which consisted much in *Love-Letters*, delicately seal'd up with *perfum'd Wax*, upon *Raw Silk*; and a thousand pretty *Devices* within all wrapt up in *Riddle*, and *Cypher*. Abundance of *Hair Bracelets*, *Locketts*, *Pomanders*, *Knots* of *Ribband*, and the like. There were others, that were call'd the *Husband's Friends*, who were ready upon all occasions to do this, and to do that *Kindness* for the *Husband*. Their *Purse*, *Credit*, *Coach* and *Horses*, were all at his service: And in the mean time, who but they to *Gallant* the *Wife*? To the *Park*, the *Garden*, a *Treat*, or a *Comedy*:
Where

Where forty to one, by the greatest good Luck in the World, they stumble upon an Aunt, an old House-keeper of the Family, or some such Reverend *Goer-between*, that's a Well-willer to the Mathematicks; she takes the hint, performs the good Office, and the Work is done.

Now there were two sorts of Fools for the *Widows*; the one was *Belov'd*, and the other *not*; the *latter* were content to be a kind of *Voluntary Slaves*, for the compassing their ends: But the *other* were the happier: for they were ever at perfect Liberty to do their pleasure, unless some Friend or Child of the House perchance came in, in the mischievous Nick, and then in case of a little Colour more than ordinary, or a tumbled Handkercher, 'twas but changing the Scene, and struggling for a Paper of Verses, or some such business, to keep all in Countenance. Some made their Assaults both with *Love* and *Money*, and they seldom fail'd; for they came doubly arm'd; and *your Spanish Pistols are a sort of Battery hardly to be resisted*.

I came now to reflect upon what I had seen; and as I was walking (in that Meditation) toward another Lodging, I found my self ('ere I was aware) in the *first Court* again; where I enter'd, and in it I observ'd new Wonders: I saw that the Number of the *Mad-Fools* increas'd every moment; although time (I perceiv'd) did all that was possible to recover them. There was *Jealousy* tormenting even those that were most confident of the Faith of what they lov'd. There was *Memory* Rubbing of old Sores. There was *Understanding* lock'd up in a dark Cellar: And *Reason* with both her Eyes out. I made a little Pause, the better to observe these Varieties and Disguises. And when I had look'd my self a weary, I turn'd about and spy'd a Door; but so narrow, that it was hardly passable; and yet strait as it was, divers there were that *Ingratitude* and *Infidelity* had set at Liberty; and made a shift to get through. Upon which Opportunity of returning, I made what haste I could to be one of the first at the Door, and in that instant my Man drew the Curtain of my Bed, and told me the Morning was far gone. Whereupon I wak'd, and recollecting my self, found all was but a *Dream*. The very fancy however of having spent so much time in the Company of Fools and Madmen, gave me some disorder, but with this comfort, that both sleeping and waking, I had experimented *Passionate Love* to be nothing else but a meer *Frenzy* and *Folly*.

The End of the Fourth Vision.

THE
FIFTH VISION,
OF
The World.



IT is utterly impossible for any thing in this World to fix our *Appetites* and *Desires*, but they are still fitting and restless like *Pilgrims*; delighted and nourish'd with *Variety*: Which shews how much we are mistaken in the Value and Quality of the things we Covet. And hence it is, that what we *pursue* with the greatest *delight* and *passion* imaginable, yields us nothing but *Satiety* and *Repentance* in the *Possession*: yet such is the power of these *Appetites* of ours, that when they *call* and *command*, we *follow* and *obey*; though we find in the end, that what we took for a *Beauty* upon the *Chase*, proves but a *Carcase* in the *Quarry*; and we are sick on't as soon as we have it. Now the *World* that knows our *Palate* and *Inclination*, never fails to feed the *Humour*, and to flatter, and entertain us with all sorts of *Change* and *Novelty*; as the most certain Method of gaining upon our *Affections*.

One would have thought, that these Considerations might have put sober Thoughts and Resolutions in my Head, but it was my Fate to be taken off in the very middle of my *Morality* and *Speculations*; and carry'd away from my self by *Vanity* and *Weakness*, into the wide World, where I was for a while after, not much unsatisfy'd with my Condition. As I past from one place to another, several that saw me (I perceiv'd) did but make sport with me: For the farther I went, the more I was at a loss in that *Labyrinth* of *Delusions*. One while, I was in with the *Sword-men*, and *Bravoes*; up to the Ears in *Challenges*, and *Quarrels*; and never without an Arm in a Scarf, or a broken Head. Another Fit, I was never well, but either at the *Fleece Tavern*, or Bear at *Bridge-Foot*, stuffing my Guts with *Food* and *Tipple*, till the Hoops were ready to burst. Beside twenty other Entertainments that I found

found, every jot as extravagant as these, which to my great trouble and admiration, left me not so much as one moment of Repose.

As I was in one of my unquiet and pensive Moods; some body call'd after me, and pluckt me by the Cloak: Which prov'd to be *A Person of a Venerable Age, his Cloaths miserably poor and tatter'd, and his Face just as if he had been trampled upon in the Streets, which did not yet hinder, but that he had still the Air and Appearance of one that deserv'd much Honour and Respect.* Good Father, (said I to him) why should you envy me my Enjoyments? Pray'e let me alone, and do not trouble your self with me or my doings. *You're past the Pleasure of Life your self, and can't endure to see other People merry that have the World before them.* Consider of it; you are now upon the point of leaving the World, and I am but newly come into't. But 'tis the trick of all Old Men to be carping at the actions of their Juniors. Son (said the Old Man, smiling) I shall neither hinder, nor envy thy Delights, but in pure pity I would fain reclaim thee. *Dost thou know the price of a Day, an Hour, or a Minute? Did'st ever examine the value of Time? If thou had'st, thou would'st employ it better; and not cast away so many blessed Opportunities upon Trifles; and so easily and insensibly part with so inestimable a Treasure. What's become of thy past hours? Have they made thee a promise to come back again at a Call, when thou hast need of them? Or, can'st thou shew me which way they went?* No no; They are gone without Recovery; and in their flight, methinks, Time seems to turn his Head, and laugh over his Shoulder in derision of those that made no better Use of him, when they had him. Do'st thou not know, that all the minutes of our Life, are but as so many Links of a Chain that has Death at the end on't? and every moment brings thee nearer thy expected End; which perchance, while the word is speaking, may be at thy very Door: And doubtless at thy rate of living, it will be upon thee before thou art aware. *How stupid is he, that Dies while he lives, for fear of Dying! How wicked is he that lives, as if he should never Dye: and only fears Death when he comes to feel it: which in too late for comfort, either to Body or Soul:* And he is certainly none of the Wisest that spends all his Days in Lewdness and Debauchery, without considering, that of his whole Life, any minute might have been his last,

My Good Father (said I) I am beholding to you for your excellent Discourses; for they have deliver'd me out of the Power of a thousand frivolous and vain Affections, that had taken possession of me. But who

are you, I pray'e? And what is your Business here? *My Poverty and these Rags*, quoth he, *are enough to tell ye that I am an honest Man; a Friend to Truth, and one that will not be Mealy-mouth'd, when he may speak It to the Purpose.* Some call me the *Plain-Dealer*; others, the *Undeceiver General*. You see me all in *Tatters, Wounds, Scars, Bruises*. And what is all this, but the *Requital* the *World* gives me for my *Good Counsel*, and *Kind Visits*? And yet after all this endeavour to get shut of me; they call themselves my *Friends*: Though they curse me to the Pit of Hell, as soon as ever I come near them; and had rather be hang'd, than spend one Quarter of an Hour in my Company. If thou hast a mind to see the *world* I talk of, come along with me, and I'll carry thee into a place, where thou shalt have a full Prospect of it; and without any inconvenience, see all that's in't; or in the People that dwell in't; and look it through and through. What's the Name of this place? quoth I. It is call'd, said he, *The Hypocrites Walk*; and it crosses the *World* from one Pole to t'other. It is large and populous; for I believe there's not any Man alive, but has either an *House* or a *Chamber* in't. Some Live in't for *altogether*; Others take it only in *Passage*: For there are *Hypocrites* of several sorts; but all Mortals have, more or less, a *Tang* of the *Leaven*. That Fellow there in the Corner, came but t'other day from the *Plow-Tail*, and would now fain be a *Gentleman*. But had not he better pay his Debts and walk alone, than *break* his *Promises* to keep a *Lacquey*? There's another *Rascal* that would fain be a *Lord*; and would venture a Voyage to *Venice* for the *Title*, but that he's better at building Castles in the *Air*, than upon the *Water*. In the mean time he puts on a *Nobleman's Face* and *Garb*; he *Swears* and *Drinks* like a *Lord*, and keeps his *Hounds* and *Whores*, which 'tis fear'd in the end, will devour their Master. Mark now that piece of *Gravity* and *Form*; he walks ye see, as if he mov'd by *Clock-work*; his words are *few* and *low*; he makes all his Answers by a *Shrug* or a *Nod*. This is the *Hypocrite* of a *Minister of State*; who with all his *Counterfeit*, of *Wisdom*, is one of the veriest *Noddies* in Nature.

Face about now, and mind those decrepid Sots there, that can scarce lift a Leg over a Threshold, and yet they must be *dying* their *Hair*, *colouring* their *Beards*, and playing the *Young Fools* again, with a thousand *Hobby-Horse Tricks*, and *Antick Dresses*. On the other side, ye have a Company of *silly Boys* taking upon them to govern the *World* under a *Vizor* of *Wisdom* and *Experience*. What Lord is that (said I) in the *Rich Cloaths* there, and the *fine Laces*? That Lord (quoth he) is a *Taylor*, in his *Holy-day-cloaths*; and if he were now upon his *Shop-board*, his own *Scissors* and *Needles* would hardly

hardly know him. And you must understand, that *Hypocrisie* is so *Epidemical* a Disease, that it has laid hold of the *Trades* themselves, as well as the *Masters*. The *Cobler* must be saluted, *Mr. Translator*; the *Groom* names himself *Gentleman of the Horse*; the Fellow that carries *Guns* to the *Bears*, writes, *One of his Majesty's Officers*. The *Hangman* calls himself a *Minister of Justice*; the *Mountebank*, an *Able Man*; A *Common Whore* passes for a *Courtisan*. The *Bawd* acts the *Puritan*; *Gaming Ordinaries* are call'd *Academies*; and *Bawdy Houses*, *Places of Entertainment*. The *Page* styles himself the *Child of Honour*; and the *Foot-boy* calls himself, *my Lady's Page*; and every *Pick-Thank*, names himself a *Courtier*. The *Cuckold-Maker* passes for a *fine Gentleman*; and the *Cuckold* himself, for *the best natur'd Husband in the World*? And a *very Ass*, com mences *Master-Doctor*. *Hocus Pocus Tricks*, are call'd *Slight of Hand*; *Lust*, *Friendship*; *Usury*, *Thrift*; *Cheating* is but *Gallantry*; *Lying* wears the Name of *Invention*; *Malice* goes for *Quickness of Apprehension*; *Cowardice*, *Meekness of Nature*; and *Rashness* carries the Countenance of *Valour*. In fine, this is all but *Hypocrisy* and *Knavery* in a *Disguise*; for nothing is call'd by the right Name. Now there are beside these, certain *General Appellations* taken up, which by long Usage, are almost grown into *Prescription*. Every little *Whore* takes upon her to be a great *Lady*; every *Gown-man*, to be a *Counsellour*; every *Huff*, to be a *Soldat*; every *Gay thing* to be a *Cavalier*; every *Parish-Clerk* to be a *Doctor*; and every *Writing-Clerk* in the *Office*, must be call'd *Mr. Secretary*.

So that the whole World, take it where your will, is but a meer *Juggle*; and you will find that *Wrath*, *Gluttony*, *Pride*, *Avarice*, *Luxury*, *Murder*, and a thousand other heinous Sins, have all of them *Hypocrisy* for their *Source*, and thither They'll return again. It would be well (said I) if you could prove what you say; but I can hardly see, how so great a *Diversity of Waters* should proceed from one and the same *Fountain*. I do not wonder (quoth he) at your *Distrust*, for you are mistaken in very good Company, to fancy *Contrariety* in many things, which are in effect, so much alike. It is agreed upon both by *Philosophers* and *Divines*, that all Sins are evil; and you must allow, that the Will embraces or pursues no Evil, but under the Resemblance of Good: Nor does the Sin lie in the Representation, or Knowledge of what is Evil, but in the Consent to it, Which Consent it self is sinful, although without any Subsequent Act: It's true, the Execution serves after Ward for an Aggravation, and ought to be consider'd under many Differences and Distinctions. But in fine, evident it is, that the Will entertains no Ill, but under the shape of some Good. What do

do ye think now of the Hypocrite, that cuts your Throat in his Arms, and Murthers you, under pretence of Kindness? What is the Hope of an Hypocrite? says Job. He neither has nor can have any: For he is Wicked as he is an Hypocrite; and even his best Actions are worth nothing, because they are not what they seem to be. So that of all Sinners he has the most to answer for. Other Offenders sin only against God; but the Hypocrite sins with Him, as well as against Him, making use of his holy Name as a Cloak and Countenance for his Wickedness. For which reason, our Blessed Saviour, after many affirmative Precepts deliver'd to his Disciples, for their Instruction, gave only this Negative, *Be not sad as the Hypocrites*: Which lays them open in few words; And he might as well have said, *Be not Hypocrites, and ye shall not be wicked.*

We were now come to the Place the Old Man told me of, where I found all according to my expectation, and took the higher Ground, that I might have the better Prospect of what past. The first remarkable thing I saw was a long Funeral Train of Kindred, and Guests, following the Corps of a deceas'd Lady, in company with the Disconsolate Widower; who march'd with his Chin upon his Breast; a sad and a heavy Pace; Muffled up in a Mourning Hood, enough to have stifled him, with at least ten yards of Cloath upon his Body, and no less in his Train. Alack, Alack! cry'd I, that ever I should live to see so dismal a Spectacle! Oh Blessed Woman! How did this Husband love Thee in thy Life-time, that follows thee with this infinite Faith and Affection even to thy Grave? And happy the Husband doubtless, in a Wife that deserv'd this Kindness! And in so many tender Friends and Relations, to take part with him in his Sorrows. My Good Father, let me intreat you to observe this doleful Encounter. With that (shaking his Head and smiling) My Son, quoth he, Thou shalt by and by perceive, that all is nothing in the World but Vanity, Imposture, and Constraint; and I will shew thee the Difference between Things themselves, and their Appearances. To see this Abundance of Torches, with the Magnificence of the Ceremony and Attendance, One would think there should be some mighty matter in the business: But let me assure thee, that all this Pudding comes to no more, than much ado about nothing. The Woman was Nothing (effectually) even while she liv'd; The Body now in the Coffin, is somewhat a Less Nothing: And the Funeral Honours, which are now paid her, come to just Nothing too. But the Dead it seems must have their Vanities, and their Holy-days, as well

well as the *Living*. Alas! What's a *Carkas*? but the most odious sort of *Putrefaction*? A corrupted *Earth*; fit neither for *Fruit* nor *Tillage*. And then for the *sad Looks* of the *Mourners*; They are only troubled at the *Invitation*; and would not care a pin, if the *Inviter*, and *Body* too were both at the *Devil*. And that you might see by their *Behaviour*, and *Discourses*; for when they should have been *Praying* for the *Dead*, they were *Prating* of her *Pedigree*, and her last *Will* and *Testament*. I'm not so near a-kin (says one) but I might have been *spar'd*; and I had twenty other things to do. Another should have met *Company* at a *Tavern*; A third at a *Play*. A fourth mutters that he is not placed according to his *Quality*. Another cries out, A *Pox* o' your meetings, where there is nothing stirring but *Worms-meat*. Let me tell ye farther, that the *Widower* himself is not griev'd as you imagine for the *Dead Wife*; but for the *Damn'd Expence* in *Blacks*, and *Scutcheons*, *Tapers*, and *Mourners*; and that she was not fairly laid to *Rest*, without all this ado: For He persuades himself, that she might have found the way to her *Grave* without a *Candle*. And since she was to *Dye*, 'tis his opinion, that she should have made quicker work on't: For a *Good Wife*, is (like a *Good Christian*) to put her *Conscience* in order betimes, and get her gone, without lingring in the *Hands* of *Doctors*, *Apothecaries*, and *Surgeons*, to murder her *Husband* too. Or (to save *Charges*) she might have had the *Discretion* to have dy'd of the *Plague*, which would have stav'd off *Company*. This is the *Second Wife*, he has already turn'd over, and (to give the *Man* his *Due*) He has had the *Wit* to secure himself of a *Third*, while *This* lay on her *Death-Bed*. So that his *Case* is no more than *Chopping* of a *Cold Wife* for a *Warm one*, and He'll recover this *Affliction* I warrant ye.

The *Good Man*, methought, spoke wonders; and being thoroughly convinc'd of the danger of trusting to *Appearances*, I took up a *Resolution*, never to conclude upon any thing, though never so *Plausible*, without due *Examination*, and *Enquiry*. With that, the *Funeral* Vanish'd, leaving *Us* behind; and for a *Farewel*, *This Sentence*. I am gone before; you are to follow; and in the mean time, to accompany others to their *Graves*, as you have done *Me*; and as I, when time was, have attended many others, with as little *Care* and *Devotion* as your selves.

We are taken off from this *Meditation*, by a *Noise* we heard in a *House* behind *Us*; were we had no sooner set *Foot* over the *Threshold*, but we were entertained with a *Confort* of *Six Voices*, that were Set and Tun'd to the *Sighs* and *Groans* of a *Woman* newly become a *Widow*,

Widow. The Passion was acted to the Life; but the Dead little the better for't. They would be ever and anon Clapping and Wringing of their Hands; Groaning and Sighing as if their Hearts would break. The Hangings, Pictures, and Furniture, were all taken down and remov'd; The Rooms hung with Black, and in one of them lay the poor Disconsolate, upon a Couch with her Condoling Friends about her. It was as Dark as Pitch, and so much the better, for the Parts they had to play; for there was no discovering of the Horrid Faces, and Strains they made, to fetch up their Artificial Tears and Lamentations. Madam (says one) Tears are but thrown away; and really the Grief to see your Ladyship in this Condition, has made me as lost a Woman to all thought of Comfort as your self. I beseech you, Madam, chear up; (cries another, with almost as many Sighs as Words) your Husband's e'en happy that he is out of this miserable World. He was a good Man, and now he finds the sweet on't. Patience, Patience, Dear Madam, (cries a Third) 'tis the Will of Heaven, and there's no contending. Do'st talk of Patience (says she) and no Contending? Wretched Creature that I am! to outlive that Dear Man! Oh that that Dear of Husband of mine! Oh that I should ever live to see this Day! and then she fell to Blubbering, Sobbing, and Raving a thousand times worse than before. Alas! Alas! who will trouble himself with a poor Widow! I have never a Friend left to look after me; what shall become of me!

At this Pause came in the Chorus, with their Nose-Instruments; and there was such Blowing, Snobbing, Snivelling, and throwing Snot about, that there was no enduring the House; and all this you must know, serv'd them to a double purpose; that is to say, for Physick and for Complement. For it pass'd for the Condoling Office, and purg'd their Heads of ill humours all under One. I could not chuse but compassionate the poor Widow; a Creature forsaken of all the World; and I told my Guide as much; and that a Charity (as I thought) would be well bestow'd upon her. The Holy Writ calls them Muses; according to the Import of the Hebrew, in regard that they have no body to speak for them. And if at any time they take heart to speak for Themselves, They had e'en as good hold their Tongues, for no body minds them. Is there any thing more frequently given in Charge throughout the whole Bible, than to Protect the Fatherless, and Defend the Cause of the Widow? As the highest and most necessary point of Christian Charity; in regard that they have neither Power nor Right to defend themselves. Does not Job in the depth of his Misery, and Disgraces, make Choice to clear himself toward the Widow, upon his

his *Expostulations* with the *Almighty*? [*If I have caused the Eyes of the Widow to fail*] (or *consum'd the Eyes of the Widow*; after the *Hebrew*) so that it seems to me, beside the general Duty of *Charity*, We are also bound by the Laws of *Honour* and *Generosity* to assist them: For the poor Souls are fain to *Plead* with their *Eyes*, and *Beg* with their *Eyes*, for want of either *Hands* or *Tongues* to help themselves. Indeed you must pardon me (my good Father, said I) if I cannot hold any longer from bearing a part in this *Mournful Consort*, upon this sad Occasion. And is this (quoth the Old Man) the Fruit of your boasted *Divinity*? To sink into *Weakness* and *Tears*, when you have the greatest Need of your *Resolution* and *Prudence*? Have but a little *Patience*, and I'll unfold you this *Mystery*; though (let me tell ye) 'Tis one of the hardest things in *Nature* to make any Man as wise as he should be, that conceits himself wise enough already. If this Accident of the *Widow* had not happen'd, we had had none of the fine things that have been started upon't: For 'tis Occasion that awakens both our *Virtue* and *Philosophy*; and 'tis not enough to know the *Mine* where the *Treasure* lies, unless a Man has the skill of *Drawing it out*, and making the best of what he has in his *Possession*. What are you the better, for all the Advantages of *Wit* and *Learning*, without the faculty of reducing what you know, into apt and proper Applications?

Observe me now, and I will shew you, that this *Widow* that looks as if she had nothing in her *Mouth*, but *The Service of the Dead*, and only *Hallelujahs* in her *Soul*; That This *Mortify'd piece of Formality*, has green *Thoughts*, under her black *Viel*; and brisk *Imaginations* about her in despite of her *Calamity* and *Misfortune*. The *Chamber* you see is dark; and their *Faces* are muffled up in their *Funeral Dresses*. And what of all this? When the whole course of their *Mourning* is but a *Thorough-Cheat*. Their *Weeping* signifies Nothing more, than *Crying at so much an hour*; for their *Tears* are *Hackney'd out*, and when they have wept out their *Stage*, they take up, and are quiet. If you would relieve them, leave them to themselves; and as soon as your *Back* is turn'd, you shall have them *Singing*, and *Dancing*, and as merry as *Greeks*: For take away the *Spectators*, their *Hypocrisy* is at an End, and the *Play* is done: And now the *Confident's Game* begins. Come, come, *Madam*, 'saith we must be merry, (cries one) we are to live by the *Living*, and not by the *Dead*. For a *Benny Young Widow* as you are, to lie whimpering away your *Opportunities*, and lose so many brave *Matches*: There's you know who, I dare swear, has a *Months Mind* to you; By my *Troth* I would

you were in Bed together, and I'd be hang'd, if you did not find One Warm Bed-fellow worth twenty Cold ones. Really, Madam, (cries a second) she gives you good Counsel, and if I were in your place, I'd follow it, and make use of my Time. 'Tis but One Lost, and Ten Found. Pray'e tell me, Madam, if I may be so bold, What's your Opinion of that Cavalier that was here Yesterday? Certainly he has a great deal of Wit; and methinks, he's a very handsom, proper Gentleman. Well! If that Man has not a strange Passion for you, I'll never believe my Eyes again for his sake: and in good Faith, if all Parties were agreed, I would you were e'en well in his Arms the Night before to-morrow. Were it not a burning shame to let such a Beauty lie fallow? This sets the Widow a Pinking and Simpering like a Furmety-Kettle; at length she makes up the pretty little Mouth, and says, 'tis somewhat of the soonest to talk of those Affairs; but let it be as Heaven pleases. However, Madam, I am much beholden to you for your Friendly Advice. You have here the very bottom of her Sorrow: She has taken a second Husband into her Heart, before her first was in his Grave. I should have told you that your right Widow Eats and Drinks more the first Day of her Widowhood, than in any other of her whole life: For there appears not a Visitant, but presently out comes the Groaning Cake; a Cold Bak'd meat, or some Restorative Morsel or other to Comfort the Afflicted; and the Cordial Bottle must not be forgotten, neither, for Sorrow's Dry. So to't they fall, and at every Bit or Gulp, the Lady Relief, fetches ye up a heavy Sigh, pretends to chew false, and makes protestation that for her part she can taste nothing; she has quite lost her Digestion; and has such an Oppression in her Stomach; that she dares not eat any more, for fear of over-charging Nature. And in truth, (says she) how can it be otherwise, since (Unhappy Creature that I am!) He is gone that gave the Relish to all my Enjoyments? But there is no recalling him from the Grave, and so no Remedy but Patience. By this time, you see, (quoth the Old Man) whether your Exclamations were Reasonable or no.

The words were hardly out of his Mouth, when hearing an uproar in the Street among the Rabble we look'd out to see what was the matter. And there we saw a Catch-pole, without either Hat or Band, out of Breath, and his Face all Bloody, crying out, *help, help, in the King's Name; stop Thief, stop Thief:* And all the while running as hard as he could drive, after a Thief that made away from him, as if the Devil had been at his Breech. After him, came an Attorney, all dirty; a World of Papers in his Hand: an Ink-horn at his Girdle; and a Crowd of Nasty People about him; and down he sat himself just before us, to write somewhat upon

upon his Knee. Bless me (thought I) how a Cause prospers in the Hand of one of these Fellows; for he had fill'd his Paper in a Trice. These *Catchpoles* (said I) had need to be well paid, for the Hazards they run to secure us in our *Lives* and *Fortunes*; and indeed they deserve it. Look how the poor Wretch is Torn, Bruis'd, and Batter'd, and all this for the Good and Benefit of the Publick.

Soft and fair, quoth the Old Man; I think thou would'st never leave Talking, if I did not stop thy Mouth sometime. You must know, that *He that made the Escape, and the Catchpole, are a couple of Ancient Friends, and Pot-Companions.* Now the *Catchpole* quarrels the *Thief*, for not giving him a snip in the last Booty; and the *Thief*, after a great struggle, and a good lusty Rubber at Cuffs, has made a shift to save himself. You'll say the Rogue had need of good Heels to out-run this *Gallows Beagle*; for *there's hardly any Beast will outstrip a Bay-liff that runs upon the view of a Quarry.* So that there's not the least thought of a publick Good in the *Catchpole's* Action; but merely a Prosecution of his own Profit, and a spite to see himself Chous'd. Now if the *Catchpole*, I confess, without any private Interest, had made this Attempt upon the *Thief*, (being his Friend) to bring him to Justice, it had been well, and yet take this along with you: *It is as natural to let slip a Serjeant at a Pick-pocket, as a Grey-hound at a Hare.* The *Whip*, The *Pillory*, The *Axe*, and the *Halter* make up the best part of the *Catchpole's* Revenue. These People are of all sorts the most odious to the World; and if Men in Revenge would resolve to be Virtuous, though but for a year or two, they might starve them all. It is in fine an Unlucky Employment, and *Catchpoles* as well as the *Devils* themselves, have the *Wages of Tormentors.*

I hope, said I to my Guide, that the *Attorneys* shall have your good Word too. Yes, yes, ye need not doubt it. (said the Old Man) for *your Attorney* and *your Catchpoles*, always hunt in Couples. The *Attorney* draws the *Information*, and has all his Forms ready, so that 'tis no more then, but to fill up the *Blanks*, and away to the *Jayl* with the *Delinquent*: If there be any thing to be gotten 'tis not a half-penny matter, whether the party be guilty or innocent: Give but an *Attorney*, *Pen*, *Ink*, and *Paper*, and let Him alone for *Witnesses*. In case of an *Examination*, he has the Grace not to insist too much upon plain and naked Truth; but to set down only what makes for his Purpose, and then when they come to signing, to read over in the *Deponent's* sense, (for his Memory is good) what

what he has written in *his own*: And by this Means, the Cause goes on as he pleases. To prevent this Villany, it were well, if the Examiners were as well sworn to *Write the Truth, as the Witnesses are to Speak it*. And yet there are some honest Men of all sorts but among the *Attorneys*: The very *Calling*, does by the *honest Catchpoles, Marshal's Men, and their Fellows*, as the *Sea by the Dead*: It may Entertain them for a while, but while a body may say *what's this?* it Spews them up again.

The good Man would have proceeded, if he had not been taken off by the Ratling of a *Gilt Coach*, and a *Cour-tier* in it, that was blown up as big as *Pride and Vanity* could make him. He sat stiff, and upright, as if he had swallow'd a stake; and made it his Glory to shew himself in that Posture: It would have hurt his Eyes to have exchange'd a Glance with any thing that was Vulgar, and therefore he was very sparing of his Looks. He had a deep *Lac'd Ruff* on, that was right *Spanish*; which he wore *Erect*, and *stiff starch'd*, that a Man would have thought he had carry'd his Head in a *Paper Lanthorn*. He was a great Studier of *Set-Faces*; and much affected with looking *Politick and Big*; but for his *Arms and Body*, he had utterly lost, or forgotten the Use of Them: For he could neither *Bow*, nor move his Hat to any Man that saluted him; no, nor so much as turn from one side to the other, but sat as if he had been *Box'd up*, like a *Bartholomew-Baby*. After this *Magnificent Statue*, follow'd a swarm of *Gawdy Butterfly-Lacquies*: And his Lordship's Company in the Coach, was a *Buffoon*, and a *Parasite*. *Oh blessed Prince!* (said I) *to live at this Rate of Ease, and Splendor, and to have the World at Will!* What a glorious Train is that! Beyond all doubt, there never was a great Fortune better bestow'd. With that, the Old Man took me up, and told me, that the Judgment I had made upon this Occasion, from one end to the other, was all *Dotage*, and *Mistake*; save only, when I said he had the *World at Will*: And in that (says he) you have reason: for what is the *World*, but *Labour, Vanity, and Folly*; which is likewise the *Composition*, and *Entertainment* of this *Cavalier*.

As for the *Train* that follows him; let it be *Examin'd*, and My Life for Yours you shall find more *Creditors* in't, than *Servants*: These are *Banquiers, Jewellers, Scriveners, Brokers, Mercers, Drapers, Taylors, Vintners*; and these are properly the *Stays*, and *Supporters* of this *Animated Machine*. The *Money, Meat, Drink, Robes, Liveries, Wages*; All comes out of their *Pockets*; they have his *Honour* for their *Security*; and must content themselves with *Pro-mises*,

mises, and fair Words, for full Satisfaction, unless they had rather have a Footman with a Cudgel for their Pay-master. And after all, if this Gallant were taken to shrift, or that a Man could enter into the Secrets of his Conscience, I dare undertake, it would appear that He that digs in a Mine for his Bread, lives Ten thousand times more at Ease, than the other; with Beating of his Bruins, Night and Day, for new Shifts, Tricks, and Projects, to keep himself above Water.

Observe his Companions now: His Fool, and his Flatterer. They are too hard for him ye see; and Eat, Drink, and make Merry at his Expence. *What greater Misery, or Shame in the World, than for a Man to make a Friendship with such Rascals, and to spend his Time, and Estate, in so Brutal, and Insipid a Society!* It costs him more (beside his Credit) to maintain that Couple of Coxcombs, than would have bought him the Conversation of a Brace of Grave and Learned Philosophers. But will ye now see the bottom of this Scandalous and Dishonourable Kindness; *My Lord (says the Buffoon) You were most infallibly wrapt in your Mother's Smock: for let me be——if you have not set all the Ladies about the Court Azog. The very Truth is (cries the Parasite) all the rest of the Nobility look like Corn-Cutters to ye: and indeed, where-ever you come, you have still the Eyes of the whole Company upon you, Go to, go to, Gentlemen (says my Lord) you must not flatter your Friends. This is more your Courtesy than my Desert; and I have an Obligation to you for your Kindness. After this manner, these Asses Knab and Curry one another, and play the Fools by turns.*

The Old Man had his words yet between his Teeth, when there past just by us a Lady of Pleasure, of so excellent a shape and Garb, that it was impossible to see her, without a Passion for her, and no less impossible to look upon any thing else so long as she was to be seen. They that had seen her once, were to see her no more; for she turn'd her Face still to New-comers. Her Motion was graceful and free; one while she'd stare ye full in the Eyes, under colour of opening her Hood, to set it in better Order. By and by, she'd steal a Look at ye with one Eye, and a side Face, from the Corner of her Vizard; like a Witch that's afraid to be known when she comes from a Catterwall; And then out comes the Delicate Hand, and discovers the more delicious Neck, and Breasts, to adjust the Handkercher or the Scarf; or to remove some other Grievance that made her Ladyship uneasy. Her Hair was most artificially dispos'd into careless Rings; and the best Red and White in Nature was in her Cheeks; if that of her
Lips

Lips and Teeth did not exceed it. In a word, all she look'd upon were her own; and this was the Vision for my Money, from all the rest. As she was marching off, I could not chuse but take up a Resolution to follow her. But my Old Man laid a Block in the way, and stopt me at the very starting; which was an Affront to a Man that was both in *Love*, and in *Haste*, that might very well stir his Choler. My Officious Friend, (said I) *He that does not love a Woman, sucks a Sow*: And questionless, he must be either Blind or Barbarous, that's Proof against the Charms of so Divine a Beauty. Nor would any but a Sot, let slip the blessed Opportunity of so fair an Encounter. A Handsom Woman! Why, *What was she made for, but to be lov'd*? And he that has Her, has all that's Lovely or Desirable in Nature. For my own part, I would renounce the World for the Fellow of her, and never desire any thing either Beyond her, or Beside her. What Lightning does she carry in her Eyes! What Charms, and Chains in her Looks, and Motions, for the very Souls of her Beholders! Was ever any thing so clear as her Forehead? Or so black as her Eye-brows? One would swear, that her Complexion had taken a Tincture of Vermilion and Milk: And that Nature had brought her into the World with Pearl, and Rubies in her Mouth. To speak all in little, she's the Master-piece of the Creation, worthy of Infinite Praise, and Equal to our largest Desires, and Imaginations.

Here the Old Man cut me short, and bad me make an end of my Discourse; for thou art, said He, a Man of *much Wonder*, and *small Experience*, and deliver'd over to the Spirit of *Folly* and *Blindness*: Thou hast thy Eyes in thy Head, and yet not Brain enough to know either why they were given thee, or how to use them. Understand then that the Office of the Eye, is to see; but 'tis the Privilege of the Soul, to Distinguish and Chuse; whereas you either do the contrary, or else nothing, which is worse. *He that trusts his Eyes, exposes his Mind to a Thousand Torments and Confusions*: He shall take Clouds for Mountains; Strait for Crooked, one Colour for Another, by reason of an Undue distance, or an indispos'd Medium. We are not able sometimes to say which way a River runs, till we throw in a Twig, or Straw to find out the Current. And what will you say now, if this prodigious Beauty, your new Mistress, prove as gross a Cheat, and Imposture, as any of the rest? She went to Bed last Night as Ugly as a Witch; and yet this Morning she comes forth in your Opinion, as Glorious as an An-
gel,

gel. The Truth of it is, she hires all by the Day; and if you did but see this Puppet taken to pieces, you would find her little else but Paint and Plaister. To begin her Anatomy at the Head. You must know that the Hair she wears, is borrow'd of a *Tire-Woman*, for her own was blown off by an Unlucky Wind from the Coast of Naples. Or if she has any left, she keeps it private, as a Memorial of her Antiquity. She is beholden to the Pencil, for her Eyebrows, and Complexion. And upon the whole matter, she is but an Old Picture refresh'd. But the wonder is, to see a Picture, with Life, and Motion; unless perchance she has got the Necromancer's Receipt, that made himself young again in his Glass Bottle. For all that you see of her that's Good, comes from Distil'd Waters, Essences, Powders, and the like; and to see the Washing of her Face would fright the Devil. She abounds in Pomanders, Sweet-Waters, Spanish Pockets, Perfum'd Drawers; and all little enough to qualify the Poisonous Whiffs she sends from her Toes, and Arm-Pits, which would otherwise out-stink Ten thousand Pole-Cats. She cannot chuse but Kiss well, for her Lips are perpetually bath'd in Oyl and Grease. And he that Embraces her, shall find the better half of her, the Taylors, and only a stuffing of Cotton, and Canvas to supply the Defects of her Body. When she goes to Bed, she puts off one half of her Person with her Shoes. What do you think of your ador'd Beauty now? Or have your Eyes betray'd ye? Well, well; confess your Error and mend it: And know that (without more Descant upon this Woman,) 'tis the Design and Glory of most of the Sex to lead silly Men Captive. Nay, take the best of them, and what with the Trouble of Getting them, and the Difficulty of Pleasing them, he that comes off best, will find himself a Loser at the foot of the Account. I could recommend you here to other Remedies of Love, inseparable from the very Sex, but what I have said already, I hope will be sufficient.

The End of the Fifth Vision.

THE

T H E
SIXTH VISION,
Of HELL.



BEING one *Autumn*, at a Friend's House in the Country, (which was indeed a most delicious Retreat) I took a walk one Moon-light Night into the Park; where all my past Visions came fresh into my Head again, and I was well enough pleas'd with the Meditation.

At length, the Humour took me to leave the Path, and go farther into the Wood: What Impulse carry'd me to this, I know not. Whether I was mov'd by my good Angel, or some higher Power; but so it was, that in half a quarter of an Hour, I found my self a great way from Home, and in a Place where 'twas no longer Night; with the pleafantest Prospekt round about me that ever I saw since I was born. The Air was Calm and Temperate; and it was no small Advantage to the Beauty of the Place, that it was both Innocent and Silent. On the one Hand, I was entertain'd with the Murmurs of Cristal Rivolets; on the other, with the whispering of the Trees; the Birds Singing all the while either in Emulation, or Requital of the other Harmonies. And now, to shew the Instability of our Affections, and Desires, I was grown weary even of Tranquillity it self, and in this most agreeable Solitude, began to long for Company.

When in the very instant (to my great wonder) I discover'd *two Paths* issuing from one, and the same beginning; but dividing themselves forwards, more and more, by Degrees, as if they liked not one another's Company. That on the *Right-hand* was *Narrow* almost beyond imagination; and being very little frequented, it was so over-grown with *Thorns* and *Brambles*; and so Stony withal, that a Man had all the Trouble in the World to get into't. One might see however, the Prints and Marks of several Passengers, that had rub'd through, though with exceeding Difficulty; for they
had

had left pieces of Heads, Arms, Legs, Feet, and many of them their whole Skins behind them. Some we saw yet upon the way, pressing forward, without ever so much as looking back; and these were all of them *Pale-fac'd, Lean, Thin, and Miserably Mortified*. There was no passing for *Horse-Men*; And I was told that St. Paul himself, left his Horse, when he went into't. And indeed, there was not the footing of any Beast to be seen. Neither Horse, nor Mule; nor the Track of any Coach or Chariot. Nor could I learn that any had past that way in the Memory of Man. While I was bethinking my self of what I had seen, I spy'd at length, a *Begger*, that was Resting himself a little to take Breath; and I ask'd him what Inns or Lodging they had upon that Road? His Answer was, That there was no stopping there, till they came to their Journey's End. For this (said he) is the way to *Paradise*; and what should they do with *Inns* or *Taverns*, where there are so few *Passengers*? Do not you know that in the Course of Nature, to *Dye*, is to be *Born*; to *Live*, is to *Travel*; and the *World* is but a great *Inn*, after which it is but one Stage, either to *Pain* or *Glory*. And with these words he March'd forward, and bad me *God b'w'ye*; telling me withal, That it was time lost to linger in the way of *Virtue*, and not safe to entertain such Dialogues as tend rather to *Curiosity*, than *Instruction*. And so he pursued his Journey, stumbling, tearing his *Flesh*, and Sighing, and Groaning at every step; and Weeping, as if he thought to soften the *Stones* with his *Tears*. This is no way for me, thought I to my self, and no Company neither: for they are a sort of *Beggerly, Morose People*, and will never agree with my Humour. So I drew back, and struck off into the Left-hand way.

And there I found Company Enough, and Room for more. What a World of *Brave Cavaliers!* *Gilt Coaches*, *Rich Liveries*, and *Handsom, Lively Lasses*, as *Glorious* as the *Sun*! Some were *Singing*, and *Laughing*; others *Tickling one another*, and *Toying*; some again, at their *Cheese-Cakes* and *China-Oranges*; or appointing a Set at *Cards*: So that taking all together, I durst have sworn I had been at the *Park*. This minded me of the *Old saying*, *Tell me thy Company, and I'll tell thee thy manners?* And to save the Credit of my Education, I put my self into the *Noble Mode*, and Jogg'd on. And there was I at the first Dash up to the *Ears* in *Balls, Plays, Masquerades, Collations, Dalliances, Amours*, and as full of Joy as my Heart could hold.

It was not here, as upon t'other Road, where Folks went *Bare-foot* and *Naked*, for want of *Shoe-makers*, and

*Taylor*s: For here were enow, and to spare; beside *Mercers*, *Drapers*, *Jewellers*, *Bodice-makers*, *Peruque-makers*, *Milliners*, and a *French Ordinary* at every other Door. You cannot imagine the Pleasure I took in my New Acquaintance; and yet there was now and then, some Jostling and Disorder upon the way: Chiefly between the *Physicians* upon their *Mules*, and the *Infantry* of the *Lawyers*, that march'd in great Bodies before the *Judges*, and contested for Place. But the *Physicians* carry'd it, in favour of their *Charter*, which gives them *Privilege* to *Study*, *Practise*, and *Teach* the *Art of Poysoning*, and to read *Lectures* of it in the *Universities*. While this point of Honour was in dispute, I perceiv'd divers crossing from one way to the other, and changing of Parties. Some of them stumbled, and Recover'd; others fell downright. But the pleasantest Gambol of all, was that of the *Vintners*. A whole Litter of them tumbled into a Pit together, one over another; but finding they were out of their Element, they got up again as fast as they could. Those that were in the *Right-hand* way, which was the way of *Paradise* or *Virtue*, advanc'd very heavily, and made us Excellent sport. *Prethee look what a Friday-face that Fellow makes!* cries one, *Hang him*, *Prick-Ear'd Cur*, says another; *Dam' me*, cries a Third, *if the Rogue be not Drunk with Holy-Water*; *if the Devil had raked Hell, he could not have found such a Pack of Ill-look'd Rascals*, says another. Some of them stopt their Ears, and went on without minding us. Others we put out of Countenance, and they came over to us. And a Third sort came out of pure Love to our Company.

After this, I observ'd a great many People afar off in a *By-Path*, with as much *Contrition* and *Devotion* in their *Looks* and *Gestures*, as ever I saw in Men: They walk'd *shaking their Heads*, and *lifting up their Hands to Heaven*; and they had most of them large Ears, and to my Thinking *Geneva Bibles*. These, thought I, are a People of singular Integrity, and Striceness of Life, above their Fellows; but coming nearer, we found them to be *Hypocrites*; and that though they'd none of our Company upon the Road, They would not fail to meet us at our Journey's End. *Fasting*, *Repentance*, *Prayer*, *Mortification*, and other Holy Duties, which are the Exercise of Good Christians, in Order to their Salvation, are but a kind of Probation to these Men, to fit them for the Devil. They were followed by a Number of *Devotes*, and *Holy Sisters*, that kiss'd the Skirts of their Garments all the way they went; but whether out of Zeal, *Spiritual*, or *Natural*, is hard to say; and undoubtedly, some Women's Kisses are worse than Judas's. For though

his *Kiss* was *Treacherous* in the *Intention*, it was *Right* yet in the *Application*: But this was one *Judas Kissing another*; which makes me think there was more of the *Flesh*, than of the *Spirit* in the *Case*. Some would be drawing a *Thred* now and then out of the *Holy-Man's Garment*, to make a *Relique* of: Others would cut out large *Snips*, as if they had a mind to see them *Naked*. Some again *desir'd* they would remember them in their *Prayers*; which was just as much as if they had commended themselves to the *Devil* by a *Third Person*. Some pray'd for good *Matches* for their *Daughters*; Others, begg'd *Children* for themselves: And sure the *Husband* that allows his *Wife* to ask *Children Abroad*, will be so *Civil* as to take them *Home*, when they are given him. In fine, these *Hypocrites* may for a while perchance *Impose* upon the *World*, and *Delude* the *Multitude*; but no *Mask*, or *Disguise* is proof against the *All-piercing Eye* of the *Almighty*. There are, I must confess, many *Religious*, and *Godly Men*, for whose *Persons* and *Prayers*, I have a great *Esteem*. But these are not of the *Hypocrite's Humour*, to build their *Hopes* and *Ambition* upon *Popular Applause*, and with a *Counterfeit Humility*, to proclaim their *Weakness*, and *Unworthiness*; their *Failings*; yea, and their *Transgressions* in the *Market-place*; All which indeed is but a *True Jest*; for They are really what they say, though they would not be thought so.

These went apart, and were look'd upon to be neither *Fish*, nor *Flesh*, nor *Good Red-herring*. They wore the *Name* of *Christians*; but they had neither the *Wit*, nor the *Honesty* of *Pagans*. For they content themselves with the *Pleasures* of this *Life*, because they know no better: But the *Hypocrite*, that's instructed both in *Life Temporal*, and *Eternal*, lives without either *Comfort* in the *One*, or *Hope* in the *Other*; and takes more pains to be *Damn'd*, than a *Good Christian* does to *Compass* his *Salvation*. In short, we went on our way in *Discourse*. The *Rich* follow'd their *Wealth*, and the *Poor* the *Rich*; begging there, what *Providence* had deny'd them. The *Stubborn* and *Obstinate* went a way by *Themselves*; for they would hear no *Body* that was wiser than themselves, but ran huddling on, and prest still to be foremost. The *Magistrates* drew after them, all the *Solicitors*, and *Attorneys*. *Corrupt Judges* were carry'd away by *Passion* and *Avarice*: And *Vain*, and *Ambitious Princes*, trail'd along with them, *Principalities* and *Common-wealths*. There were a world of *Clergy* upon this *Road* too. And I saw one full *Regiment* of *Soldiers* there, which would have been brave *Fellows* indeed, if they had but been half so good at *Praying*, and *Fighting*, as they were at *Swearing*. Their whole *Discourse* was of their *Adventu es*. How

Narrowly they came off at such an Assault; What Wounds they received upon t'other Breach; and then what a Destruction they made at such a time of Mutton and Poultry. But all they said came in at one Ear, and went out at t'other. *Don't you remember, Sirrah, says one, how we claw'd it away at such a place! Yes, ye Damn'd Rogue you, cries t'other, when you were so Drunk you took your Aunt for the Bawd.* These, and such as these, were the only Exploits they could truly brag of.

While they were upon these Glorious Rhodomantades, certain generous Spirits from the *Right-hand way*, that knew what they were, by the Boxes of Pass-ports, Testimonials, and Recommendations they wore at their Girdles, cry'd out to them, as if it had been to an Attacque: *Fall on, Fall on, my Lads, and follow me. This, this is the Path of Honour; and if you were not Poultrons, you would not quit it for fear of a hard March, or an ill Lodging. Courage, Comerades, and be assur'd, that this Combat well fought, Makes all your Fortunes, and Crowns you for ever. Here ye shall be sure both of Pay, and Reward, without casting the Issue of all your Hazards and Hopes upon the Empty Promises of Princes. How long will ye pursue this Trade of Blood and Rapine? and accustom your Ears, and Tongues to the Tragical out-cries of Burn, No Quarter, Kill, or Dye. It is not Pay, or Pillage, but Virtue that's a Brave Man's Re-compence. Trust to her, and she'll not deceive ye. If it be the War, ye Love, Come to us; Bear Arms on the Right-side, and we'll find you work. Do not you know that Man's Life is a Warfare? That the World, the Flesh, and the Devil, are Three vigilant Enemies? And that it is as much as his Soul is worth to put himself, but for one Minute, out of his Guard? Princes tell ye, that your Bloods, and your Lives are Theirs; and that to shed the One, and lose the Other, in their Service, is no Obligation but a Duty. You are still however to look to the Cause. Wherefore turn Head, and come along with us, and be happy.* The Soldiers heard all this with exceeding Patience, and Attention: But the Brand of Cowardice had such an effect upon them, that without any more ado, like Men of Honour, they presently quitted the Road; Drew, and as bold as Lyons, charg'd headlong into a Tavern.

After this, we saw a great Troop of Women upon the Highway to Hell, with their Bags, and their Fellows at their Heels, ever, and anon, Hunching, and Justling one another. On the other side, A number of Good People, that were almost at the End of their Journey, came over into the wrong Road; for the *Right-hand Way*, growing Easier, and Wider towards the End, and that on the *Left-hand*, on the Contrary, Narrower, they thought they had been out of their Way, and so came in to Us; as many of Ours went over

over to *Them*, upon the same Mistake. Among the rest, I saw a great Lady, without either Coach, Sedan, or any living Creature with her, foot it all the way to Hell; which was to me so great a Wonder, considering how she had liv'd in the World, that I presently look'd about for a Publick Notary, to make an Entry of it. The Woman was in a most miserable pickle; and I did not know what Design she might drive on, under that Disguise; but finding never a Notary, or Register at hand, though I mist my particular Aim, yet I was well enough pleas'd with it; for I took it then for Granted, that I was in my ready way to Heaven. But when I came afterward to reflect upon the Crosses, Afflictions, and Mortifications, that lie in the way to Paradise: And to consider, that there was Nothing of That upon this Road: but on the contrary, Laughing, Singing, Frolicking, and all manner of Jollity: This I must confess, gave me a Qualm, and made me a little doubtful whither I was going.

But I was quickly deliver'd of that Doubt, by a Gang of Marry'd Men, that we overtook with their Wives in their Hands, in Evidence of their Mortifications: My Wife's my Witness (cries one) that every Day since I Marry'd her has been a Fasting-day to me; to Pamper her with Cock-Broth, and Jellies. And my Wife knows how I have humbled my Body by Nakedness; for I have hardly allow'd my self a Rag to my Back-side, or a Shoe to my Foot, to maintain her in her Coach, Pages, Gowns, Petty Coats, and Jewels: So that upon the matter, I perceive an Unlucky hit with a Wife, gives a Man as much Right to the Catalogue of Martyrs, as if he had ended his Days at the Stake.

The Misery these poor Wretches endur'd, made me think my self in the Right again; till I heard a Cry behind me, *Make way there, Make way for the 'Pothecaries*. Bless me, thought I, If *They* be here, we are certainly going to the Devil. And so it prov'd; for we were just then come to a little Door, that was made like a Mouse-Trap, where 'twas easy to get in, but there was no getting out again.

It was a strange thing, that scarce any Body so much as Dreamt of Hell, all the way we went; and yet every Body knew where they were, as soon as they came there, and cry'd out with one Voice, *Miserable Creatures! we are Damn'd, we are Damn'd*. That word made my Heart ache; And is it come to that, said I! Then did I begin with Tears in my Eyes, to reflect upon what I had left in the World: As my Relations, Friends, Ladies, Mistresses; and in fine, all my Old Acquaintance: When with a heavy Sigh, looking behind me, I saw the greater part of them Posting after me. It gave me, methought, some Comfort,

that I should have so good Company; vainly imagining, that even Hell it self might be capable of some Relief.

Going farther on, I was gotten into a Crowd of *Taylor*s, that stood up sneaking in a Corner, for fear of the Devils. At the first Door, there were *Seven Devils* taking the Names of those that came in, and they ask'd me *Mine*, and my *Quality*, and so they let me pass. But examining the *Taylor*s, *These Fellows* (cry'd one of the Devils) *come in such Shoals, as if Hell were made only for Taylor*s? How many are they? (said another) Answer was made, *about a Hundred*. *About a Hundred? They must be more than a Hundred*, says t'other, *if they be Taylor*s; for they never come under a *Thousand or Twelve Hundred strong*: And we have so many here already, I do not know where we shall 'stow them. Say the word, my Masters, *Shall's let them in or no?* The poor *Prick-Lice* were damndly startled at that, for fear they should not get in: But in the End, they had the Favour to be admitted. Certainly, said I, these Folks are but in an ill Condition, when 'tis a Menance for the Devils themselves to refuse to receive them: Thereupon a Huge *Overgrown, Club-footed, Crump-Shoulder'd Devil*, threw them all into a deep Hole. Seeing such a Monster of a Devil, I ask'd him, how he came to be so deform'd: And he told me, he had spoil'd his Back with Carrying of *Taylor*s; For, said he, I have been formerly made use of as a Sumpter to fetch them; but now of late they save me that labour, and come so fast of themselves, that 'tis one Devil's Work to dispose of them. While the Word was yet speaking, there came another Glut of them; and I was fain to make way, that the Devil might have Room to work in, who pil'd them up, and told me, they made the best Fewel in Hell.

I pass'd forward then into a little *Dark Alley*, where it made me start to hear one call me by my Name, and with much ado, I perceiv'd a Fellow there all wrapt up in *Smoak and Flame*. Alas! Sir, says he, *Have you forgotten your Old Bookseller in Pope's-head Alley?* I cry thee Mercy, good *Livewell*, quoth I, What! *Art thou here?* Yes, Yes, Sir, (says he) 'tis e'en too true. I never dreamt it would have come to this. He thought I must needs pity him, when I knew him: But truly I reflected rather upon the Justice of his Punishment. For in a word, his Shop was the very Mint of *Heresy, Schism, and Sedition*. I put on a Face of *Compassion* however, to give him a little Ease, which he took hold of, and vented his Complaint. Well Sir (says He) *I would my Father had made me a Hangman when he made me a Stationer*; for we are call'd to Account for
Other

Other Men's Works, as well as for our own. And one thing that's cast in our Dish, is the selling of *Translations* so *Dog-cheap*, that every *Sot* knows now as much, as would formerly have made a *Passable Doctor*; and every *Nasty Groom*, and *Roguy Lacquey* is grown as familiar with *Homer*, *Virgil*, *Ovid*, as if 'twere *Robin the Devil*; *The Seven Champions*; Or a piece of *George Withers*. He would have talk'd on, if a Devil had not stop't his Mouth with a Whiff from a Rowle of his own Papers, and choakt him with the Smoak on't. The Pestilent Fume would have dispatch'd me too, if I had not got presently out of the reach on't. But I went my way, saying this to my self; If the *Bookseller* be thus Criminal, What will become of the *Author*!

I was deliver'd from this Meditation, by the rueful Groans, of a great many Souls that were under the *Lash*, and the *Devil* Tyrannizing over them with *Whips* and *Scourges*. I ask'd what they were? and it was told me, that there was a *Plot* among the *Hackney-Coachmen* to exhibit an *Information* against the *Devils*, for taking the *Whip* out of their Hands, and setting up a *Trade* they had never serv'd to, (which is directly contrary to *Quinto Elisaberha*.) Well, said I: But why are these tormented here? With that an Old Sowr-look'd *Coach-man* took the Answer out of the *Devil's* Mouth, and told me; that it was because they came to Hell a *Horseback*, which they pretended, was a *Privilege* that did not belong to *Rogues* of their Quality. Speak Truth, and be Hang'd, cry'd the *Devil*; and make an honest Confession here. Say, Sirrah, How many *Bawdy Voyages* have you made to *Hackney*? How many *Nights* have you stood *Pimping* at *Mary-bone*? How many *Whores* and *Knaves* have you brought together? And how many *Lyes* have you told, to keep all private, since you first set up this *Scandalous Trade*? There was a *Coachman* by, that had serv'd a *Judge*, and thought 'twas no more for his *Old Master* to fetch a *Rascal* out of Hell, than out of *Newgate*; which made this Fellow stand upon his Points, and ask the *Devil* how he durst give that Language to so Honourable a Profession: for (says he) Who wears better Cloaths than your *Coachmen*? Are not we in our *Velvets*, *Embroideries*, and *Laces*? and as *Glorious* as so many *Phaetons*? Have not our *Masters* reason to be good to us, when their *Necks* are at stake, and their *Lives* at our *Mercy*? Nay, we Govern those, many times, that Govern *Kingdoms*; and a *Prince* is in almost as much *Danger* of his *Coachman*, as of his *Physician*. And there are, that understand it too, and Themselves, and Us; and that will not stick to trust their *Coach-men* as far as they would do their *Confessors*. There's no Absurdity in the Comparison; for if They know some of their *Privacies*, We know

more; yes, and perhaps more than we'll speak of. What have we here to do, cry'd a Devil that was ready to break his Heart with Laughing? A *Coach-man* in his *Tropes* and *Figures*? An *Orator* instead of a *Waggoner*? The Slave has broke his Bridle, and got his Head at Liberty, and now he'll never have done. No, why should he? (says another that had serv'd a great Lady more ways than One) is this the best Entertainment you can afford your Servants? your daily Drudges? I'm sure we bring you good *Commodity*, well Pack'd; well Condition'd; well Perfum'd; Right, Neat and Clean: Not like your *City-ware*, that comes dirty to you, up to the Hocks; and yet every *Draggle-Tail'd Wench*, and *Skip-kennel*, shall be better us'd than We. Ah! the Ingratitude of this place! If we had done as much for somebody else, as we have done for you, we should not have been now to seek for our Wages. When you have nothing else to say, you tell me that I am punish'd for carrying the Sick, the Gouty, the Lame, to Church, to Mass; or some stragling Virgins, back again to their Cloister: Which is a damn'd Lye; for I am able to prove, that all my Trading lay at the *Play Houses*, *Bawdy-Houses*, *Taverns*, *Balls*, *Collations*: Or else at the *Tour-a-la-Mode*, where there was still appointed some *After-meeting*; to treat of certain Affairs, that highly import the Interest and Welfare of your Dominions. I have indeed carry'd my Mistress sometimes to the *Church-Door*, but it signify'd no more than if I had carry'd her to a *Conventicle*; for all her *Business* there, was to meet her Gallant, and to agree when they should meet next; according to the *Way of Devotion* now in *Mode*. To conclude; it is most certain, that I never took any Creature (knowingly) into my Coach, that had so much as a good Thought. And this was so well known, that it was all one, to ask; If a Lady were a Maid; or if she had ever been in my Coach. If it appear'd she had; He that Marry'd her, knew before-hand, what he had to trust to. And after all this, ye have made us a fair Requital. With that the Devil fell a Laughing, and with five or six twinging Jerks, half slay'd the poor *Coach-man*; so that I was e'en glad to retire; in pity partly to the *Coach-man*, and partly to my self; for the Currying of a *Coach-man*, is little better than the turning up of a *Dunghil*.

My next Adventure was into a *Deep Vault*, where I began immediately to shudder, and my Teeth chatter'd in my Head. I ask'd the meaning of it; and there came up to me a Devil, with Kib'd Heels, and his Toes all Mortify'd; and told me that That Quarter was allotted to the *Bus-fens* and *Drolls*, which are a People (says he) of so starv'd a Concept, and so cold a Discourie, that we are fain to Chain

Chain, and Lock them up, for fear they should spoil the Temper of our Fire. I ask'd if a Man might see them. The Devil told me yes, and shewed me one of the lowdest Kennels in Hell. And there were they at it, pecking at One another, and nothing but the same Fooleries over and over again, that they had practis'd upon Earth. Among the *Buffons*, I saw divers that pass'd here in the World for *Men of Honesty*, and *Honour*: Which were in, as the Devil told me, for Flattery; and were a sort of *Buffon*, that goes *betwixt the Bark and the Tree*. But, why are they condemn'd? said I. The *Other Buffons* are condemn'd (quoth the Devil) *for want of Favour*; and *These*, for having *too much*, and *abusing it*. You must know they come upon us, still at Unawares; and yet they find all things in Readiness; the Cloath laid, and the Bed made, as if they were at Home. To say the Truth, we have some sort of Kindness for them; for they save us a great deal of Trouble in Tormenting One Another.

Do you see him there? That was a Wicked and a Partial Judge: And all he has to say for himself, is, that he remembers the time when *he could have broke the Neck of Two Honest Causes*, and *He put them only out of Joint*. That Good-fellow there, was a *Cereless Husband*, and him we lodge too with the *Buffons*. He sold his *Wife's Portion*, *Wife and all*, to please his Companions; and turn'd *both* into an *Annuity*. That *Lady* there (though a great one) is fain to take up too with the *Buffons*, for they are both of a Humour: What *They* do with their *Talk*, *She* does with her *Body*, and *seasons it to all Appetites*. In a word, you shall find *Buffons* in all Conditions; and in effect, there are nigh as many, as there are Men and Women; for the whole World is given to *Jeering*, *Slandering*, *Backbiting*; and there are more *Natural Buffons* than *Artificial*.

At my going out of the *Vault*, I saw a matter of a Thousand Devils following a *Drove of Pastry-men*, and Breaking their Heads as they pass'd along, with *Iron-Peels*. Alack; cry'd one of them, that was yet in a whole Skin, it is hard the Sin of the *Flesh* should be laid to our Charge, that never had to do with *Women*. *Impudent Nassty Rascals*, (quoth the Devil) *Who has deserv'd Hell, if They have not?* How many Thousand Men have these Slovens poyson'd, with the *Grease* of their *Heads*, and *Tallow*, instead of *Mutton Sewet*? With *Snot-Pies* for *Marrow*? and *Flies* for *Currants*? How many *Stomachs* have they turn'd into *Laybals* with *Dogs-flesh*, *Horse flesh*, and other *Carriion* that they have put into them? And do these Rogues complain (in the Devils Name) of their Sufferings! Leave your Bawling, ye Whelps (says he) and know, that the Pain you endure, is nothing to that of your Tormentors.

And for your part (says he,) to me, (with a fow'r Look) because you are a Stranger, you may go about your business; but we have a Crow to pluck with these Fellows, before we part.

I went next down a pair of Stairs into a huge Cellar, where I saw Men Burning in unquenchable Fire; and one of them Roaring, Cry'd put, *I never over sold; I never sold, but at Conscionable Rates; Why am I punish'd thus? I durst have sworn it had been Judas; but going nearer to him, to see if he had a Read Head, I found him to be a Merchant of my Acquaintance, that dy'd not long since. How now, Old Martin, (said I) Art thou there? He was dogged, because I did not call him Sir, and made no Answer. I saw his Grief, and told him how much he was to blame, to cherish that Vanity even Hell, that had brought him thither. And what do you think on't now? (said I) Had not you better have Traded in Blacks than Christians? Had not you better have contented your self with a little honestly got, than run the Hazard of your Soul for an Estate; and have gone to Heaven a Foot, rather than to the Devil on Horseback?* My Friend was as mute as a Fish; whether out of Anger, Shame, or Grief, I know not. And then a Devil in Office took up the Discourse. *These Pick-pocket Rogues (says he) Did they think to Govern the World with their own Weights and Measures, in Secula Seculorum? Methinks, the Blinking, and false Lights of their Shops, should have Minded them of their Quarter, in the Other World, aforehand. And 'tis all a Case, with Jewellers, Goldsmiths, and Other Trades, that serve only to Flatter and Bolster up the World in Luxury, and Folly. But if People would be wise, these Youths should have little enough to do. For what's their Cloth of Gold, and Silver, their Silks, their Diamonds, and Pearl, (which they sell at their own Price) but matter of meer Wantonness, and Superfluity: These are they that inveigle ye into all sorts of Extravagant Expences, and so ruin ye Insensibly, under colour of Kindness, and Credit. For they set every thing at double the Rate; and if you keep not touch at your Day, your Persons are Imprison'd; your Goods seiz'd; and your Estates extended. And they that helpt to make you Princes before, are now the forwardest to put you into the Condition of Beggars.*

The Devil would have talk'd on, if I had given him the Hearing; but there was such a Laugh set up on one side on me, as if they would all have split; and I went to see what the matter was; for 'twas a strange thing, methought, to hear them so merry in Hell. The business was, there were Two Men upon a Scaffold, in Gentle Habits, Gaping as loud as they could Bawl. One

of them had a great *Parchment* in his Hand, display'd with divers Labels hanging at it, and several Seals. I thought at first it might have been *Execution-day*, and took the *Writing* for a *Pardon* or *Reprieve*. At every word they spoke, a matter of Seven or Eight Thousand Devils burst out a Laughing, as they would have crackt their Sides. And This again made me think, it might be some *Jack-pudding*, or *Mountebank*, shewing his Tricks, or his Attestations? with his Congregation of Fools about him. But nearer hand, I found my Mistake; and that the Devil's Mirth made the Gentlemen angry. At last I perceiv'd that this great Earnestness of theirs was only to make out their *Pedigree*, and get themselves past for *Gentlemen*; the *Parchment* being a *Testimonial* from the *Herald's Office*, to that Purpose. My Father (says he with the *Writing* in's Hand) bore Arms for his Majesty in many Honourable Occasions of *Watching* and *Warding*; and has made many a Tall Fellow speak to the Constable, at all Hours of the Night. My Uncle was the first Man that ever was of the Order of the *Black-Guard*: And we have had *Five brave Commanders* of our Family, by my Father's side, that have serv'd the State in the Quality of *Marshal's Men*, and *Turn-Keys*, and given his Majesty a fair Accompt of all the Pris'ners committed to their Charge. And by my Mother's side, it will not be deny'd, but that I am honourably descended: For my *Grandmother* was never without a *Dozen Chamber-Maids*, and *Nurses* in Family. It may be 'twas her Trade (quoth the Devil) to procure Services and Servants, and consequently to deal in that Commodity. Well, well, (said the Cavalier) she was what she was; and I'm sure I'll tell you nothing but Truth. Her Husband wore a Sword, by his Place; for he was a *Deputy-Marshal*; and to prove my self a Man of Honour, I have it here in Black and White, under the Seal of the Office. Why must I then be Quarter'd among a Pack of Rascals? My Gentleman Friend, (quoth the Devil) your *Grandfather* wore a Sword, as he was *Usher* to a *Fencing School*; and we know very well what his Son, and Grand-child can pretend to. But let that pass; you have led a Wicked and Infamous Life, and spent your Time in Whoring, Drinking, Blaspheming, and in Lewd Company; and do you tell us now of the *Privileges* of your *Nobility*? Your *Testimonials*, and the *Seal of the Office*? A Fart for your *Privileges*, *Testimonials*, *Office* and all. *There is no Honour, but Virtue*. And if your Children, though they had a Scoundrel to their Father, should come to do Honourable and Worthy things, we should look upon them as Persons Sacred,

and not dare to meddle with them. But talking is time lost; You were ever a Couple of pitiful Fellows, and your Tails scarce worth the Scalding. *Have at ye,* (says he) and at that word, with a huge Iron Bar he gave him such a Salute over the Buttocks, that he took Two or Three turns in the Air, Heels over Head, and dropt at last into the Common-Shoar; where never any Man as yet found the Bottom.

When his Companion had seen him Cut that Caper; This Usage (says he) may be well enough for a *Parchment Gentleman*: But for a *Cavalier of my Extraction, and Profession*, I suppose you'll Treat him with somewhat more of *Civility and Respect*. Cavalier (quoth the Devil) if you have brought no better Plea along with you, than the Antiquity of your House, you may e'en follow your Comerade, for ought I know; for *we find very few Ancient Families, that had not some Oppressor or Usurper for their Founder*; and they are commonly continued by the same means they were begun. How many are there of our *Titular Nobility*, that write *Noble*, purely upon the Account of their *Violence and Injustice*? Their Subjects and Tenants, what with Impositions, hard Services, and Rackt Rents; Are they not worse than Slaves? If they happen to have any thing Extraordinary; As a Pleasant Fruit, a Handsom Colt; A Good Cow; and that the Landlord, or his Sweet Lady take a liking to it, they must either submit to part with it *Gratis*, or else take their *Pay* in *soul Language, or Bastinadoes*. And 'tis well if they 'scape so: For many times when the Sign's in *Gemini*; their Wives and Daughters go to Pot, without any Regard of Laws either Sacred or Profane. What Damn'd Blasphemies and Imprecations do they make use of to get Credit with a *Mistress* or a *Creditor*, upon a Faithless Promise! How intolerable is their Pride, and Insolence, even towards many Considerable Officers, both in Church and State! for they behave themselves as if all People below their Quality and Rank in the World, were but as so many Brutes, or worse. As if Human Blood were not all of a Colour: As if Nature had not brought them into the World the Common Way, or Moulded them of the same Materials with the meanest Wretches upon the Earth. And then for such as have Military Charges and Commands; How many Great Officers are there, that without any Consideration of their Own, or their Prince's Honour, fall to Spoil and Pillage; cozening the State with false Musters, and the Soldiers of their Pay; and giving them instead of their Due from the Prince, a Liberty of taking what is not their Due from the People?

ple; forcing them to take the Bread out of the poor Labourer's Mouths, to fill their own Bellies, and protecting them when they have done, in the most Execrable Outrages imaginable? And when the poor Soldier comes at last to be dismiss'd, or disbanded; Lame, Sick, Beggerly, Naked almost, and Enraged; with Nothing left him to trust to, but the *Highway* to keep him from starving; What Mischief is there in the World, that these Men are not the cause of? How many good Families are utterly ruin'd, and at this Day in the Hospital, for trusting to Their Oaths and Promises? And becoming bound for them for vast Sums of Money to maintain them in Tipple, and Whores, and in all sorts of Luxury and Riot? This Rhetorical Devil would have said a Thousand times more, but that his Companions call'd him off, and told him they had business elsewhere. The Cavalier hearing that, My Friend (said he) your Morals are very good; but yet with your favour, all Men are not alike. *There's never a Barrel better Herring*, (said the Devil) You are all of ye tainted with *Original Sin*; and if you had been any better than your Fellows, you had never been sent hither. But if you are indeed so Noble, as you say, you're worth the *Burning*, if 'were but for your *Ashes*. And that you may have no Cause of Complaint, you shall see, we'll Treat you like a Person of your Condition. And in that Instant, Two Devils presented themselves; the One of them Bridled and Saddled; and the other doing the Office of the Squire; holding the Stirrup, with his Left-Hand, and giving the Gentleman a Lift into the Saddle with the other. Which was no sooner done, but away he went like an Arrow out of a Bow. I ask'd the Devil then into what Country he carry'd him. And he told me, Not far: For 'twas only matter of *Decorum*, to send the Nobility to Hell a *Horseback*. Look on that side now, says he, and so I did; and there I saw the poor Cavalier in a huge Furnace, with the first Inventors of Nobility, and Arms: As *Cain*, *Cham*, *Nimrod*, *Esau*, *Romulus*, *Tarquin*, *Nero*, *Caligula*, *Domitian*, *Helioabalus*; and a world of other brave Fellows, that had made themselves famous by Usurpation, and Blood. The Place was a little too hot for me, and so I retir'd, meditating on what I had heard; and not a little satisfied with the Discourse of so learned a Devil. Till that time, I took the Devil for a Notorious Lyar; but I find now that he can speak the Truth too, when he pleases; and I would not for all I am worth, but have heard him Preach.

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When I was thus far, my Curiosity carry'd me still farther; and within Twenty Yards, I came to a huge Muddy Stinking Lake, near twice as big as that of *Geneva*; and heard in't so strange a Noise, that I was almost out of my Wits, to know what it was. They told me, that the Lake was stor'd with *Donegnas*, or *Gouvernantes*, which are turn'd into a kind of Frogs in Hell, and perpetually Drivelling, Sputtering and Croaking. Methought the Conversion was apt enough; for they are neither Fish, nor Flesh, no more than Frogs; and only the lower Parts of them are Man's-Meat, but their Heads are enough to turn a very good Stomach. I cou'd not but Laugh to see how they Gaped, and stretcht out their Legs as they swam, and still as we came near, they'd Scud away and Dive.

This was no place to stay in, there was so Noyesome a Vapour; and I struck off upon the Left-hand; where I saw a Number of Old Men, Beating their Breasts, and Tearing their Faces; with bitter Groans, and Lamentations. It made my Heart ake to see them, and I ask'd what they were? Answer was made, That I was now in the Quarter of the Fathers that Damn'd Themselves, to Raise their Posterity; which were called by some, *The Unadvised*. Wretch that I am! (cry'd one of them) the greatest Penitent that ever liv'd, never suffer'd the Mortification I have endur'd; I have Watch'd; I have Fasted; I have scarce had any Clothes to my Back; My whole Life has been a Restless Course of Torment, both of Body and Mind: And all This, to get Money for my Children; that I might see them well Marry'd; Buy them Places at Court, or procure them some other Preferment in the World; Starving my self in the Conclusion, rather than I wou'd lessen the Provision, I had made for my Posterity. And yet notwithstanding this my Fatherly Care, I was scarce sooner Dead, than forgotten: And my next Heir buried me without Tears, or Mourning; and indeed without so much as paying of Legacies, or Praying for my Soul: As if they had already received certain Intelligence of my Damnation. And to aggravate my Sorrows, the Prodigals are now squandering and consuming that Estate, in Gaming, Whoring, and Debauches, which I had scrap'd together by so much Industry, Vexation, and Oppression, and for which I suffer at this Instant such Insupportable Torments. This should have been thought on before (cry'd a Devil) for sure you have heard of the Old Saying, *Happy is the Child whose Father goes to the Devil*. At which word, the Old Misers brake out into fresh Rage and Lamentation, Tearing their Flesh with Tooth and Nail, in so rueful a manner, that I was no longer able to endure Spectacle.

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A little farther, there was a *Dark Hideous Prison*, where I heard the *Clattering of Chains*; the *Crackling of Flames*; the *Slapping of Whips*; and a confused *out-cry of Complaints*. I ask'd what *Quarter* this was, and they told me it was the *Quarter of the Oh that I Hads?* What are those, said I? Answer was made, that they were a *Company of Brutish Sots*, so absolutely deliver'd up to *Vice*, that they were damn'd insensibly, and in *Hell* before they were aware. They are now reflecting upon their *Miscarriages and Omissions*, and perpetually crying out; *Oh that I had Examin'd my Conscience! Oh that I had frequented the Sacraments! Oh that I had Humbled my self with Fasting, and Prayer! Oh that I had serv'd God as I ought! Oh that I had Visited the Sick, and Reliev'd the Poor! Oh that I had set a Watch before the Door of my Lips!*

I left these late *Repentants*, (as it appear'd) in *Exchange* for worse, which were shut up in a *Base Court*, and the *Nastiest* that ever I saw. These were such as had ever in their *Mouths*, *God is merciful, and will pardon me*. How can this be, (said I) that these *People* should be *Damn'd*? When *Condemnation* is an *Act of Justice*, not of *Mercy*. I perceive you are simple, (quoth the Devil) for half these you see here, are condemn'd with the *Mercy of God* in their *Mouths*: And to Expain my self, Consider I pray'e, how many *Sinners* are there, that go on in their *Ways*, in spite of *Reproof*, and good *Counsel*? and still this is their *Answer*; *God is merciful, and will not damn a Soul for so small a Matter*. But let them talk of *Mercy*, as they please; so long as they persist in a *Wicked Life*, we are like to have their *Company* at last. By your *Argument* (said I) there's no trusting to *Divine Mercy*. You mistake me (quoth the Devil) for every good *Thought*, and *Work*, flows from that *Mercy*. But this I say: He that perseveres in his *Wickedness*, and makes use of the *Name of Mercy*, only for a *Countenance* to his *Impieties*, does but mock the *Almighty*, and has no *Title* to that *Mercy*. For 'tis vain to expect *Mercy* from above, without doing any thing in order to it. It properly belongs to the *Righteous*, and the *Penitent*? And they that have the most of it upon the *Tongue*, have commonly the least thought of it in their *Hearts*: And 'tis a great *Aggravation of Guilt*, to *Sin the more*, in *Confidence* of an *abounding Mercy*. It is true, that many are receiv'd to *Mercy*, that are utterly unworthy of it; which is no wonder, since no *Man* of himself can deserve it: But *Men* are so *Negligent* of seeking it betimes, that they put that off to the last, which should have been the first part of their business; and many times their *Life* is at an end, before they be-

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gin their Repentance. I did not think so Damn'd a Doctor could have made so good a Sermon. And there I left him.

I came next to a Noisom Dark hole, and there I saw a Company of *Dyers*, all in *Dirt* and *Smoak*, intermixt with the Devils; and so alike, that it would have posed the subtillest *Inquisitor* in *Spain*, to have said, which were the *Devils*, and which the *Dyers*.

There stood at my Elbow, a strange kind of *Mungrel Devil*, begot betwixt a *Black* and a *White*; with a Head so bestuck with little *Horns*, that it look'd at a Distance like a *Hedg-hog*. I took the boldness to ask him, where they Quarter'd the *Sodomites*, the *Old Women*, and the *Cuckolds*. As for the *Cuckolds* (said he) they are all over Hell, without any certain Quarter, or Station: and in Truth, 'tis no easy matter to know a *Cuckold* from a *Devil*; for (like kind *Husbands*) they wear their Wife's Favours still, and the very same Head-pieces in Hell, that they wore living in the World. As to the *Sodomites*, we have no more to do with them, than needs must; but upon all occasions, we either Fly, or Face them; for if ever we come to give them a Broad-side, 'tis Ten to One but we get a hit betwixt Wind and Water; and yet we fence with our Tails, as well as we can, and they get now and then a Flap o'er the Mouth into the Bargain. And for the *Old Women*, we make them stand off; for we take as little Pleasure in them, as you do: And yet the Jades will be persecuting us with their Passions; and ye shall have a Barw of Five and Fifty, do ye all the Gamboles of a Girl of Fifteen. And yet after all this, There's not an Old Woman in Hell; for let her be as Old as Pauls; Bald, Blind, Toothless, Wrinkled, Decrepit: This is not long of her Age, she'll tell you, but a Terrible fit of Sickness last year, that fetcht off her Hair, and brought her so low, that she has not yet recover'd her Flesh again. She lost her Eyes by a hot Rheum: utterly spoil'd her Teeth with Cracking of Peach-Stones, and Eating of Sweet-meats, when she was a Maid. And when the weight of her Years has almost brought both ends together; 'tis nothing, she'll tell ye, but a Crick she has got in her Back: And though she might recover her Youth again, by confessing her Age, she'll never acknowledge it.

My next Encounter was, a Number of People making their moan, that they had been taken away by Sudden Death. That's an Impudent Lye (cry'd a Devil) saving this Gentleman's pretence, for no Man dies suddenly. Death surprizes no Man, but gives all Men sufficient Warning and Notice. I was much taken with the Devil's Civility, and Discourse; which he pursu'd after this manner. Do ye com-
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plain (says he) of *Sudden Death*? That have carry'd *Death* about ye, ever since you were *Born*; That have been entertained with daily *Spectacles* of *Carcasses* and *Funerals*; That have heard so many *Sermons* upon the Subject; and read so many good *Books* upon the *Frailty* of *Life*, and the *Certainty* of *Death*. Do ye not know that every *Moment* ye *Live*, brings ye nearer to your *End*? Your *Cloaths* wear out; your *Woods*, and your *Houses* decay; and yet ye look that your *Bodies* should be *Immortal*. What are the common *Accidents* and *Diseases* of *Life*, but so many *Warnings* to provide your self for a *Remove*? Ye have *Death* at the *Table*, in your daily *Food* and *Nourishment*; for your *Life* is maintain'd by the *Death* of other *Creatures*. And you have the lively *Piſture* of it, every *Night* for your *Bedfellow*. With what *Face* then can you charge your *Misfortune* upon *Sudden Death*? That have spent your whole *Life*, Both at *Bed*, and at *Board*, among so many *Remembrances* of your *Mortality*? No, no; change your *Stile*, and hereafter confess your selves to have been *Careless* and *Incredulous*. You *Dye*, thinking you are not to *Dye* yet; and forgetting that *Death* grows upon you, and goes along with ye from one end of your *Life* to the other, without distinguishing of *Persons*, or *Ages*; *Sex*, or *Quality*, and whether it finds ye *Well*, or *Ill-doing*: As the *Tree* falls, so it lies.

Turning toward my left Hand, I saw a great many *Souls* that were put up in *Gally-Pots*, with *Asa ſœtida*; *Gallibanum*, and a company of *nasty Oils* that serv'd them for *Syrup*. What a damn'd *Stink* is here? (cry'd I, stopping my *Nose*.) We are now come undoubredly to the *Devil's House-of-Office*. No, no, (said the *Tormentor*, which was a kind of a *Yellowish-Complexion'd Devil*) 'tis a *Confection* of *Apothecaries*; a sort of *People*, that are commonly *Damn'd* for *Compounding* the *Medicines* by which their *Patients* hope to be *saved*. To give them their due; these are your only *True*, and *Chymical Philosophers*; and worth a *Thousand* of *Raymund Lullius*, *Hermes*, *Geber*, *Ruspicella*, *Avicen*, and their *Fellows*. 'Tis true, they have written fine things of the *Transmutation* of *Metals*; but did they ever make any *Gold*? or if they did, we have lost the *Secret*. Whereas your *Apothecaries*, out of a little *Puddle-Water*, a *Bundle* of *Rotten Sticks*, a *Box* of *Flies*; nay, out of *Toads*, *Vipers*, and a *Sir-reverence* it self, will fetch ye *Gold* ready *Minted*, and fit for the *Market*: which is more than all your *Philosophical Projecters* ever pretended to. There is no *Herb* so *poysinous*, (let it be *Hemlock*) nor any *Stone* so *dry*, (suppose the *Pumice* it self) but they'll draw *Silver* out of it. And then for *Words*; 'tis impossible to make up any *Word* out of the four and twenty *Letters*, but they'll shew ye a *Drug*, or a *Plant* of the *Name*, and turn the *Alphabet* into as good *Money* as any's in your *Pocket*. Ask them for an *Eye-Tooth* of a *flying Toad*; they'll tell ye, yes, ye may have
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of it, in *Powder*; or if you had rather have the Infusion of a *Tench of the Mountains*, in a little *Eels Milk*, 'tis all one to them. If there be but any Money stirring, you shall have what you will, though there be no such thing in Nature. So that it looks as if all the Plants, and Stones of the Creation, had their several Powers and Virtues given them, only for the *Apothecaries* sakes; and as if *Words* themselves had been only made for their Advantage. Ye call them *Apothecaries*; but instead of that, I pray'e call them *Armors*, and their Shops *Arsenals*. Are not their *Medicines* as certain *Death*, as *Swords*, *Daggers*, or *Musquets*: While their Patients are Purg'd and Blood-ed into the other World, without any regard either to Distemper, Measure or Season,

If you will now see the pleasantest Sight you have seen yet, walk but up these two Steps, and you shall see a *Jury* (or Conspiracy) of *Barber-Surgeons*, Sitting upon *Life and Death*. You must think that any Divertisement there was welcome. So that I went up, and found it in truth a very pleasant Spectacle. These *Barbers* were most of them Chain'd by the Middle, their *Hands* at liberty; and every one of them a *Cittern* about his Neck; and upon his Knees a *Chefs-board*; and still as he reacht to have a Touch at the *Cittern*, the Instrument vanisht; and so did the *Chefs-board*, when he thought to have a Game at *Draughts*; which is directly *Tantalizing* the poor Rogues; for a *Cittern* is as natural to a *Barber*, as *Milk* to a *Calf*. Some of them were washing of *Asses Brains*, and putting them in again; and scouring of *Negroes*, to make them *white*.

When I had laugh't my fill at these Fooleries, my next Discovery was, of a great many People, Grumbling and Muttering, that there was no body lookt after them; no, not so much as to Torment them: *As if their Tails were not as well worth the Toasting as their Neighbours*. Answer was made, that being a kind of Devils themselves, they might put in for some sort of Authority in the Place, and execute the Office of *Tormentors*. This made me ask them what they were. And a Devil told me (with Respect) that they were a Company of Ungracious, *Left-handed* Wretches, that could do nothing aright. And their Grievance was, that they were Quarter'd by themselves: But not knowing whether they were Men or no, or indeed what else to make of them, we did not know how to match them, or in what Company to put them. In the World they are lookt upon as *Ill-Omens*; and let any Man meet one of them upon a Journey in a Morning, Falting; 'tis the same thing as if a Hare had cross'd the way upon them; he presently turns Head in a Discontent,

rent, and goes to Bed again. Ye know that *Scavola*, when he found his Mistake, in killing Another for *Porfenna*, (the Secretary for the Prince) burnt his right Hand in Revenge of the Miscarriage. Now the Severity of the Vengeance, was not so much the Maiming or the Crippling of himself, but the Condemning of himself to be for ever *Left-handed*. And so 'tis with a Malefactor that suffers Justice; the Shame and Punishment does not lye so much in the Loss of his *Right Hand*, as that the other is *Left*. And it was the Curse of an Old Bawd, to a Fellow that had vexed her, *That he might go to the Devil by the Stroke of a Left-handed Man*. If the Poets speak Truth, (as t'were a wonder if they should not) the *Left* is the *Unlucky Side*; and there never came any Good from it. And for my last Argument against these Creatures; the *Goats* and *Reprobates* stand upon the *Left-hand*, and *Left-handed Men* are, in Effect, a sort of Creature that's made to do Mischief; nay whether I should call them Men or, no, I know not.

Hereupon a Devil becken'd me to come softly to him; and so I did, without a Word speaking, or the least Noise in the World. Now (says he) if you'll see the Daily Exercise of *Ill-favoured Women*, look thro' that Lattice-Window; and there I saw such a Kennel of *Ugly Bitches*, you would have blest your self. Some with their *Faces* so pounced and speckled, as if they had been *Scarified*, and newly past the *Cupping-Glass*; with a World of little *Plaisters*, long, round, square; and briefly cut out into such Variety, that it would have posed a good *Mathematician* to have found out another Figure; and you would have sworn that they had been either at *Cats-play*, or *Cuffs*. Others were scraping their *Faces* with pieces of *Glass*; tearing up their *Eye-Brows* by the *Roots*, like mad: and some that had none to tear, were fetching out of their *black Boxes*, such as they could get, or make. Others were *Poudring* and *Curling* the *False-Locks*, or fastning their new *Ivory Teeth*, in the place of their old *Ebony ones*. Some were chewing *Limmon-peel*, or *Cinamon*, to countenance a *Foul Breath*; and raising themselves upon their *Chiopines*, that their View might be the fairer, and their Fall the deeper. Others were quarrelling with their *Looking-Glasses*, for shewing them such *Hags-Faces*; and curling the *State of Venice*, for entertaining no better *Workmen*. Some were stuffing out their *Bodies* like *Pack-Saddles*, to cover secret Deformities: And some again had so many Hoods over their *Faces*, to conceal their Ruins, that I could hardly discern what they were; and these past for *Penitents*. Others, with their Pots of *Hogs-Grease*, and *Pomatum*, were sleeking and polishing their *Faces*; and indeed their *Foreheads* were bright and shining

ning, though there were neither *Suns* nor *Stars* in that *Fir-mament*. Some there were (in fine) that would have fetcht a Man's Guts up at's Mouth, to see them with their *Masques of After-Births*; and with their *Menstruous Slibber-slobbers*, dawbing one another, to take away the *Heats* and *Buboes*. Nasty and Abominable! I cry'd. Well (quoth the Devil) you see now how far a Woman's Wit and Invention will carry her to her own Destruction. I could not speak one word for astonishment at so horrid a Spectacle; till I had a little recollected my self: And then (said I) if I may deal freely without Offence, I dare defie all the Devils in Hell to out-do these Women. But pray'e let's be gone, for the sight of them makes my very Heart ake.

Turn about then, (said the Devil) and there was a *Fellow* sitting in a *Chair*, *all alone*; never a *Devil* near him: No *Fire*, or *Frost*; no *Heat*, or *Cold*, or any thing else that I could perceive, to torment him; and yet crying and roaring out the most hideously of any thing I had yet heard in Hell; tearing his *Flesh*, and beating his *Body*, like a *Bedlam*; and his *Heart*, all the while, bleeding at his *Eyes*. Good Lord, thought I, what ails this *Wretch*, to yell out thus when no body hurts Him! So I went up to him: Friend, (said I) what's the meaning of all this *Fury* and *Transport*? For, so far as I can see, there's nothing to trouble you. No, no, (says he with a horrid Outcry, and with all the Extravagancies of a Man in Rage and Despair) you do not see my *Tormentors*; but the all-searching *Eye of the Almighty* sees my *Pains*, as well as my *Transgression*; and with a *severe*, and *implacable Justice*, has condemn'd me to suffer *Punishments* answerable to my *Crimes*. (Which words he utter'd with redoubled Clamours) My *Executioners* are in my *Soul*, and all the *Plagues of Hell* in my *Conscience*. My *Memory* serves me instead of a *Cruel Devil*. The *Remembrance of the Good* I should have done, and omitted, and of the *Ill* I should not have done, and did. The *Remembrance of the wholesom Counsels* I have rejected, and of the *Ill Example* I have given. And for the *Aggravation of my Misery*; where my *Memory* leaves afflicting me, my *Understanding* begins: Shewing me the *Glories and Beatitudes* I have lost, which others enjoy; who have gain'd *Heaven* with less *Anxiety* and *Pain*, than I have endur'd to compass my *Damnation*. Now am I perpetually meditating on the *Comforts, Beauties, Felicities and Raptures of Paradise*; only to enflame and exasperate my *Despair in Hell*: Begging in vain, but for one *Moment's Interval of Ease*, without obtaining any; for my *Will* is also as *Inexorable*, as either my *Memory* or my *Understanding*. And these (my *Friend of the other World*) are the three *Faculties of my Soul*; which *Divine Justice*, for my
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Sins, has converted into Three Tormentors, that Torture me without Noise; into Three Flames, that burn me without consuming. And if I chance at any time to have the least Remission or Respite; the Worm of my Conscience gnaws my Soul, and finds it, to an Insatiable Hunger, an Immortal Aliment and Entertainment. At that word, turning towards me with a Hellish Yell; Mortal (said he) learn, and be assur'd from me, that all those that either bury or misemploy their Talents, carry a Hell within themselves, and are Damn'd even above Ground; and so he return'd to his usual Clamours. Upon this I left him, miserably sad and pensive. Well, thought I, what a weight of Sin lies upon this Creature's Conscience! Whereupon the Devil observing me in a Muse, told me in my Ear, that this Fellow had been an Atheist, and believ'd neither God, nor Devil. Deliver me then, said I, from that Unsanctify'd Wisdom, that serves us only for our farther Condemnation.

I was gone but a Step or two aside, and I saw a World of People running after Burning Chariots, with a great many Souls in them, and the Devils tearing them with Pincers; and before them, marcht certain Officers, making Proclamation of their Sentence; which with much ado I got near enough to hear, and it was to this Effect: *Divine Justice hath appointed this Punishment to the Scandalous, for giving Ill Examples to their Neighbours. And at the same time several of the Damn'd laid their Sins to their Charge, and cry'd out, that 'twas long of Them they were thus Tormented. So that the Scandalous were punisht both for their own Sins, and for the Offences of those they had mislead to their Destruction. And these are they of whom 'tis said, that they had better never have been Born.*

My very Soul was full of Anguish, to see so many Doleful Spectacles? and yet I could not but smile, to see the Vintners every where up and down Hell, as free, as if they had been in their Taverns, and only Pris'ners upon Parole. I askt how they came by that Privilege? And a Devil told me, there was no need of shackling them, or so much as shutting them up: For there was no fear of their making a 'scape, that took so much Pains in the World, and made it their whole Business to come thither. Only, says he, if we can keep them from throwing Water in the Fire, as they do in their Wines, we are well enough. But if you would see somewhat worth the while, leave these Fellows, and follow me; and I'll shew you Judas and his Brethren, the Stewards and Purse-bearers. So I did as he bad me; and he brought me to Judas and his Companions, who had no Faces, divers of them, and most of them no Foreheads.

I was

I was well enough pleas'd to see him, and to be better inform'd; for I had ever phansied him to be a kind of an *Olive-colour'd*, *Tawney-complexion'd* Fellow, without a *Beard*, and an *Eunuch* into the Bargain: Which perhaps (nay probably) he was; for nothing but a *Capon'd*, a *thing un-man'd*, could ever have been guilty of so Sordid, and Treacherous a Villany, as to Sell, and betray his Master with a Kiss; and after that, so Cowardly, as to Hang himself in Despair, when he had done. I do believe, however, what the Church says of him, that he had a *Carrot-Beard*, and a *Reed-Head*; but it may be his *Beard* was *burnt*; and as he appear'd to me in Hell, I could not but take him for an *Eunuch*; which to deal freely, is my Opinion of all the *Devils*; for they have no Hair; and they are for the most part *wrinkled*, and *Baker-leg'd*.

Judas was beset with a great many *Money-mongers* and *Purse-bearers*, that were telling him Stories of the Pranks they had play'd, and the Tricks they had put upon their Masters, after his Example. Coming up to them, I perceiv'd that their Punishment was like that of *Titus*, who had a *Vulture* continually gnawing upon his *Liver*: For there were a number of *Ravenous Birds* perpetually preying upon them, and tearing off their *Flesh*; which grew again as fast as they devoured it: A Devil in the mean time crying out, and the Damn'd filling the whole Place with Clamour and Horror; *Judas*, with his *Purse*, and his *Pot* by his side, bearing a large part in the *Out-Cry*, and *Torment*. I had a huge mind (methought) to have a word or two with *Judas*; and so I went to him with this Greeting, *Thou Perfidious, Impudent, Impious Traytor*, (said I) *to Sell thy Lord and Master at so base a Price, like an Avaricious Rascal*. If Men (said he) were not ungrateful; they would rather pity, or commend me, for an Action so much to their Advantage, and done in Order to their Redemption. The Misery is mine, that am to have no part my self, in the Benefit I have procured to others. Some *Hereticks* there are, (I must confess to my Comfort) that adore me for't. But do you take me for the only *Judas*? No, no; there have been many since the Death of my Master? and there are at this day, more wicked, and ungrateful Ten thousand times than my self; that *Buy* the Lord of Life, as well as *Sell Him*; Scourging and Crucifying him daily with more Spite, and Ignominy than the *Jews*. The Truth is, I had an Itch to be Fingering of Money, and Bartering, from my very Entrance into the *Apostleship*. I began, you know, with the *Pot of Ointment*, which I would fain have sold, under colour of a *Relief* to the *Poor*. And I went on, to the *Selling of my Master*, wherein

wherein I did the World a greater good than I intended, to my own irreparable ruin. My *Repentance* now signifies nothing. To conclude, *I am the only Steward that's Condemn'd for Selling; All the rest are Damn'd for Buying*: And I must entreat you, to have a better Opinion of me; for if you look but a little lower here, you'll find People a Thousand times worse than my self. Withdraw then (said I) for I have had Talk enough with *Judas*.

I went down then, some few steps, as *Judas* directed me; and there, I saw a World of Devils upon the march with *Rods* and *Stirrup-Leathers* in their Hands, lashing a Company of *Handsome Lasses*, stark naked. And driving them out of Hell, (which methought was pity; and if I had had some of them in a Corner, I should have treated them better) with the *Stirrup-Leathers* they Disciplin'd a Litter of Bawds. I could not imagine why these of all others, should be expell'd the Place, and ask'd the Question. Oh, says a Devil, *these are our Factresses in the World*, and the best we have, so that we send them back again to bring more Grist the Mill: And indeed, *if it were not for Women, Hell would be but thinly Peopled*; for what with the *Art*, the *Beauty*, and the *Allurements* of the *Young Wenches*; and the *Sage Advice* and *Counsel* of the Bawds, they do us very good Service. Nay, for fear any of our good Friends should tire upon the Road, they send them to us on *Horseback*, or bring them themselves, e'en to the very Gates, lest they should miss their way.

Pursuing my Journey, I saw a good way before me, a large Building, that lookt (methought) like some *Enchanted Castle*, or the *Picture of Ill Luck*: It was all ruinous; the *Chimneys* down; the *Planchers* all to pieces, only the *Bars* of the *Windows* standing: The *Doors* all bedawb'd with Dirt, and patcht up with *Barrel-heads*, where they had been broken. The *Glass* gone, and here and there a *Quarrel* supply'd with *Paper*. I made no doubt at first but the House was forsaken; but coming nearer, I found it otherwise, by a horrible Confusion of Tongues and Noises within it. As I came jult up to the Door, one open'd it, and I saw in the House many *Devils*, *Thieves*, and *Whores*. One of the craftiest Jades in the Pack, placed herself presently upon the Threshold, and made her address to my Guide and Me. Gentlemen, says she, *how comes it to pass, I pray'e, that People are Damn'd both for giving and taking?* The *Thief* is condemn'd for taking away from another; and *We* are condemn'd for giving what is our own. I do not find, truly, any injustice in our Trade; and if it be lawful to give every one their own, and out of their own; why are we condemn'd? We found it a nice Point,

Point, and sent the Wench to *Council learned in the Law*, for a Resolution in the Case. Her mentioning of *Thieves* made me enquire after the *Scriveners* and *Notaries*. Is it Possible, (said I) that you should have none of them here? For I do not remember that I have seen so much as one of them upon the way; and yet I had Occasion for a *Scrivener*, and made a search for one. I do believe indeed (quoth the Devil) that you have not found any of them upon the Road. How then (said I) what are they all sav'd? No, no, (cry'd the Devil) but you must understand, that they do not *foot* it hither, as other Mortals; but come upon the *Wing*, in Troops like *Wild-Geese*, so that 'tis no wonder you see none of them upon the Way. We have *Millions* of them, but they cut it away in a trice; for they are damn'dly *Rank-wing'd*, and will make a flight, in the third part of a Minute, betwixt *Earth* and *Hell*. But if there be so many (said I) how comes it we see none of them? For that (quoth the Devil) we change their Names, when they come hither once, and call them no longer *Notaries*, or *Scriveners*, but *Cats*: And they are so good *Mousers*, that though this Place is Large, Old, and Ruinous; yet you see not so much as a *Rat* or a *Mouse* in *Hell*: How full soever of all other sorts of *Vermin*. Now ye talk of *Vermin*, (said I) are there any *Catchpoles* here? No, not one, (says he.) How so (quoth I?) when I dare undertake, *there are Five Hundred Rogues of the Trade*, for one *that's ought*. The Reason is (says the Devil) that every *Catchpole* upon *Earth*, carries a *Hell* in's *Bosom*. You have still (said I, crossing my self) an aking Tooth at those poor Varlets. Why not (cry'd he) for they are but Devils incarnate, and so damn'dly vers'd in the Art of Tormenting, that we live in continual dread of losing our Places, and that his Infernal Majesty should take these Rascals into his Service.

I had enough of this; and Travelling on, I saw a little way off, a great Enclosure, and a World of Souls shut up in't: some of them Weeping and Lamenting without Measure; others in a profound Silence. And this I understood to be the *Lover's Quarter*. It sadden'd me to consider, that Death it self could not kill the Lamentations of Lovers. Some of them were discoursing their Passions, and teasing themselves with *Fears* and *Jealousies*; casting all their Miseries upon their *Appetites* and *Fancies*, that still made the *Picture* infinitely fairer than the *Person*. They were for the most part troubled with a simple Disease, call'd (as the Devil told me) *I Thought*. I ask'd him what that was, and he answered me, it was a Punishment suitable to their Offence: For your Lovers,

when

when they fall short of their Expectations, either in the Pursuit or Enjoyment of their Mistresses, they are wont to say, Alas! *I thought* she would have Lov'd me: *I thought* she would never have prest me to Marry her: *I thought* she would have been a Fortune to me: *I thought* she would have given me all she had: *I thought* she would have cost me nothing: *I thought* she would have ask'd me nothing: *I thought* she would have been true to my Bed: *I thought* she would have been Dutiful and Modest: *I thought* she would never have kept her Gallant. So that all their Pain and Damnation comes from *I thought* This, or That, or So, or So.

In the middle of them was *Cupid*, a little beggerly Rogue, and as naked as he was Born, only here, and there cover'd with an Old kind of *Embroidery*: But whether it was the Workmanship of the *Itch*, *Pox*, or *Measles*, I could not perfectly discover: And close by him was this Inscription:

*Many a good Fortune goes to Wrack;
And so does many an able Back:
With following Whores, and Cards, and Dice,
We're Pox'd and Begger'd in a Trice.*

Aha! (said I) by these *Rhimes* methinks the *Poets* should not be far off; and the word was hardly out of my Mouth, when I discovered Millions of them through a *Park-Pale*, and so I stopt to look upon them, (it seems in Hell they are not call'd *Poets* now, but *Fools*.) One of them shewed me the *Women's Quarter* there hard by, and ask'd me what I thought of it, and of the *Handsom Ladies* in it. Is it not true (says he) that a *Buxom Lass* is a kind of *Half-Chamber-Maid* to a *Man*? When she has stript him and brought him to Bed, she has done her business, and never troubles her self any farther about the helping him up again, and dressing him. How now (said I) have ye your *Quirks* and *Conceits* in Hell: In troth ye are pleasant: I thought your *Edge* had been taken off; with that, out stept the most miserable Wretch of the whole Company, laden with *Irons*: Ah! (quoth he) I would to God the first *Inventer* of *Rhimes* and *Poetry* were here in my Place; and then he went on with this following and sad Complaint.

A Complaint of the Poets in Hell.

*Oh, this Damn'd Trade of Versifying,
Has brought us all to Hell for Lying!*

E

For

For Writing what we do not Think;
 Meerly to make the Verse Cry Clink,
 For rather than abuse the Meeter,
 Black shall be White, Paul shall be Peter.
 One time I call'd a Lady Whore;
 Which in my Soul she was no more,
 Than I am; a brave Lass, no Beggar,
 And true, as ever Man laid leg o'er.
 Not out of Malice, Jove's my Witness,
 But meerly for the Verses Fitness.
 Now we're all made, said I, if Luck hold,
 And then I call'd a Fellow Cuckold;
 Though the Wife was, (or I'll be Hang'd)
 As good a Wench as ever Twang'd.
 I was once plaguely put to't;
 This would not hit, that would not do't;
 At last I Circumcis'd, (tis true,)
 A Christian, and Baptiz'd a Jew.
 Nay, I've made Herod Innocent,
 For Rhiming to Long Parliament:
 Now to conclude, we are all Damn'd Ho,
 For nothing but a Game at Crambo,
 And for a little jingling Pleasure,
 Condemn'd to Torments without Measure,
 Which is a little hard in my Sense,
 To fry thus for Poetick License.
 'Tis not for Sin of Thought or Deed,
 But for bare Sounds, and Words we Bleed:
 While the Cur Cerberus lies Growling,
 In Consort with our Caterwouling.

So soon as he had done, there is not in the World (said I) a more ridiculous Frenzy, than yours, to be Poetizing in Hell. The Humour sticks close sure, the Fire would have fetcht it out else. Nay (cry'd a Devil) these Versifiers are a strange Generation of Buffons. The Time that others spend in Tears and Groans for their Sins and Follies, these Wretches employ in Songs and Madrigals; and if they chance to light upon the Critical Minute, and get a snap at a Lady, all's worth nothing, unless the whole Kingdom ring of it, in some miserable Sing-Song or other, under the Name forsooth of Phillis, Chloris, Silvia, or the like; And the goodly Idol must be deckt and dress'd up with Diamond, Pearl, Rubies, Musque, and Amber; and both the Indies are too little to furnish Eyes, Lips, and Teeth, for this Imaginary Goddess. And yet after all this Magnificence and Bounty, it would put the poor Devil's Credit upon the stretch,

to take up an *Old Petty-Coat*, in *Long-Lane*, or a Pair of *Cass-shoes*, at the next *Cobblers*. Beside, we can give no Account either of their *Country*, or *Religion*. They have *Christian Names*, but most *Heretical Souls*; they are *Arabians* in their *Hearts*, and in their *Language*, *Gentiles*; but to say the Truth, they fall short of the *Right Pagans* in their *Manners*. If I stay here a little longer, (said I to my self) this spiteful Devil will hit me over the Thumbs e'er I'm aware; for I was half Jealous, that he took me already for a piece of a Poet.

For fear of being Discover'd, I went my Way, and my next Visit was to the *Impertinent Devotes*, whose very *Prayers* are made up of *Impiety*, and *Extravagance*. Oh! What *Sighing* was there, and *Sobbing*! *Groaning* and *Whining*! Their *Tongues* were ty'd up to a perpetual *Silence*; their *Souls Drooping*, and their *Ears* condemn'd to hear eternally the hideous *Cries* and *Reproaches* of a Whealing Devil; Greeting them after this manner. Oh ye *Impudent* and *Prophane Abusers* of *Prayer*, and *Holy Duties*! That treat the *Lord of Heaven and Earth* in his own *House*, with less *Respect* than ye would do a *Merchant* upon the *Change*; sneaking into a *Corner* with your *Execrable Petitions*, for fear of being overheard by your *Neighbours*; and yet without any scruple at all, ye can *Expose*, and *Offer* them up to that *Eternal Purity*! Shameless Wretches that ye are! *Lord* (says one) take the *Old Man* my *Father*, to thy self; I beseech thee, that I may have his *Office* and *Estate*. Oh that this *Uncle* of mine would but march off! There's a *Fat Bishoprick*, and a good *Deanery*; I would the *Devil* had the *Incumbent* so I had the *Dignity*. Now for a *lusty Pot* of *Guinea's*, or a *Lucky Hand* at *Dice* if it be thy *Pleasure*, and then I would not doubt of good *Matches* for my *Children*. *Lord* make me his *Majesty's Favourite*, and *Thy Servant*; that I may get what's convenient, and keep what I have gotten. Grant me *This*, and I do here engage my self, to entertain *Six Blue Coats*, and bind them out to good *Trades*; to set up a *Lecture* for every *Day* of the *Week*; to give one *Third Part* of my clear *Gains* to *Charitable Uses*; and another toward the *Repairing* of *Paul's*; and to pay all *Honest Debts*, so far as may stand with my private *Convenience*. Blind and *Ridiculous Madnes*! for *Dust* and *Askes* thus to *Reason* and *Condition* with the *Almighty*! For *Beggars* to talk of *Giving*, and obtrude their *Vain* and *Unprofitable Offerings* upon the *inexhaustible Fountain* of *Riches* and *Bounty*! To pray for those Things as *Blessings*, which are commonly show'd down upon us for our *Confusion* and *Punishment*. And then in Case your *Wishes* take effect; what becomes of all the *Sacred Vows* and *Promises* ye made, in *Storms*, (perhaps) *Sickness* or *Adversity*? So soon as ye have Gain'd your Port, Recover'd

your *Health*, or *Patch'd up a broken Fortune*, you shew your selves, all of ye, a pack of Cheats; Your *Vows*, and *Promises*, are not worth so many *Rushes*: They are forgotten with your *Dreams*; and to keep a *Promise upon Devotion*, that you made out of *Necessity*, is no *Article of your Religion*. Why do ye not ask for *Peace of Conscience*, *Encrease of Grace*? The aid of the *Blessed Spirit*? But you are too much taken up with the Things of this World, to attend those *Spiritual Advantages* and *Treasures*; and to consider, that the most acceptable *Sacrifices* and *Oblations* you can make to the Almighty, are *Purity of Mind*, an *Humble Spirit*, and a *Fervent Charity*. The Almighty takes delight to be often call'd upon, that He may often pour down his *Blessings* upon his *Petitioners*. But such is the *Corruption of Human Nature*, that Men seldom think of him, unless under *Affliction*; and therefore it is, that they are often *Visited*; for by *Adversity*, they are brought to the *Knowledge*, and *Exercise of their Duty*. I would now have you consider, how little *Reason* there is in your *Ordinary Demands*. Put Case you have your *Asking*; what are you the better for the *Grant*? Since it fails you at last, because you do not ask aright. When you die, your *Estate* goes to your *Children*; and for their parts, you are scarce cold, before you are forgotten. You are not to expect they should bestow much upon *Works of Charity*; for if nothing went that way while you were *Living*, they'll live after your *Example* when you are *Dead*. And beside, there's no *Merit* in the *Case*. At this word some of the poor *Creatures* were about to reply, but the *Devils* had put *Barnacles* upon their *Lips*, that hindred them.

From thence I went to the *Witches* and *Wizards*; such as pretend to cure Man and Beast, by *Charms*, *Words*, *Amulets*, *Characters*; and these were all burning alive. These (says a Devil) are a *Company of Cozening Rogues*; the most accursed *Villains* in *Nature*. If they help one Man, they kill another, and only remove the *Disease* from a *Worse* to a *Better*: And yet there's no great *Clamour* against them neither; for if the *Patient* recover, he's well enough content, and the *Doctor* gets both *Reputation* and *Reward* for his *Pains*. If he dies, his *Mouth* is stopt, and *Forty* to *One* the next *Heir* does him a good *Turn* for the *Dispatch*. So that, *Hur*, or *Mist*; all is well at last. If you enter into a *Debate* with them about their *Remedies*, they'll tell you, they learnt the *Mystery of a certain Jew*, and there's the *Original* of the *Secret*. Now to hear these *Quacks* give you the *History* of their *Cures*, is beyond all the *Plays* and *Farces* in the *World*. You shall have a *Fellow* tell you of *Fifteen People* that were run clean

clean through the Body, and glad for a matter of There Days to carry their Puddings in their Hands; that in Four and Twenty Hours he made them as whole as Fishes, and not so much as a Scar for a Remembrance of the Orifice. Ask him *when* and *where*? you'll find it some Twelve Hundred Leagues off, in a *Terra Incognita*, by the Token, that at that time he was *Physician in Ordinary* to a great Prince that dy'd about Five and Twenty Years ago.

Come, Come, (cry'd a Devil) make an End of this Visit, and you shall see those now, that *Judas* told you were Ten times worse than himself. I went along with him, and he brought me to a Passage into a great Hall, where there was a Damn'd smell of Brimstone, and a Company of *Match-makers*, as I thought at first; but they prov'd afterward to be *Alchymists*; and the Devils examining them upon *Interrogatories*, who were filthily put to't, to understand their *Gibbrish*. Their Talk was much of the *Planetary Metals*; Gold they call'd *Sol*; Silver *Luna*; *Tin* *Jupiter*; Copper *Venus*. They had about them their *Furnaces*, *Crucibles*, *Coal*, *Bellows*, *Clay*, *Minerals*, *Dung*, *Man's Blood*, *Powders*, and *Alimbeck's*. Some were *Calcining*; Others *Washing*; Here *Purifying*; There *Separating*. *Fixing* what was *Volatile*, in one Place; and *Rarifying* what was *Fixt* in another. Some were upon the work of *Transmutation*, and *Fixing* of *Mercury* with monstrous Hammers, upon an Anvil. And after they had resolv'd the *viscous Matter*, and sent out the subtiler Parts, that they came to the *Coppel*, all went away in *Fume*. Some again were in a hot Dispute, What *Fuel* was best; and whether *Raymund Lullius* his *Fire*, and no *Fire*, could be any thing else than *Lime*; or otherwise to be understood of the *Light*, *Effective* of *Heat*, and not of the *Effective Heat* of *Fire*. Others were making their Entrance upon the *Great Work*, after the *Hermetical Method*. Here they were watching the Progress of their Operations, and making their Observations upon *Proportions*, and *Colour*. While all the rest of these Blind Oracles lay waiting for the Recovery of the *Materia Prima*, till they brought themselves to the last Cast both of their Lives and Fortunes: And instead of turning Base Metals and Materials into Gold, as they pretended: They made the contrary Inversion, and were glad at length to take up with *Bezgerly Fools*, and *False Coiners*. What a stir was there, with crying out, ever and anon! Look ye, Look ye! The Old Father is got up again; Down with him, Down with him; What Glossing, and Commenting upon the Old Chymical Text, that says; *Blessed be Heaven, That has order'd the most Excellent Thing in Nature out of the Vilest*. If so, (quoth one) let's try, if we can fetch the *Philosopher's Stone* out of a Common Strumpet, which is of

all Creatures undoubtedly the Vilest. And the Word was no sooner out, but a matter of Three and Twenty Whores went to Pot; but the Flesh was so Cursedly Mawmish and Rotten, that they soon gave over the Thought of that Projection. And then they entred upon a fresh Consultation, and concluded, *Nemine Contradicente*, that the *Mathematicians*, by that Rule, were the only fit matter to work upon; as being the most damnably dry, (to say nothing of their Divisions, among and against themselves) so that with one Voice, they call'd for a parcel of *Mathematicians*, to the Furnace, to begin the Experiment. But a Devil came in just in the *God-speed*, and told them; *Gentlemen Philosophers*, (says he) if you would know the Wretched'it and most Contemptible Thing in the World; It is an *Alchymist*: And we are of Opinion that You'll make as good *Philosophers Stones*, as the *Mathematicians*. However, for Curiosity's sake, we'll try for once; and so he threw them all together into a great *Chaldron*; and to say the Truth, the poor Sneaks suffer'd contentedly; out of a delire, I suppose, to help on toward the perfecting of the Operation.

On the other side, were a Knot of *Astrologers*, and one among the rest that had study'd *Chyromancy* or *Palmistry*; who took all the Damn'd by the Hands, one after another. One he told, That it was as plain as the Nose on his Face, that he was to go to the Devil, for he perceiv'd it by the *Mount of Saturn*. You (says he to another) have been a *Swinging Whore-Master* in your Days; I see that by the *Mount of Venus* here, and by her *Girdle*; and in short, every Man's Destiny, he read in his *Fist*. After him advanced another, Creeping upon all Four; with a pair of *Compasses* betwixt his Teeth; his *Spheres* and *Globes* about him; his *Jacob's Staff* before him; and his *Eyes* upon the Stars, as if he were taking a *Height*, or making an *Observation*. When he had gazed a while, up he starts of a sudden; and wringing his Hands, *Good Lord*, (says he) *What an unlucky Dog was I! If I had come into the World, but one half quarter of an Hour sooner, I had been sav'd; for just then Saturn shifted, and Mars was lodg'd in the House of Life*. One that follow'd him, bad his Tormentors be sure he was *Dead*; for (says he) I am a little doubtful of it my self; in regard that I had *Jupiter* for my *Ascendant*, and *Venus* in the *House of Life*, and no *Malevolent Aspect* to cross me. So that by the Rules of *Astrology*, I was to live precisely, a *Hundred Years and One; Two Months; Six Days; Four Hours; and Three Minutes*. The next that came up was a *Geomancer*; one that reduced all his Skill to certain little *Points*, and by them would tell you, as well *Things past*, as to *come*: These

Points

Points he bestow'd at a Venture, among several unequal Lines; some *Long*, others *Shorter*, like the Fingers of a Man's Hand; and then with a certain *Ribble Rabble* of *Mysterious Words*, he proceeds to his *Calculation*, upon *Even*, or *Odd*, and challenges the whole World to allow Him the most Learned, and Infallible of the Trade.

There were Divers great Masters of the Science that follow'd him. As *Haly*, *Gerrard*, *Bartle'mew* of *Parma*, and one *Toudin*; a Familiar Friend, and Companion of the Great *Cornelius Agrippa*, the famous Conjuror; who though he had but one Soul, was yet Burning in four Bodies. (I mean the four Damnable Books he left behind him.) There was *Trithemius* too, with his *Polygraphy* and *Stenography*; that had Devils now his belly-full, though in his Life-time his Complaint was, that he could never have enough of their Company. Over-against him was *Cardan*; but they could not set their Horses together, because of an old Quarrel; whether was the more impudent of the Two. And there I saw *Mizaldus* tearing his Beard, in Rage, to find himself Pumpt dry; and that he could not fool-on, to the End of the Chapter. *Theophrastus* was there too, bewailing himself for the Time he had spent at the *Alchymists Bellows*. There was also the unknown Author of *Clavicula Solomonis*, and *The Hundred Kings of Spirits*; with the Composer of the Book, *Adversus omnia Pericula Mundi*. *Taisnerus* too, with his Book of *Physiognomy* and *Chiromancy*; and he was doubly punisht; first for the Fool he was, and then for those he had made. Though to give the Man his due, he knew himself to be a Cheat; and that he that gives a Judgment upon the Lines of a Face, takes but a very uncertain Aim. There were *Magicians*, *Neuromancers*, *Sorcerers*, and *Enchanters* innumerable; besides divers private Boxes, that were kept for *Lords* and *Ladies*, and other Personages of great Quality, that put their Trust in these Disciples of the Devil; and go to *Strand-Bridge* or *Billetter-Lane*, for Resolution in Cases of *Death*, *Love*, or *Marriage*; and now and then to recover a *Gold Watch*, or a *Pearl Neck-Lace*.

Not far from these, were a Company of handsome Women, that were tormented in the quality of *Witches*; which griev'd my very Heart to see it. But to comfort me, What, (says a Devil) have you so soon forgot the Roguery of these Carrions? Have you not had Tryal enough yet of them; they are the very Poyson of Life, and the only dangerous *Magicians* that corrupt all your Senses, and disturb the Faculties of your Soul; these are they that cozen your Eyes with false Appearances, and set up your Wills in opposition to your Understanding and Reason. 'Tis right, said I, and now you mind me of it, I do very well re-

member, that I have found them so; but let's go on and see the rest.

I was scarce gone three steps farther, but I was got into so hideous a dark place, that it was e'en a Mercy we knew where we were. There was first at the entrance, *Divine Justice*, which was most dreadful to behold; and a little beyond stood *Vice*, with a Countenance of the highest Pride and Insolence imaginable. There was *Ingratitude*, *Malice*, *Ignorance*, *obstinate and incorrigible Infidelity*, *brutish and head-strong Disobedience*, *rash and imperious Blasphemy*, with *Garments* dipt in *Blood*, *Eyes* sparkling, and a *hundred pair of Chops*, barking at *Providence*, and vomiting *Rage and Poyson*. I went in (I confess) with fear and trembling, and there I saw all the *Sects of Idolaters and Hereticks*, that ever yet appeared upon the Stage of the Universe; and at their Feet, in a glorious Array, was *Lascivious Barbara*, *second Wife* to the Emperour *Sigismund*, and the *Queen of Harlots*: One that agreed with *Messalina* in this, that *Virginity* was both a *Burthen*, and a *Folly*; and that in her whole Life she was never either *wearied or satisfy'd*? but herein she went beyond her, in that she held the *mortality* as well of the *Soul* as of the *Body*; but she was now better instructed, and burnt like a bundle of *Matches*.

Passing forward still, I spy'd a Fellow in a Corner all alone, with the *Flames* about his *Ears*, gnashing his *Teeth*, and *blaspheming* through *fury* and *despair*. I askt him what he was, and he told me he was *Mahomet*. Why then (said I) thou art the damnest *Reprobate* in *Hell*, and hast brought more *Wretches* hither than half the *World* beside; and *Lucifer* has done well to allot thee a *Quarter* here by thy self; for certainly thou hast well deserv'd the first place in his *Dominions*. But since every *Man* chuses to talk of what he loves. I prethee good *Impoꝛ* tell me, What's the reason that thou hast forbidden *Wine* to all thy *Disciples*? Oh (says he) I have made them so drunk with my *Alchoran*, they need no *Tipple*. But why hast thou forbidden them *Swines-flesh* too? (said I.) Because (says he) I would not affront the *Jambon*; for *Water* upon *Gammon*, would be *false Heraldry*. And beside, I never lov'd my *People* well enough to afford them the pleasure, either of the *Grape* or the *Spare-Rib*. Nay, and for fear they should chance to grope out the way to *Heaven*, I have establisht my *Power* and my *Dominion* by *Force of Arms*; without subjecting my *Laws* to idle *Disputes* and *Discourses of Reason*. Indeed there is little of *Reason* in my *Precepts*, and I would have as little in their *Obedience*. A world of *Disciples* I have, but I think they follow me more out of *Appetite* than *Religion* or for the *Miracles* I work. I allow them

Liberty

Liberty of Conscience; they have as many Women as they please, and do what they list, provided they meddle not with the Government. But look about ye now, and you'll find that there are more Knaves than *Mahomet*.

I did so, and found my self presently surrounded with a Ring of *Hereticks*, and their *Adherents*, many of which were ready to tear out the *Throats* of their *Leaders*. One among the rest was beset with a brace of Devils, and either of them a pair of Bellows puffing into each Ear *Fire* instead of *Air*, which made him a little *hot-headed*. There was another, that, as I was told, was a kind of a *Simoniac*, and had taken up his Seat in a *Pestilential Chair*; but it was so dark, I could not well discern whether it was a *Pope*, or a *Presbyter*.

By this time I had enough of Hell, and began to wish my self out again; but as I was looking about for a Retreat, I stumbled upon a *Long Gallery* before I was aware: And there I saw *Lucifer* himself, with all his *Nobility* about him; *Male* and *Female*. (For let *Marry'd Men* say their pleasure, there are *She-Devils* too) I should have been at a damn'd loss what to do, or how to behave my self among so many strange Faces, if one of the *Ushers* had not come to me, and told me, that being a Stranger, it was his Majesty's pleasure, I should enter, and have free Liberty of seeing what was there to be seen. We exchanged a couple or two of Compliments; and then I began to look about me; but never did I see a Palace so furnish'd, nor indeed comparable to it.

Our Furniture at the best is but a choice Collection of dead and dumb Statues, or Paintings; without life, sense, or motion: But there, all the Pieces were animated, and no Trash in the whole Inventory. There was hardly any thing to be seen, but *Emperors* and *Princes*, with some few (perhaps) of their choicest Nobility and *Privadoes*. The first Bank was taken up by the *Ottoman Family*, and after them sat the *Roman Emperors*, in their Order; and the *Roman Kings*, down to *Tarquin the Proud*; beside *Hignesses*, and *Graces*, *Lords Spiritual* and *Temporal* innumerable. My Lungs began now to call for a little fresh *Air*, and I desir'd my Guide to shew me the way out again. Yes, yes, with all my Heart, (says he) follow me then. And so he carry'd me away by a back-passage, into *Lucifer's House-of-Office*; where there was I know not how many Tun of *Sir-reverence*, and Bales of flattering *Panegyrics*, not to be number'd; all of them *Licens'd*, and *Enter'd according to Order*. I could not but smile at this Provision of *Tail-Timber*, and my Guide took notice of it; who was a good kind of a *Damn'd Drall*. But I call'd still to be gone. And at length he led me

to a little Hole like the Vent of a *Vault*, and I crept through it as nimble as if the Devil himself had given me a lift at the Crupper; when to my great wonder, I found myself in the *Park* again, where I begun my Story: Not without an odd Medley of *Passions*; partly reflecting upon what others endur'd; and in part, upon my own condition of Ease and Happiness, that had deserv'd, perhaps, the contrary as well as they. This Thought put me upon a Resolution of leading such a course of Life for the future, that I might not come to *feel* these Torments in *Reality*, which I had now only seen in *Vision*.

And I must here intreat the Reader to follow my Example, without making any farther Experiment; and likewise not to cast an *ill Construction* upon a *fair Meaning*. My design is to discredit, and discountenance the Works of Darkness, without *Scandalizing* of Persons; and since I speak only of the *Damn'd*, I'm sure no honest Man alive will reckon this Discourse a *Satyr*.

The End of the Sixth Vision.

T H E SEVENTH VISION, O F H E L L R E F O R M ' D .



H E R E happen'd lately so terrible an Uproar, and Disorder in *Hell*, that (though it be a place of perpetual Outrage and Confusion) the oldest Devil never knew the fellow of it; and the *Inhabitants* expected nothing less than an absolute *Topsy-Turvy*, and *Dissolution* of their Empire. The *Devils* fell upon the *Damn'd*; and the *Damn'd* fell upon the *Devils*, without knowing one from t'other; and all running helter-skelter, to and again, like mad; for in fine, it was no other than a general *Revolt*. This *Hurly-burly* lasted a good while, before any Mortal could imagine the meaning of it; but at length there came certain Intelligence of a *Monstrous Talker*, a *Pragmatical Medling Undertaker*, and an old *Bawd* of a *Governess*, that had knockt off their

Shackles, and made all this Havock. Which may give the Reader to understand what kind of Cattel these are, that could make Hell itself more Dangerous and unquiet.

Lucifer, in the mean time, went Yelping up and down, and Bawling, for Chains, Hand-Cuffs, Bolts, Manacles, Shackles, Fetters, to tie up his Pris'ners again; when, in the middle of his Career, He and the Babler, or Talker, I told ye of, met full-but; and after a little staring one another in the Face, upon the Encounter, the Babler open'd. Prince mine, (says he) you have a Pack of Lazy, Droning Devils in your Dominions, that look after nothing, but sit with their Arms and Legs a-crofs, and leave all your Affairs at Six and Seven. And you have divers abroad too, upon Commission, that have staid out their Time, and yet give you no Accompt of their Employment. The Gouvernante, who had been blowing the Coal, and Whispering Sedition from one to another, chanc'd to pass by in the interim, and stopping short, address'd her self to Lucifer: Look to your self (she cry'd) there is a Desperate Plot upon your Diabolical Crown and Dignity. There are Two Tyrants in't, Three Parasites, a World of Physicians, and whole Legions of Lawyers and Attorneys. One word more in your Ear: There is among them a Mungrel-Priest, (a kind of a Lay Elder) that will go near to sit upon your Skirts, if you have not a care of him.

At the very Name of Priest, and Lay-Elder, Lucifer lookt as pale as Death; stood stone-still, as mute as a Fish; and in his very Looks, discover'd his Apprehensions. After a little pause, he rous'd himself, as out of a Trance. A Priest, do ye say? a Lay-Elder? Tyrants? Lawyers? Physicians? A Composition to Poyson all the Devils in Hell, and Purge their very Guts out! With that away he went to visit the Avenues, and set his Guards; and who should he meet next, but the Medler, in a monstrous haite and hurry? Nay then, (says he) here is the Forerunner of Ill-Luck. But what's the matter? The Matter! cry'd the Medler; and then with a huge deal of tedious and impertinent Circumstance, he up and told him, that a great many of the Damnd had contriv'd an Escape; and that there was a Design to call in four or five Regiments of Hypocrites, and Usurers; under colour, forsooth, of Establishing a better Intelligence betwixt Earth and Hell, with a hundred other Poperies; and had gone on till this time, if Lucifer would have found Ears. But he had other Fish to fry; for Neck and all was now at Stake; and so he went about his Business of putting all in a posture, and strengthening his Guards. And for the farther Security of his Royal Person, he entertain'd into his own immediate Regiment, several

Reformadoes of the Society, that he particularly knew to be no Flinchers.

He began his *Survey* in the *Vaults* and *Dungeons*, among his *Jaylers* and *Pris'ners*. The *Makebate-Babler* march'd in the *Van*, breathing an Air that kindled and enflam'd wherever he past, without giving any Light; setting People together by the Ears, they knew not why. In the second Place the *Gouvernante*, as full of *News* and *Tittle-tattle* as she could hold, and telling her *Tale* all the way she went. In the Breech of her, follow'd the *Medler*, learing as he past along, first on one side, then on the other, without ever moving his Head; and making fair with every Soul he saw in's way. He gave one a *Bow*; t'other a *Kiss*; *Your most Humble Servant*, to a third; *Can I Serve you Sir*, to a fourth: But every Compliment was worse to the poor Creatures, than the Fire it self. Ah *Traitor*! says one: For *Pity's* sake, away with this new *Tormentor*! crys another: This Fellow is *Hell upon Hell*, says a third. As he trudg'd on, there was a Rabble of Rascals got together; and in the middle of the Crowd, a most Eminent *Knight of the Post*, (a great Master of his Trade) that was reading a *Lecture* to that *Venerable Assembly*, of the Noble *Mystery* of *Swearing and Lying*; and would have taught any Man in one quarter of an Hour, to prove any thing upon Oath, that he never saw, nor heard of in his Life. This Doctor had no sooner cast his Eye upon the *Intermedler*, but up he started in a Fright. How now? says he, *Is that Devil here?* I came hither on purpose to avoid him; and if I could but have dreamt he'd have been in *Hell*, beyond all dispute, I'd have gone my self to *Paradise*.

As he was speaking, we heard a great, and a confused Noise of *Arms*, *Blows*, and *Out-cries*; and presently we discover'd several Persons falling one upon another like Lightning, and in short, with such a Fury, that 'tis not for any Tongue or Pen to describe the Battel. One of them appear'd to be an *Emperor*; for he was *Crown'd* with *Laurel*, and surrounded with a grave sort of People, that lookt like *Counsellors* or *Senators*; and had all the *Old Statutes*, and *Records* at their Fingers end: By which they endeavour'd to make it out; *That a King might be kill'd in his Personal Capacity*, and his *Politick Capacity* never the worse for't. And upon this Point, were they at *Daggers-drawn* with the *Emperor*. *Lucifer* came then roundly up to him, and with a Voice that made Hell quake; What are you, Sir, (says he) that take upon you thus in my Dominions? I am the Great *Julius Cesar*, (quoth he) that in this general Tumult thought to have reveng'd my self upon *Brutus* and *Cassius*, for Murthering me in the *Senate*; under colour
(forsooth)

(forsooth) of asserting the *Common Liberty*; whereas these Traytors did it meerly out of *Envy, Avarice* and *Ambition*. It was the *Emperor*, not the *Empire* they hated. They pretended to destroy *Me*, for introducing a *Monarchy*; but did *They* overthrow the *Monarchy* it self? No, but on the contrary, they confirm'd it; and did more Mischief in taking away *My Life*, than I did in dissolving their *Republick*. However, I dy'd an *Emperor*; and these Villains carry'd only the *Infamy*, and *Brand of Regicides* to their *Graves*; and the *World* has ever since ador'd *My Memory*, and abhor'd *Theirs*. Tell me (quoth he) ye cursed Blood-Hounds, (turning towards them) whether was your Government better think ye, in the Hands of your *Senators*, a *Company of talking Gown-men*, that knew not how to keep it, or in the Hands of a *Soldier*, that won it by his *Merit*? It is not the *Drawing of a Charge*, or the *making of a fine Oration*, that fits People for Government; nor will a *Crown* sit well upon the *Head of a Pedant*; but let him wear it that deserves it. He is the true *Patriot* that advances the *Glory of his Country*, by *Actions of Bravery and Honour*. Which has more right to *Rule* think ye, he that only *Knows the Laws*, or he that *Maintains them*? The one only *Studies the Government*, the other *Protects it*. Wretched *Republick*: Thou call'st it *Freedom* to obey a divided *Multitude*, and *Slavery* to serve a single *Person*; and when a *Company of coverous little Fellows* are got together, they must be stil'd *Fathers of their Country*, forsooth; and shall one *Generous Person* take up with the *Name of Tyrant*: Oh! How much better had it been for *Rome* to have preserv'd that one *Son* that made her *Mistress of the World*, than that *Multitude of Fathers*, who by so many *Intestine Wars*, render'd her but a *Step-Mother* to her own *Children*. *Barbarous and cruel that you are!* So much as to mention the *Name of a Commonwealth*; considering that since the *People* tasted of *Monarchy*, they have prefer'd even the worst of *Princes*, as *Nero, Tiberius, Caligula, Heliogabalus, &c.* before your *Tribe of Senators*.

This Discourse of *Caesar's* struck *Brutus* with exceeding *Shame and Confusion*; but at length, with a feeble and trembling Voice, he deliver'd himself to this effect. 'Gentlemen of the Senate, (says he) do ye not hear *Caesar*? Or will you add *Sin* to *Sin*, and suffer all the 'Blame to be cast upon the *Instruments*, when you yourselves were the *Contrivers* of the *Villany*? Why do ye not 'answer? For *Caesar* speaks to you, as well as to us. 'Cassius and my self were but your *Bravos*, and govern'd 'by your *Persuasions and Advice*, little dreaming of that insatiable *Ambition* that lay lurking under the *Gravity* 'of your long *Beards and Robes*. But 'tis the practice 'of you all, to Arraign that *Tyranny* in the *Prince*, 'which you would Exercise yourselves: in effect, when 'you have gotten *Power*, and the colour of *Authority*

' in your Hands, it is more dangerous for a Prince not to
 ' comply with you, than for a Vassal to rebel against his
 ' Prince. To what end serv'd your perfidious and un-
 ' grateful Treason? Make answer to *Cesar*. But for our
 ' parts, in the Conscience of our Sin, we feel the Seve-
 ' rity of our Punishment.

At these words a *Hollow-Ey'd Supercilious Senator*, (that
 had been of the Conspiracy, and was then blazing like a
Pitch-Barrel) rais'd himself, and with a faint Voice, ask'd
Cesar what reason he had to complain? ' For Prince, (says
 ' he) if King *Ptolomy* Murther'd *Pompey the Great*, upon
 ' whose score he held his Kingdom: Why might not the
 ' Senate as well kill you, to recover what you had taken
 ' from them? And in the case betwixt *Cesar* and *Pompey*,
 ' let the Devils themselves be Judges. As for *Achillas*
 ' (who was one of the Murtherers) what he did, was by *Ptolomy's*
 ' Command, and then he was but a *Free-booter* neither, a
 ' Fellow that got his Living by Rapine and Spoil: But
 ' *Cesar* was undoubtedly the more infamous of the Two.
 ' 'Tis true, you wept at the sight of *Pompey's Head*, but
 ' such Tears as were more treacherous than the Steel
 ' that kill'd him. Ah Cruel Compassion, and Revenge-
 ' ful Pity! that made Thee a more Barbarous Enemy to
 ' *Pompey*, dead than living. Oh that ever two Hypocrite
 ' Eyes should creep into the first Head of the World! To
 ' conclude, the Death of *Cesar* had been the Recovery of
 ' our *Republick*, if the Multitude had not call'd in others
 ' of his Race to the Government; which render'd thy fall
 ' the very *Hydra* of the Empire.

We had had another Skirmish upon these words, if
Lucifer had not commanded *Cesar* to his Cell again, upon
 pain of Death; and there to abide such Correction as be-
 long'd to him, for slighting the Warnings he had of his
 Disaster. *Brutus* and *Cassius* too were turn'd over to the *Politi-
 tick Fools*: And the *Senators* were dispatch'd away to *Minos*
 and *Rhadamanthus*, and to sit as *Assistants in the Devil's Bench*.

After this I heard a Murmuring Noise as of People tal-
 king at a distance, and by degrees I made it out that
 they were wrangling and disputing still lower and low-
 der, till at length it was but a Word and a Blow; and the
 nearer I came, the greater was the Clamour. This made
 me mend my pace; but before I could reach them, they
 were all together by the Ears in a bloody Fray: They were
 Persons of great Quality all of them; as *Emperors*, *Ma-
 gistrates*, *Generals of Armies*. *Lucifer*, to take up the Quar-
 rel, commanded them *Peace* and *Silence*, and they all o-
 bey'd; but it vext them to the Hearts, to be so taken
 off in the full career of their *Fury and Revenge*. The first
 that

that open'd his Mouth, was a Fellow so Martyr'd with Wounds and Scars, that I took him at first for an *indigent Officer*; but it prov'd to be *Clitus* (as he said himself.) And one at his Elbow told him, he was a saucy Companion, for presuming to speak before his time; and so desir'd Audience of *Lucifer*, for the high and mighty Alexander the Sun of Jupiter, and the Emperor and Terror of the World: He was going on with his Qualities and Titles; but an Officer gave the word, *Silence*, and bad *Clitus* begin; which he took very kindly, and told his Story.

' If it may please Your Majesty (*says he*) I was the first Favourite of this Emperor; who was then Lord of the known World, bare the Title of the *King of Kings*, and boasted himself for the *Son of Jupiter Hammon*; and yet after all this Glory and Conquest, he was himself a Slave to his Passions; he was Rash, and Cruel, and consequently incapable either of Counsel or Friendship. While I liv'd, I was near him, and serv'd him faithfully; but it seems, he did not entertain me, so much for my Fidelity, as to augment the Number of his Flatterers: But I found my self too honest for a Base Office; and still as he ran into any foul Excesses, I took a Freedom with all possible Modesty, to shew him his Mistakes. One Day, as he was talking slightly of his Father *Philip* (*that brave Prince*, from whom he receiv'd as well his Honour, as his Being,) I told him frankly what I thought of that *Ingratitude*, and *Vanity*; and desired him to treat his dead Father with more *Reverence*, as a Prince worthy of Eternal Honour and Respect. This Commendation of *Philip*, so enflam'd him, that presently he took a Parrisan, and struck me Dead in the place with his own Hand. After this, pray'e where was his Divinity, when he gave *Abdolominus*, (a poor Garden-weeder) the Kingdom of *Sidonia*? Which was not, as the World would have it, out of any Consideration of his Virtue, but to mortify and take down the Pride and Insolence of the *Persians*. Meeting him here just now in *Hell*, I ask'd him what was become of his Father *Jupiter* that he lay so long by't; and whether he were not yet convinc'd that all Flatterers were a Company of Rascals, who with their *Incense*, and *Altars*, would persuade him, that he was of *Divine Extraction*, and *Heir Apparent* to the *Throne and Thunder of Jupiter*. This now was the ground of our Quarrel. But Invectives apart; who but a Tyrant would have put a *Loyal Subject* to Death, only for his Affection, and Regards to the Memory of his Dead Father? How barbarously did he treat his Favourites, *Parmenio*, *Philotas*, *Calisthenes*, *Amintas*, &c. So that good or bad is

all

all a case; for 'tis Crime enough to be the Favourite of a Tyrant: As in the Course of Human Life, every Man dies because he is *Mortal*; and the *Disease* is rather the *Pretext* of his *Death*, than the *Cause* of it. You'll find now (says *Satan*) that *Tyrants* will shew their *People* many a *Dog-trick* when the *Humour* takes them. The *Good* they hate, for not being *wicked*; and the *Bad*, because they are no worse. How many *Favourites* have you ever seen come to a fair and timely *End*? Remember the *Emblem* of the *Sponge*, and that's the use that *Princes* make of their *Favourites*, They let them suck and fill, and then squeeze them for their own Profit.

At that word there was heard a lamentable Cry; and at the same time a venerable *Old Man*, as pale as if he had no Blood in his Veins, came up to *Lucifer*, and told him, That his *Emblem* of the *Sponge* came very pat to his Case; For (says he) *I was a great Favourite, and a great Hoarder of Treasure: A Spaniard by Birth; the Tutor and Confident of Nero; and my Name is Seneca.* Indeed his *Bounties* were to Excess; he gave me without asking, and in taking I was never Covetous, but Obedient. It is in the Nature of *Princes*, and it befits their Quality, to be liberal where they take a liking, both of Honour and Fortunes: And 'tis hard for a Subject to refuse, without some Reflection upon the Generosity or Discretion of his Master. For 'tis not the Merit, or Modesty of the *Vassal*, but the Glory of the *Prince* that is in Question: And he is the best Subject, that contributes the most to the Splendor, and Reputation of his Sovereign. Nero indeed gave me as much as such a Prince could bestow; and I manag'd his Liberalities with all the Moderation imaginable: Yet all too little, to preserve me from the Strokes of Envious and Malicious Tongues; which would have it, that my Philosophizing upon the Contempt of the World, was nothing else but a meer Imposture, that with less danger and notice, I might feed and entertain my Avarice, and with the fewer Competitors. Finding my Credit with my Master declining, it stood me upon to provide some way or other for my Quiet, and to withdraw my self from being the mark of a Publick Envy, So I went directly to Nero, and with all possible Respect and Humility, made him a Present back again of his own Bounties. The Truth is, I had so great a Passion for his Service, that neither the Severity of his Nature, nor the Debauchery of his Manners, could ever deter me from exhorting him to nobler Courses, and paying him all the Duties of a Loyal Subject. Especially in cases of Cruelty and Blood: I laid it perpetually home to his Conscience, but all to little purpose; for he put his Mother to Death; laid the City of Rome in Ashes; and indeed, depopulated the Empire, of honest Men. And this drew on Piso's Conspiracy, which was better laid

laid than executed: For upon the Discovery, the prime Instruments lost their Lives? and by divine Providence this Prince was preserv'd, in order (as one would have thought) to his Repentance and change of Life. But upon the Issue, the Conspiracy was prevented, and Nero never the better. At the same time he put *Lucan* to Death, only for being a better Poet than himself. And if he gave me my Choice what Death to die; it was rather Cruelty than Pity: For in the very Deliberation, which Death to Chuse, I suffer'd all even in the Terror and Apprehension that made me refuse the rest. The Election I made was to bleed to Death in a Bath, and I finish'd my own dispatches hither; where to my farther Affliction, I have again encountred this Infamous Prince, studying new Cruelties, and instructing the very Devils themselves in the Art of Tormenting.

At that word Nero advanc'd, with his Ill-favour'd Face, and shrill Voice. 'It is very well (*says he*) for a Prince's Favourite, or Tutor, to be wiser than his Master: but let him manage that Advantage then with Respect, and not like a rash and insolent Fool, make Proclamation presently to the World, that he's the wiser of the Two. While *Seneca* kept himself within those Bounds, I lodg'd him in my Bosom, and the Love I had for that Man was the Glory of my Government; but when he came to publish once (what he should have dissembled or conceal'd) that it was not Nero, but *Seneca*, that rul'd the Empire, nothing less than his Blood could make satisfaction for so intolerable a Scandal; and from that Hour I resolv'd his Ruin. And I had rather suffer what I do a hundred times over, than entertain a Favourite that should raise His Credit upon My Dishonour. Whether I have reason on my side or no, I appeal to all this Princely Assembly: Draw near, I beseech ye, as many as are here, and speak freely, my Royal Brethren; Did you ever suffer any Favourite to 'scape unpunish'd, that had the Impudence to write, *I and my King*; to make a *State* of Majesty, and to publish himself a better *States-man* than his Master? No, no, (they cry'd out all with one Voice) it never was, and never shall be endured, while the World lasts: For we have left our Successors under an Oath, to have a care on't. 'Tis true, a wise Counsellor at a Prince's Elbow, is a Treasure, and ought to be so esteem'd, while he makes it his Business to cry up the Abilities and Justice of his Sovereign: But in the instant that his Vanity transports him to the contrary; away with him to the Dogs, and down with him, for there's no enduring of it.

'All this (*cry'd Sejanus*) does not yet concern me; for though I had indeed more Brains than *Tiberius*: yet I so order'd

order'd it, that he had the Credit in publick, of all
 my private Advices, and so sensible he was of my Ser-
 vices, that he made me his Partner, and Companion in
 the Empire: He caus'd my Statues to be Erected,
 and Invested them with sacred Privileges. *Let Sejanus*
Live, was the daily Cry of the People; and in Truth
 my well-being was the joy of the Empire; and far and
 near there were publick Prayers and Vows offer'd up
 for my Health. But what was the End of all? When
 I thought my self surest in my Master's Arms and Fa-
 vour, he let me fall; nay, he threw me down, caus'd
 me to be cut in pieces; delivering me up to the Fury
 of a Barbarous and Enrag'd Multitude, that drag'd me
 along the Streets, and happy was he that could get a
 piece of my Flesh to carry upon a Javelins Point in Tri-
 umph. And it had been well this inhuman Cruelty
 had stopt here; but it extended to my poor *Children*;
 who, though unconcern'd in my *Crimes*, were yet to
 partake in my *Fate*. A Daughter I had, whom the ve-
 ry Law exempted from the Stroke of *Justice*, because of
 her *Virginity*; but to clear that Scruple, she was con-
 demn'd first to be *Ravish'd* by the *Hangman*, and then to
 be *Beheaded*, and treated as her Father. My first Failing
 was upon Temerity and Pride: I would out-run my
 Destiny, defy Fortune; and for *Divine Providence*, I look'd
 upon it as a *ridiculous thing*. When I was once out of the
 way, I thought doing worse was somewhat in order to
 being better; and then I began to fortify my self by
 Violence, against Craft and Malice. Some were put to
Death, others *Banish'd*; till in fine, all the Powers of
 Heaven and Earth, declar'd themselves against me. I
 had recourse to all sorts of ill People, and Means. I had
 my *Physician* for *Poysoning*; my *Assassins* for *Revenge*; I had
 my *false Witnesses* and *corrupt Judges*; and in Truth, what
 Instrument of wickedness had I not? And all this not
 upon Choice or Inclination; but purely out of the Ne-
 cessity of my Condition. When ever I should come to
 fall, I was sure to be forsaken both of Good and Bad;
 and therefore I shun'd the *better sort*, as those that would
 only serve to accuse me; but the *lewd* and *vicious* I fre-
 quented, to increase the Number of my *Complices*, and
 make my *Party* the *stronger*. But after all, If *Tiberius* was
 a *Tyrant*, I'll swear he was never so by my Advice: But
 on the contrary; I have suffer'd more from him for
 plain dealing and dissuading him, than the very Subjects
 of his Severity have commonly suffer'd by him. I know,
 'tis charg'd upon me, that I stirr'd him up to Cruelty,
 to render him *odious*, and to ingratiate my self to the Peo-
 ple.

ple. But who was his Adviser, I pray'e, in this Butch-
erly Proceeding against me? Oh *Lucifer, Lucifer!* you
know very well that 'tis the practice of Tyrants, when
they do amiss themselves, and set their People a grumb-
ling, to lay all the Blame (and Punishment too) upon
the Instrument; and hang up the Minister for the
Master's Fault. This is the End of all Favourites, *cries*
one; Not a Half-penny matter if they were all serv'd so,
says another. And every *Historian* has his saying upon this
Catastrophe, and sets up a *Buoy* to warn After-ages of the
Rock of *Court-favours*. The Greatness of a Favourite, *I*
must confess, proclaims the Greatness of his Maker; and
the Prince that maintains what he has once rais'd, does
but justify the Prudence of his own Choice: And when
ever he comes to undo what he has done, publishes
himself to be light and unconstant, and does as good as
declare himself (even against himself) of the Enemy's Party.

Up stept *Plantian* then, (*Severus's Favourite*) he that was
toss'd out of a *Garret-Window*, to make the People sport.
My Condition in the World (says he) was perfectly like that of a
Rocket, or Fire-work: I was carry'd up to a Prodigious
Height in a moment, and all Peoples Eyes were upon me, as a Star
of the first Magnitude; but my Glory was very short-liv'd;
and down I fell into Obscurity and Ashes. After him, ap-
pear'd a Number of other Favourites; and all of them hearken-
ing to *Belisarius* the Favourite of *Justinian*; who Blind as he
was, had already knockt twice with his Staff, and shaking
his Head, with a weak and complaining Voice, desir'd
Audience, which was at length granted him, *Silence* com-
manded; And he said, as follows.

'Princes (said he) before they destroy the Creatures
they have rais'd and chosen, should do well to consider,
that Cruelty and Inconstancy is much a greater Infamy to a
Prince, than the worst Effects of it can be to a Favourite.
For my own part, I serv'd an Emperor, that was both a
Christian, and a great Lover and Promoter of Justice.
And yet after all the Services I had done him, in sever-
al Battels and Adventures, (insomuch that He was actu-
ally become my Debtor, for the very Glory of his Em-
pire) My Reward in the End, was to have my Eyes put out,
and (with a Dog and a Bell) to be turn'd a begging from
Door to Door. Thus was that *Belisarius* treated, whose
very Name formerly was worth an Army; and he was the
Soul of his Friends, as well as the Terror of his Enemies. But
a Prince's Favour, is like Quick-silver, Restless, and Slippery, ne-
ver to be fix'd; never secured. Force it, and it spends it self in
Fumes: Sublime it, and 'tis a mortal Poison. Handle it only, and
it works it self into the very Bones; and all that have to do with
it, Live and Dye, Pale and Trembling.

At

At these Words the whole Band of *Favourites* set up a Hideous and a Heavy *Groan*, trembling like *Aspen-leaves*; and at the same time, reciting several Passages out of the Prophet *Habakkuk*, against *Careless* and *Wicked Governours*. By which Threatnings, is given to understand, That the Almighty, when he has a Mind to destroy a *Wicked Ruler*, does not always Punish one Potentate by Another, and bring his Ends about by a Trial of Arms, or the Event of a Battel; but many times makes use of things the most Abject and Vile, to Confound the Vanity and Arrogance of the Mighty; and makes even Worms, Flies, Caterpillars, and Lice to serve him as the Ministers of his Terrible Justice: Nay, The Stone in the Wall, and the Beam in the House, shall rise in Judgment against them.

This Discourse might have gone farther, but that the Company presently parted, to know the meaning of a sudden Noise and Clatter they heard, that half deafned the Auditory. And what was it at last, but a Scuffle between the Gown-men, and the Brothers of the Blade? and there were Persons of great Honour, and Learning, young and old, engag'd in the Fray. The Men of War were at it clashing with their Swords, and the Gentlemen of the long Robe, Fencing some with *Tostatus*; others with huge *Pandelts*, that with their old *Wainscot-covers*, were as good as *Bucklers*; and would now and then give the Foe a heavy Rebuke, over and above. The Combat had certainly been very bloody, if one of *Lucifer's Constables* had not commanded them in the King's Name to keep the Peace; which made a drawn Battel: And with that, one of the Combatants, with the best Face he had, said aloud; If ye knew (Gentlemen) either *Us* or our Quarrel, you'd say we had reason, and perhaps side with us. At that instant there appear'd, *Domitian*, *Commodus*, *Caracalla*, *Phalaris*, *Heliogabalus*, *Alceres*, *Andronicus*, *Busiris*, and Old *Oliver*, with a World of great Personages more; which when *Lucifer* saw, he dispos'd himself to treat that Majestical Appearance, as much to their Satisfaction as was possible. And then came up a grave Ancient Man, with a great Train at his Heels, that were all Bloody, and full of the Marks they had receiv'd under the Persecution of these Tyrants.

' You have here before ye (quoth the Old Man) *Solon*; and these are the *Seven Sages*, Natives of *Greece*, but renown'd throughout the *Universe*. He there in the *Mortar*, is that *Anaxarchus* that was Pounded to Death by Command of *Nicrocon*; He with the Flat Nose, is *Socrates*; the little Crump-shoulder'd Wretch, was the Famous *Aristotle*; and T'other there the Divine *Plato*. Those in the Corner, are all of the same Profession too; Grave and Learned *Philosophers*; that have displeas'd Tyrants with
 ' their

their *Writings*: and in fine, the *World* is stor'd with their
Works, and *Hell* with the *Authors*. To come to the Point,
 most mighty *Lucifer*, we are all of us Dealers in *Politicks*;
 great *Writers*, and *Deep-read-men* in the *Maxims of State*
 and *Government*. We have digested *Policy* into a *Method*,
 and laid down certain *Rules*, by which *Princes* may
 make themselves *Great* and *Belov'd*. We have advis'd
 them, impartially to administer *Justice*; to reward *Vir-*
tue, as well *Military* as *Civil*; to Employ *Able Men*, Banish
Flatterers; to put Men of *Wisdom* and *Integrity* in Places of
Trust. To reward or punish, without *Passion*, and ac-
 cording to the *Merits* of the Cause, as *God's Vicege-*
rents. And this now is our Offence. We name no body,
 we design no body; but 'tis *Crime enough* to wish well to the
Way, and to the *Lovers of Virtue*. With that turning to-
 wards the *Tyrants*: 'Oh most unjust *Princes*, (said he)
 those *Glorious Kings* and *Emperors*, from whom we took
 the *Model* of our *Laws* and *Instructions*, are now in a
 state of *Rest* and *Comfort*, while you are tormented. *Numa*
 is now a *Star* in the *Firmament*, and *Tarquin* a *Fire-brand*
 in *Hell*. And the *Memory* of *Augustus* and *Trajan* is still
 fresh and fragrant, when the Names of *Nero* and *Sarda-*
napalus are more *Putrid* and *Odious* than their *Bodies*.

When *Dionisius* the *Tyrant* heard this, (with his *Compa-*
nions about him) *Flesh* and *Blood* could hold no longer;
 and he cry'd out in a *Rage*, 'That *Roguy Philosopher* has told
 a *Thousand Lyes*. *Legislators* with a *Pox*! Yes, yes, they are
 sweet *Legislators*, and *Princes* have many a fair *Obliga-*
tion to them. No, no *Sirrah*, (says he to *Solon*) you
 are all of you a *Company of Quacks*; Ye prate and *spe-*
culate of things ye don't understand; and with your
 damn'd *Moralities*, set the *People* agog upon *Liberty*; cry
 up the *Doctrine* of *Free-born Subjects*, and then our *Portion*
 is *Persecution* in one *World*, and *Infamy* in t'other.

'We shall have a fine *Time* on't, my most *Gracious*
 Prince, (cry'd *Julian the Apostate*, staring *Lucifer* in the
 Face) when these *Dunghil-Pedants*, a *Company of Cock-*
brain'd, Ridiculous, Mortis'd, Ill-bred, Beggerly Tatterdemalions,
 shall come to erect a *Committee for Politicks*, and pass *Sen-*
tence upon *Governours*, and *Governments*; stiling themselves
 (forsooth) the *Supporters* of both: without any more
 Skill than my *Horse* in what belongs to either. Tell
 me (says he) if a *Brave Prince* had not better be *Dam-*
ned, than subject himself to hear one of these *Turdy-Fa-*
cy-Party-Nasty-Lousy-Fartical Rascals, with a *Scabb'd Head*,
 and a *Plantation of Lice* in his *Beard*; and his *Eyes* crept in-
 to the *Nape* of his *Neck*, pronouncing for an *Aphorism*;
 That a *Prince that looks only to One, is a Tyrant*; and that a
 True

' True King is the Shepherd, and Servant of his People. Ah, rash
 ' and besotted Coxcombs! If a King looks only to Others, who
 ' shall look to Him? As if Princes had not Enemies enough
 ' abroad, without being so to themselves too. But you
 ' may Write your Hearts out, and never the nearer.
 ' Where's our Sovereignty, if we have not our Subjects Lives
 ' and Estates at our Mercy? And where's our absolute Pow-
 ' er, if we submit to the Counsels of our Vassals? If we
 ' have not to satisfy our Appetites, Avarice and Revenge,
 ' we want Power to discharge the Noblest Ends of Go-
 ' vernment. These Contemplative Idiots would have us make
 ' Choice of Good Officers, to keep the Bad in Order; which
 ' were a Madness, in our Condition. Let them be Com-
 ' plaisant, and no matter for any other Merit, or Virtue.
 ' A Parcel of Good Offices, handsomly dispos'd among a Pack of
 ' Cheats and Atheists, will make us a Party another Day; where-
 ' as all is lost, that's bestow'd upon honest Men; for
 ' they're our Enemies: Speak Truth then all of ye, and
 ' shame the Devil; for the Butcher fats his Sheep only for the
 ' Shambles.

I have said enough I suppose, to stop your Mouths;
 but here's an Orator will read you another-gates Lecture
 of Politicks, than any you have had yet, if you'll give him
 the Hearing. Photinus, advance, (said Julian) and speak
 your Mind. Whereupon, there appear'd a Brazen-fac'd
 Fellow, with a Hanging-Look, and twenty other Marks of
 a Desperate Villain; who with a Hellish Yell, and three or four
 wry Mouths for a Prologue, brake into this Discourse.

The Wicked Advice of one of Ptolomy's Courtiers, about the Kil-
 ling of Pompey; taken out of Lucan's Pharsalia, Lib. 8.

' M Ethinks under Favour, (most Renown'd Ptolomy)
 ' we are now slipt into a Debate, a little beside the
 ' Business. The Question is, Whether Pompey should be deli-
 ' ver'd up to Cæsar or no? That is to say, whether in Rea-
 ' son of State, it ought to be done; and we are formalizing
 ' the Matter, whether in point of Equity and Justice it may
 ' be done. Bodies Politick have no Souls; and never did any great
 ' Prince turn a Council of State into a Court of Conscience, but he
 ' repented it. Kingdoms are to be govern'd by Politicians, not
 ' by Casuists; and there is nothing more contrary to the
 ' true Interest of Crowns and Empires, than in Publick Cases,
 ' to make a Scruple of Private Duties. The Argument is
 ' this; Pompey is in Distress, and Ptolomy under an Obligation;
 ' so that it were a violation of Faith and Hospitality, not to
 ' relieve him. Now give me leave to reason in the o-
 ' ther

ther way. *Pompey* is forsaken, and persecuted by the Gods; *Cæsar* upon the Heels of him, with Victory and Success. Shall *Ptolomy* now ruine himself, to protect a Fugitive, against both Heaven and *Cæsar*? I must confess, where Honesty, and Profit are both of a side, 'tis well; but where they disagree, the Prince that does not quit his Religion for his Convenience, falls into a direct Conspiracy against himself. He shall lose the Hearts of his *Soldiery*, and the Reputation of his Power. Whereas on the contrary, the most hateful Tyrant in the World shall be able to keep his Head above Water, let him but give a general Licence to commit all sorts of Wickedness: You'll say 'tis impious: But I say, what if it be? who shall call you to account? These Deliberations are only for Subjects, that are under Command; and not for Sovereign Princes, whose Will is a Law.

--- Exeat Aula,

Qui volet esse pius. ---

He was never cut out

For a Court, that's devout.

* In fine, since either *Pompey* or *Ptolomy* must suffer, I am absolutely for the saving of *Ptolomy*, and the presenting of *Pompey's* Head, without any more ado, to *Cæsar*. A Dead Dog will never Bite.

Plotinus had no sooner made an end, but *Domitian* appear'd in a monstrous Rage, and lugging of poor *Suetonius* after him, like a Bear to the Stake. 'There is not in Nature (says he) so damn'd a Generation of Scribbling Regues, as these Historians. We can neither be quiet for them, Living nor Dead; for they haunt us in our very Graves; and when they have vented the Humour, and Caprice of their own Brains, that forsooth must be called, *The Life of such an Emperor*. And for an Instance, I'll shew ye what this Impertinent Chronicler says of my self. He had squander'd away his Treasure, (says he) in expensive Building, Comedies, and Donatives to the Soldiers.

Now would I fain know which way it could have been better employ'd.

In another place he says, 'That *Domitian* had some thoughts of easing himself in his Military Charges, by reducing the Number; but that he durst not do, for fear some of his Neighbours should put an Affront upon him. So that to lick himself whole, he fell to raking and scraping whatever he could get, either from Dead or Living; and any Rascal's Testimony was Proof enough for a Confiscation; for there needed no more to undo an Honest Man, than

‘ to tell a Tale at Court, that such a one had spoken Ill of the Prince.

‘ Is this the way of Treating Majesty? what could this Impudent Pedant have said worse, if he had been speaking of a Pick-Pocket, or a Pirate? But Princes and Thieves are all one to them.

He says farther, ‘ That Domitian made Seizure of several Estates, without any sort of Right whatsoever, and there went no more to his Title, than for a false Witness to depose, That he heard the Defunct declare, before he dy’d, that he made Cæsar his Heir. He set such a Tax upon the Jews, that many of them deny’d their Religion to avoid it. And I remember that when I was a young Fellow, I saw an old Man of Fourscore and Ten, taken upon suspicion by one of Domitian’s Spies, and turn’d up in a publick Assembly, to see if he was Circumcised.

‘ Be ye now, Judges, Gentlemen of the Black Guard, if this be not a most intolerable Indignity. Am I to answer for the Actions of my Inferior Officers? It amazes me, that my Successors should ever endure these scandalous Reports to be published, especially against a Prince that had laid out so much Money in Repairing the Libraries that were burnt.

It is very true, (said *Suetonius* in a doleful tone) and I have not forgotten to make mention of it to your Honour. But what will you say, if I shew you in a Warrant under your Hand, this execrable and impious Blasphemy? It is the Command of your Lord and God. And in fine, if I speak nothing but Truth, where’s your cause of Complaint? I have written the Lives too of the Great *Julius Cæsar*, and the Divine *Augustus*; and the World will not say but I have done them right. But for your self, and such as you, that are effectually but so many *Incarnate and Crowned Plagues*; what fault have I committed in setting before your Eyes those Tyrannies, which Heaven and Earth cannot but look upon with Dread and Horrour,

This Discourse of *Suetonius* was interrupted by the Babler, or *Boutefeu*, that rounded *Lucifer* in the Ear, and told him, ‘ Look ye Sir, (says he pointing with his Finger) that limping Devil there, that looks as if he were surbated with beating the Hoof, has been abroad in the World this Twenty Year, and is but just now come back again. Come hither Sirrah, cries *Lucifer*; and so the poop Cur went wrigling and glotting up towards his Prince. ‘ You are a fine Rogue to be sent of an Errand, are ye not? (says *Lucifer*) to stay Twenty Year out, and come back again e’en as wife as ye went? What Souls have ye brought now? Or what News from t’other World? Ha! Your Highness (quoth the Devil) has too much Honour and Justice, to condemn me unheard.

Wherefore

Wherefore be pleased to remember, that at my going out, you gave me charge of a certain Merchant: *It cost me the first Ten Years of my time to make him a Thief, and Ten more to keep him from turning honest again, and restoring what he had stoln.* A fine Fetch for a Devil this, is it not? cry'd *Lucifer.* But *Hell is no more the Hell it was when I knew it first, than Chalk is Cheese: And the Devils now-adays are so damn'dly insipid and dry, they're hardly worth the roasting.* A senseless Puppy! to come back to me with a Story of *Waltham's Calf, that went nine Mile to suck a Bull.* Bet he's not Master of his Trade yet. And with that, *Lucifer* bad one of his Officers take him away, and put him to School again; for I perceive he's a Rascal, says he; and *he has e'en been roguing at a Play-House, when he should have been at Church.*

In that instant, from behind a little Hill, a great many Men came running as hard as they could drive, after a Company of Women: The Men crying out, *Stop, Stop;* and the Women crying for *Help.* *Lucifer* commanded them all to be seiz'd, and askt what was the matter. Alas, alas; (cry'd one of the Men, quite out of breath) *these Carrions have made us Fathers, though we never had Children.* Govern your Tongue, Sirrah, (cry'd a Devil of Honour, out of respect to the Ladies) and speak Truth: For 'tis utterly impossible ye should be Fathers without Children. Pardon me, said the Fellow, we were marry'd Men, and honest Men, and good House-keepers, and have born Offices in the Parish, and have Children that call us Fathers. But 'tis a strange thing, we have been abroad some of us by the Seven Years together; others, as long *Bed-rid,* and so impotent, that the Civilians would have put us, *inter Frigidos & Maleficiatos.* And yet our Wives have brought every Year a Child, which we were such Fools as to keep and bring up, and give our selves to the Devil at last to get them Estates, out of a Charitable Persuasion, (forsooth) they might yet be our own; though for a Twelve-month together (perhaps) we never so much as examin'd, whether our Wives were *Fish or Flesh.* But now since the Mothers are dead, and the Children grown up, we have found the Tools that made them. One has the *Coach-Man's Nose;* another, the *Gentleman Usher's Legs;* a third, a *Cosin-German's Eyes.* And some we are to presume, conceiv'd purely by strength of *Imagination;* or else by the Ears, like *Weazels.*

Thereupon appear'd a little Remnant of a Man; a dapper Spaniard, with a kind of a *Befom-Beard,* and a Voice not unlike the yapping of a *foysting Cur.* As he came near the Company, he set up his Throat, and call'd out: Ah Jade! says he, I shall now take you to task, ye Whore you, for making me *Father* my *Negro's Bastard;* and for the *Estate* I
F settled

settled upon him. I did ever misdoubt foul Play, but should never have dreamt of that *Ugly Toad*, when there was such choice of *handsom lusty young Fellows* about us: but it may be she had them too. I curst the *Monks* many and many a time, I remember, to the Pit of Hell, Heaven forgive me for't: For the Strumpet would be perpetually gadding abroad, under colour of going to Confession; and in sooth, I was never any great Friend to *Penance* and *Mortification*. And then would I be easing my Mind ever and anon to this *curst Moor*. I cannot imagine (said I) where this Mistress of thine should commit all the Sins that she goes every Hour of the Day to *Confess* at yonder *Monastery*. And then would this *Dog-Moor* answer me: Alas good Lady! I would e'en venture my Soul with hers, with all my Heart: she spends all her time, you see, in Holy Duties. I was at that time so innocent, that I suspected nothing more, than a pure Respect and Civility to my *Wife*; but I have learnt better since; and that effectually his Soul and hers were commonly ventur'd in the same Bottom; yes, and their Bodies too, as I perceive by their *Magpy-Issue*; for the *Bastards* take after both *Father* and *Mother*.

So that at this rate, cry'd the *adopted Fathers*, the *Husband* of a *Whore* has a pleasant time on't. First he's subjected to all the *Pukings*, *Longings*, and *peevish Importunities*, that a *breeding Woman* gives those about her, till she's Laid; and then comes the *squalling* of the *Child*, and the *Twittle-tattle-Gossipings* of the *Nurse* and *Midwife*; that must be well treated too, well lodg'd, and well paid. *A sweet Baby*, (says one to the *Jade* the *Mother* on't) 'tis e'en as like the *Father*, as if he had spit it out on's Mouth: it has the very *Lips*, the very *Eyes* of him; when 'tis no more like *Him*, than an *Apple* is like an *Oyster*. And in conclusion, when we have born all this, and twenty times more in t'other World with a *Christian Patience*, we are hurry'd away to Hell, and here we lie a *Company* of damn'd *Cuckolds* of us; and here we are like to lie, for ought I see, in *Sacula Seculorum*: which is very hard, and in truth, out of all reason.

I cut this Visit short, to see what News in a deep Vault near at hand, where we heard a great bustle and contest betwixt divers Souls and the Devils. There were the *Pregumptuous*, the *Revengeful*, and the *Envious*; gaping and crying out, as they would break their Hearts. *Oh that I could but be born again!* says one; *Oh, that I might back into the World again!* says another; *Oh, that I were but to die once more!* crys a third. Insomuch that they put the Devils out of all Patience, with their impertinent and unprofitable Wishes and Exclamations. Hang your selves, cry'd they, for

for a Pack of conzening, bawling Rascals? You Live again! and be Born again! and what if you might do't a thousand times over? You would only Die at last a thousand times greater Villains, than now you are; and there would be no clearing Hell of you with a Dog-whip. However, to try you, and make you know your selves; we have Commission to let you Live again, and Return. Up then, ye Varlets, go, be Born again; Get ye into the World again. Away, cry'd the Devils, with a lusty Lash at every Word; and thrust hard to have got them out. But the poor Rogues hung an Arse; and were struck with such a Terror, to hear of Living again, and Returning; that they slunk into a Corner, and lay as quiet upon't as Lambs.

At length, one of the Company that seem'd to have somewhat more Brain and Resolution than his Fellows, enter'd very gravely upon the Debate, *Whether they should go out, or no?* If I should now, says he, at my Second Birth, come into the World a Bastard; the Shame would be mine, though my Parents committed the Fault; and I should carry the Scandal and the Infamy of it to my Grave. Now put case, my Mother should be honest, (for that's not impossible) and that I came into the World, Legitimate; how many Follies, Vices, and Diseases are there that run in a Blood! Who knows but I should be mad, or simple? swear, lye, cheat, whore? nay, if I came off with a little Mortification of my Carcass; as the Stone, the Scurvey, or the Noble Pox; I were a happy Man. But Oh! the Lodging, the Diet, and the Cookery that I am to expect for a matter of Nine Months in my Mother's Belly; and then the Butter and Beer, that must be spent to sweeten me, when I change my Quarter. I must come Crying into the World, and live in ignorance even of what Life is, till I Dye; and then as ignorant of Death too, till 'tis past. I fancy my Swadling-clouts and Blankets to be worse than my Winding-sheet; my Cradle represents my Tomb. And then who knows whether my Nurse shall be sound, or no? She'll overlay me perhaps; leave me some four and twenty Hours, it may be, without clean Clouts, and a Pin or two all the while perchance, up to the Hilt in my Backside. And then follows Breeding of Teeth and Worms; with all the Gripes and Disorders that are caus'd by Unwholsome Milk. These Miseries are certain; and why should I run them over again?

If it happen that I pass the state of Infancy without the Pox or Meazils, I must be then packt away to School to get the Itch, a Scal'd-Head, or a pair of Kib'd-Heels. In Winter, 'tis ten to one you find me with a Snotty-Nose; and perpetually under the Lash, if I either miss

‘ my Lesson, or go late to School. So that, *Hang him for my part, that would be Born again*; for any thing I see yet.

‘ When I come up toward *Man*, the *Women* will have me as *sure as a Gun*: for they have a thousand *Ginns* and *Devices* to catch *Woodcocks*; and if ever I come to set *Eye* upon a *Lass* that understands *Dress* and *Railery*, I’m gone, if there were no more *Lads* in *Christendom*. But for my part, I am as *sick as a Dog*, of *Pondering*, *Curling*, and playing the *Lady-Bird*. I would not for all the *World* be in the *Shoemaker’s-stocks*, and choak my self over again in a *streight Doublet*; only to have the *Ladies* say, *Look, what a delicate Shape and Foot that Gentleman has*. And I would take as little pleasure to spend six *Hours* of the four and twenty, in picking *Grey Hairs* out of my *Head* or *Beard*, or turning *White* into *Black*. To stand half-ravish’d in the contemplation of my own *Shadow*: To *Dress* fine, and go to *Church* only to see handsom *Ladies*: To correct the *Midnight-Air* with *Ardent Sighs* and *Ejaculations*; and to keep company with *Owls* and *Batts*, like a *Bird* of *Ill-Omen*: To walk the round of a *Mistress’s Lodging*, and play at *Bo-peep* at the *Corner* of every *Street*; to adore her *Imperfections*, (or as the *Song* says, — *for her Ugliness, and for her want of Coyn*;) to make *Bracelets* of her *Locks*, and truck a *Pearl-Necklace* for a *Shoe-string*. At this rate, I say, *Curfed* again and again be *He*, for my part, that would *Live* over again so *Wretched* a *Life*.

‘ Being come now to write *Full Man*, If I have an *Estate*, how many *Cares*, *Suits* and *Wrangles* go along with it! If I have *None*, what *Murmuring* and *Regret*, at my *Misfortunes*: By this time, the *Sins* of my *Youth* are gotten into my *Bones*; I grow *Sowre* and *Melancholy*; nothing pleases me; I curse *Old-Age* to ten thousand *Devils*; and the *Youth* which I can never recover in my *Veins*, I endeavour to fetch out of the *Barbers-Shops*; from *Peruques*, *Razors*, and *Patches*, to conceal, or at least disguise, all the *Marks* and *Evidences* of *Nature* in her *Decay*. Nay, when I shall have never an *Eye* to see with, nor a *Tooth* left in my *Head*; *Gouty Legs*, *Windmills* in my *Crown*, my *Nose* running like a *Tap*, and *Gravel* in my *Reins* by the *Busbel*; then must I make *Oath* that all this is nothing but meer *Accident*, gotten by lying in the *Field*, or the like; and out-face the *Truth*, in the very *Teeth* of so many undeniable *Witnesses*. There is no *Plague* comparable to this *Hypocrisy* of the *Members*. To have an *Old Fop* shake his *Heel*, when he’s ready to fall to pieces; and cry, *These Legs* would make a *shift* yet to play with the best *Legs* in the *Company*: and then with a lusty *Thump* on’s *Breast*, fetch ye up a *Hem*, and cry, *Sound at Heart, Boy*; and a thousand

‘ thousand other Fooleries of the like nature. But all this is nothing to the Misery of an *Old Fellow in Love*; especially if he be put to *Gallant* it against a Company of *Young Gamesters*. Oh! the inward Shame and Vexation, to see himself scarce so much as neglected. It happens sometimes that a *Jolly Lady*, for want of better Entertainment, may content her self with one of these *Reverend Fornicators*, instead of a *Whetstone*: But alack, alack! the *poor Man is weak, though willing*; and after a whole Night spent in cold and frivolous Pretences and Excuses, away he goes with Torments of *Rage and Confusion* about him, not to be exprest; and *many a heavy Curse is sent after him, for keeping a poor Lady from her natural Rest, to so little purpose*. How often must I be put to the Blush too, when every *Old Toast* shall be calling me *Old Acquaintance*; and telling me, *Oh Sir, 'tis many a fair Day, since you and I knew one another first: I think 'twas in the Four and Thirtieth of the Queen, that we were School-Fellows*. How the *World's* alter'd since! &c. And then must my Head be turn'd to a *Memento Mori*; my *Flesh* dissolv'd into *Rheums*; my *Skin* wither'd and wrinkled; with a *Staff* in my *Hand*; knocking the Earth at every trembling step, as if I call'd upon my *Grave* to receive me. *Walking*, like a moving *Phantom*; my *Life* little more than a *Dream*; my *Reins* and *Bladder* turn'd into a perfect *Quarry*; and the *Urnal* or *Piss-pot*, my whole *Study*. My next Heir watching every Minute, for the long-lookt-for, and happy Hour of my Departure: And in the mean time, I'm become the *Physician's Revenue*, and the *Surgeon's Practice*, with an *Apothecary's Shop* in my Guts; and every *Old Jade* calling me *Grandfire*. No no; I'll no more Living again, I thank ye: *One Hell, rather than two Mothers*.

‘ Let us now consider the Comforts of *Life*; the *Honours*, and the *Manners*. He that would be *Rich*, must play the *Thief* or the *Cheat*; he that would *Rise* in the *World*, must turn *Parasite*, *Informers*, or *Projector*. He that *Marries*, ventures fair for the *Horn*, either before or after. There is no *Valour*, without *Swearing*, *Quarrelling*, or *Hectoring*; if ye are *Poor*, no body owns ye; if *Rich*, you'll know no body; if you dye *Young*, What pity it was (they'll say) that he should be cut off thus in the *Prime*; if *Old*, He was 'en past his *Best*, there's no great *Mis*s of him; if you are *Religious*, and frequent the *Church* and the *Sacrament*, you're an *Hypocrite*; and without this, you're an *Atheist*, or an *Heretick*. If you are *gay* and *pleasant*, you pass presently for a *Buffoon*; and if *pensive* and *reserv'd*, you are taken to be *sowre* and *conversious*. *Courtesy* is call'd *Colloquing* and *Currying of Favour*: *Down-right Honesty*, and *Plain-dealing*, is interpreted to be

' *Pride and Ill manners. This is the World; and for all that's*
 ' *in't, I would not have it to go over again. If any of*
 ' *ye, my Masters, (said he to his Camerades) be of another*
 ' *Opinion, hold up your Hands. No, no; (they cry'd all*
 ' *unanimously) No more Generation-Work, I beseech ye: Bet-*
 ' *ter the Devils, than the Midwives.*

After this, came a *Testator*, *Curfing* and *Raving* like a
Bedlam, that he had made his *Last Will and Testament*. ' Ah
 ' *Villain!* (said he) *for a Man to Murther himself, as I have*
 ' *done! If I had not Seal'd, I had not Dy'd. Of all things,*
 ' *next a Physician, Deliver me from a Testament! it has*
 ' *kill'd more than the Pestilence. Oh miserable Mortals;*
 ' *let the Living take warning by the Dead, and make no*
 ' *Testaments. It was my hard Luck, first to put my Life*
 ' *into the Physician's Power; and then by making my Will,*
 ' *to Sign the Sentence of Death upon my self; and my own*
 ' *Execution. Put your Soul, and your Estate in Order, (says*
 ' *the Doctor) for there's no hope of Life: And the word was*
 ' *no sooner out, but I was so wise and devout (forsooth)*
 ' *as to fall immediately upon the Prologue of my Will,*
 ' *with an In Nomine Domine, Amen, &c. And when I came*
 ' *to dispose of my Goods and Chattels, I pronounc'd these*
 ' *Bloody Words; (I would I had been tongue-ty'd when I did it) I*
 ' *make and constitute my Son, my Sole Executor. Item,*
 ' *To my Dear Wife I give and bequeath all my Plays and*
 ' *Romances; and all the Furniture in the Rooms upon the Se-*
 ' *cond Story. To my very good Friend, T. B. my large Tan-*
 ' *kard, for a Remembrance. To my Foot-boy Robin, Five Pound*
 ' *to bind him Prentice, To Betty, that tended me in my*
 ' *Sickness, my little Candle-Cup. To Mr. Doctor, my fair*
 ' *Table-Diamond, for his Care of me in my Illness. After*
 ' *Signing, and Sealing, the Ink was scarce dry upon the Paper, but*
 ' *methought the Earth open'd, as if it had been hungry to devour me.*
 ' *My Son and my Legatees were presently casting it up,*
 ' *how many Hours I might yet hold out. If I call'd for*
 ' *the Cordial Julep, or a little of Dr. Gilbert's Water; my Son*
 ' *was taking Possession of my Estate: My Wife so busy about*
 ' *the Beds and Hangings, that she could not intend it: The*
 ' *Boy and the Wench could understand nothing, but about*
 ' *their Legacies. My very good Friend's Mind was wholly*
 ' *upon his Tankard: My kind Doctor, I must confess, took*
 ' *occasion now and then to handle my Pulse, and see whe-*
 ' *ther the Diamond were of the right black-water, or no; If I askt*
 ' *him what I might Eat, his answer was, any thing, any*
 ' *thing, e'en what you please your self. At every Groan I sticht,*
 ' *they were calling for their Legacies, which they could*
 ' *not have, till I was Dead.*

But

But if I were to begin the World again, I think I should make another kind of Testament: I would say;
'A Curse upon him that shall have my Estate when I am Dead, and may the first bit of Bread he eats out on't, choak him. The Devil in Hell take what I cannot carry away; and him too, that struggles for't, if he can catch him. If I dye, let my Boy Robin have the Strappado three hours a day, to be duly paid him during Life. Let my Wife dye of the Pip or the Mother; (not a half-penny matter which) but let her first live long enough to plague the damn'd Doctor, and indite him for Poysoning her poor Husband. To speak sincerely, I can never forgive that Dog-Leech. Was it not enough to make me Sick, when I was Well, without making me Dead, when I was Sick? And not to rest there neither, but to persecute me in my Grave too. But to say the truth, this is only Neighbours-Fare; for all those Fools that trust in them, are serv'd with the same Sawce. A Vomit, or a Purge, is as good a Pass-port into the other World, as a Man would wish. And then when our Heads are laid; 'tis never to be endured, the Scandals they cast upon our Bodies and Memories! Heaven rest his Soul (crys one) he kill'd himself with a Debauch. How is't possible (says another) to cure a Man that keeps no Diet? He was a Mad-man (crys a third) a meer Sot, and would not be govern'd by his Physician. His Body was as Rotten as a Pear: He had as many Diseases as a Horse, and it was not in the Power of Man to save him. And truly 'twas well that his Hour was come, for he had better a great deal Dye well than live on as he did. Thieves and Murderers that ye are! You your Selves are that Hour ye talk of. The Physician is only Death in a Disguise, and brings his Patient's Hour along with him. Cruel People! Is it not enough to take away a Man's Life, and like Common Hangmen to be paid for't when ye have done; but you must blast the Honour too of those ye have dispatcht, to excuse your Ignorance? Let but the Living follow my Counsel, and write their Testaments after this Copy, they shall live long and happily, and not go out of the World at last, like a Rat with a Straw in his Arse, (as a Learned Author has it) or be cut off in the Flower of their Days, by these Counterfeit Doctors of the Faculty of the Close-stool.

The dead Man ply'd his Discourse with so much Gravity and Earnestness, that Lucifer began to believe what he said. But because all Truths are not to be spoken, especially among the Devils, where hardly any are admitted: And for fear of Mischief, if the Doctors should come to hear what hath been said, Lucifer presently order'd the Fellow to be Gagg'd, or put in Security for his good Behaviour.

His Mouth was no sooner stopt, but another was open'd, and one of the Damn'd came running cross the Company, and so up and down, back and forward, (like a Cur that had lost his Master) bawling as if he had been out of his Wits, and crying out: ' Oh! Where am I? ' Where am I? I am abus'd, I am chous'd: What's the meaning of all this? Here are *damning Devils*, *tempting Devils*, and *tormenting Devils*; but the Devil a Devil can I find of the *Devils* that brought me hither: They have gotten away my *Devils*: Where are they? Give me my *Devils* again.

It might well make the Company stare, to see a Fellow hunting for *Devils* in *Hell*, where they swarm in *Legions*. But as he was in his *Hurry*, a *Gouvernante* caught him by the Arm, and gave him a *half-turn*; and stopt him. >Old *Lucky Bird*, (says she) if thou wantest *Devils* here, where do'st expect to find them? He knew her as soon as he saw her. ' And art thou here, Old *Beelzebub* in a *Petticoat*? (said he) the very *Picture of Satan*; the *Coupler of Male and Female*; the *Buckler and Thong of Lechery*; the *Multiplier of Sin*, and the *Guide of Sinners*; the *Seasoner of Rotten Mutton*; the *Interpreters betwixt Whores and Knaves*; the *Preface to the Remedy of Love*, and the *Prologue to the Critical Minute*. *Speak and without more ado, tell me*; Where are the *Devils* and their *Dams*, that brought me hither? These are none of them. No, no; I am not such an *Awfe* as to be *trepan'd* and *spirited-away* by *Devils* with *Tails*, *Horns*, *Bristles*, *Wings*; that smell as if they had been *smoakt* in a *Chimney-Corner*. The *Devils* that I look for are worse than these. Where are the *Mothers* that play the *Bawds* to their own *Daughters*? and the *Aunts* that do as much for their *Nieces*, and make them caper and sparkle like *Wildfire*? The *Black-Ey'd Girls*, that carry *Fire* in their *Eyes*, and strike as sure as a *Lance* from the *Rest* of a *Cavalier*? Where are the *Flatterers*, that speak nothing but *pleasing things*? The *Makebates* and *Incendiaries*, that are the very *Canker of Human Society*? Where are the *Story-mongers*, the *Masters of the Faculty of Lying*; that *Report* more than they *Hear*, *Affirm* more than they *Know*, and *Swear* more than they *Believe*? Those *slandrous Back-biters*, that like *Vultures* prey only upon *Carrion*? Where are the *Hypocrites*, that turn *Devotion* into *Interest*, and make a *Revenue* of a *Commandment*? that pretend *Ecstasy* when they are *Drunk*, and utter the *Fumes* and *Dreams* of their *Luxury* and *Tipple* for *Revelations*? That make *Chapelets* of their *Parlours*, *Preachments* of their ordinary *Emertainment*; and every thing they do, is a *Miracle*: They can.

' can Divine all that's told them; and raise People to
' Life again, that counterfeit Sick, when they should
' Work; and give an Honest Man to the Devil with a
' *Deo Gratias*. These are the Devils I would be at;
' these are they that have Damn'd me; Look them out,
' and find them for me, ye impudent Hag, or I shall be
' so bold as to search your French-Hood for them. And
with that word, he fell on upon the poor *Gouvernante*,
tore off her Head-Geer, and laid about him so furiously,
that there would have been no getting him off, if *Lu-*
cifer had not made use of his *Absolute Authority* to quiet
him.

Immediately upon the composing of this Fray, we
heard the shooting of *Bars* and *Bolts*, the opening of *Doors*
and *Hinges*, that creak't for want of Grease; and a strange
Humming of a great Number of *People*. The first that
appear'd were a Company of bold, talkative, and painted *Old*
Women; but as bonny and gamesom, tickling and toying with
one another, as if they had never seen *Thirteen*; and
carrying it out with an Air of much Satisfaction and
Content. The *Eabler* was somewhat scandaliz'd at their
Behaviour, and told them how ill they did to be merry
in *Hell*: And several others admir'd it as much, and askt
them the reason of it, considering their *Condition*. With
that, one of the Gang, that was wretchedly thin and pale,
and rais'd upon a Pair of Heels that made her Legs
longer than her Body, told *Lucifer*, with great Respect;
that at their first coming, they were as Sad as it was possible for
a Company of damn'd *Old Fades* to be: But (says she) we
were a little comforted, when we heard of no other
Punishments here, than *Weeping* and *Gnashing of Teeth*; and
in some hope to come off upon reasonable Terms: For
we have not among us so much as a Drop of *Moisture*
in our *Bodies*, nor a *Tooth* in our *Heads*. Search them present-
ly (cry'd the *Intermeddler*) squeeze the *Balls* of their *Eyes*,
and let their *Gums* be examined; you'll find *Snags*, *Stumps*
or *Roots*; or enough of somewhat or other there to spoil the
Jest. Upon the *Scrutiny*, they were found so dry, that
they were good for nothing in the World, but to serve
for *Tinder* or *Matches*; and so they were dispos'd of into
the Devil's *Tinder-Boxes*.

While they were casing up the *Old Women*, there came
on a number of People of several *Sorts* and *Qualities*, that
call'd out to the first they saw; *Pray'e Gentlemen* (said
they) *before we go any farther, will ye direct us to the Court of*
Rewards? How's that (cry'd one of the Company)
I was afraid we had been in *Hell*; but since you talk of
Rewards, I hope 'tis but *Purgatory*: Good, good, (said the

whole Multitude) you'll quickly find where you are. *Purgatory*! (cry'd the *Intermedler*) you have left that up the Hill there, upon the *right hand*. This is *Hell*, and a Place of *Punishment*; here's no *Registry of Rewards*. Then we are mistaken, (said he that spake first.) How so? (cry'd the *Intermedler*.) You shall hear (said the other.) We were in the other World intituled to the *Order of the Squires of the Pad*; and borrow'd now and then a small Sum upon the *King's Highway*; we understood somewhat too of the *Cross-bite*, and the use of the *Frail Dye*. Some of our conscientions and charitable Friends, would fain have drawn us off from the Course we were in; and to give them their due, bestow'd a great deal of good Counsel upon us, to very little purpose; for we were in a pretty way of Thriving, and had gotten a Habit, and could not leave it. We askt them, *What would you have us do?* Money we have none, and without it there's no living: *Should we stay till it were brought, or came alone?* How would ye have a poor Individuum Vagum to live? *That has neither Estate, Office, Master, nor Friend to maintain him; and is quite out of his Element, unless he be either in a Tavern, a Bawdy-House, or a Gaming-Ordinary.* Now, *that's the Man, that Providence has appointed to Live by his Wits.* Our *Advisers* saw there was no good to be done, and went their way; telling us, that, *In the other World we should meet with our Reward.*

They would tell us sometimes, how base a thing it was to defame the *House*, and abuse the *Bed* of a *Friend*. Our Answer was ready: 'Well! and had we not better do it there where the *House* is open to us, the *Master* and *Lady* kind, the *Occasion* fair and easy; than to run a catterwawling into a *Family*, where every *Servant* in the *House* is a *Spy*; and (perhaps) a *Fellow* behind every *Door* in the *House*, with a *Dagger* or a *Pistol* in his *Hand* to entertain us? Upon this, our *Grave Counsellors* finding us so resolute, e'en gave us over; and told us as before, that, *In the other World we should meet with our Reward.* Now taking *This* to be the other *World* these honest Men told us of, we are inquiring after the *Rewards* they promis'd us.

Abominable Scoundrels! said an *Officer of Justice*, there at hand; how many of your reprobated Companions have squander'd away their Fortunes upon *Whores* and *Dice*, exposing not only their *Wives* and *Children*, but many a *Noble Family*, to a shameful and irreparable *Ruin*. And let any Man put in a Word of wholesom Advice, their Answer is, 'Tush, tush, our *Wives* and *Children* are in the Hands of *Providence*, and let him provide for the *Rooks*,
 ' that

‘ that feeds the Ravens. Then was it told ye, *You shall find your Reward in the other World*; and the time is now come, wherein ye shall receive it. *Up, up then, ye cursed Spirits, and away with them.* At which word, a Legion of Devils fell on upon the miserable Caitiffs, with *Whips and Firebrands*, and gave them their long-expected *Reward*; and at every Lash, a Voice was heard to say, *In the other World you shall receive your Reward*. These Wretches in the mean while, *Damning and Sinking themselves to the Pit of Hell*, still, as if they had been upon *Earth*; and vomiting their *Customary and Execrable Blasphemies*.

Just as this Storm blew over, there drew near a multitude of *Bayliffs, Serjeants, Catchpoles*, and other Officers of Prey; with the *Thieves Devil*, bound Hand and Foot, and a foul Accusation against him. Whereupon *Lucifer*, with a fell Countenance, took his Seat in a flaming Chair, and call'd his Officers about him. So soon as the Prince had taken his Place, a certain Officer began his Report. ‘ Here is before thee (quoth he) a Devil, (most mighty *Lucifer*) that stands charg'd with Ignorance in his Trade, and the Shame of his Quality and Profession; instead of *Damning Men*, he has made it his Business to *Save* them. The Word *Save*, put the Court in such a Rage, that they bit their Lips till the Blood started; and the Fire sparkled at their Eyes: And *Lucifer* turning about to his *Attorney*, *Who would ever have imagin'd*, (said he) *that so treacherous a Rascal could have been harbour'd in my Dominions?* It is most certain, my Gracious Lord (reply'd the *Attorney*) that this Devil has been very diligent in drawing People into *Thefts and Pilferies*; and then when they come to be discovered, they are clapt up and hang'd, or some Mischief or other. But still before Execution, the Ordinary calls them to *Shrift*; and many times the Toy takes them in the Head, to *Confess and Repent*; and so they are *Sav'd*. Now this silly Devil thinks, that when he has brought them to *Steal, Murther, Coin*, and the like, he has done his Part, and so he leaves them: Whereas he should stick close to them in the Prison, and be tempting of them to Despair, and make away Themselves. But when they are once left to the *Priest*, He commonly brings them to a Sight of their *Sins*, and they 'scape. Now this simple Devil was not aware, it seems, that *Many a Soul goes to Heaven from the Gallows, the Wheel, and the Faggot*: And this Failing has lost your Highness many a fair Purchase. Here's enough, (cry'd the *Presidents*) and there needs no more Charge against him. The poor Devil thought it was high time to speak now, when they

they were just upon the point of passing his Sentence; and so he cry'd out: ' My Lord (said he) I beseech you ' hear me; for though they say the Devil is deaf, it is ' not meant of your Greatness. So there was a general Silence, and thus he proceeded.

' I cannot deny, (my Lord) but *Tyburn is the way to ' Paradise, and many a Man goes to Heaven from the Gallows,* ' But if you will set those that are *Damn'd for Condemning ' others, against those that are Sav'd from the Gallows, Hell ' will be found no loser by me at the Foot of the Ac-* ' *compt. How many Marshal's-Men, Turn-Keys, and Keep-* ' *ers have I sent ye, for letting a Coiner give them the slip* ' *now and then with his false Money; (always provided,* ' *they leave better Money instead on't.) How many False* ' *Witnesses, and Knights of the Post, that would set their* ' *Consciences like Clocks, to go faster or slower, accor-* ' *ding as they had more or less Weight; and Swear ex-tem-* ' *pore, at all Rates and Prices! How many Solicitors, Attur-* ' *neys, and Clerks; that would draw ye up a Declaration* ' *or an Indictment so sily, that I my self could hardly dis-* ' *cover any Error in't: And yet when it came to the Test,* ' *it was as plain as the Nose on a Man's Face; (that is to* ' *say again, provided they were well Paid for the Fa-* ' *shion.) How many Jaylers that would wink at an E-* ' *scape for a lusty Bribe! And how many Attorneys, that* ' *would give you Dispatch or Delay, thereafter as they* ' *were Greas'd. Now after all this, what does it signify* ' *if One Thief of a Thousand comes to the Gallows? he only* ' *suffers because he was Poor, that there may be the bet-* ' *ter Trading for the Rich; and without any Design in* ' *the World to suppress Stealing. Nay, It often falls out,* ' *that they that bring the Malefactor to the Gibbet are the worse* ' *Criminals of the two. But they are never lookt after; or,* ' *if they should be, they have Tricks and Fetches enough* ' *to bring themselves off: So that it fares in this case,* ' *as it did with him that had his House troubled with* ' *Rats, and would needs take in a Company of Cats to de-* ' *stroy them; the Rats would be nibbling at his Cheese,* ' *his Bacon, a Crust of Bread, and now and then a Candles-end; but* ' *when the Cats came, downa went a Milk-bowl, and away* ' *goes a brace of Partridges, or a couple of Pigeons; and the* ' *poor Man must content himself to go Supperless to* ' *Bed. In conclusion, the Rats were troublesome, but* ' *the Cats were intolerable. And then there's this in't;* ' *Suppose one poor Fellow hangs, and goes to Heaven, - I do but give* ' *him in truck for two hundred at least, that deserve to be hang'd, but* ' *escape, and go to Hell at last. Besides, a Thief upon a Gibbet,* ' *is as good as a roas'd Dog in a Pigeon-House; for ye shall*

imme-

‘ immediately have two or three thousand *Witches* about him, for snips of his *Halter*, an *Eye*, *Tooth*, or a *Collop* of his *Fat*; which is of sovereign use in many of their Charms. But in fine, let me do what I will, my Services are not understood. My Successor, it may be, will discharge his Duty better: And indeed I am very well content to lay down my *Commission*: for (to say the truth) I am in years, and would gladly have a little Rest now in my old-age; which I rather propose to my self in the Service of some *Pretender*, than where I am.

Lucifer heard him with great Patience, and in the end gave him all the Satisfaction imaginable; strictly charging the *Evil Spirits* that had abus'd him, to do so no more, upon hazard of *Pain Corporal* and *Spiritual*; and they desir'd him too, that he would not lay down his Employment; for he was strong enough yet to do very good Service in it. But to think of *Easing Himself*, by going to a *Pretender*, he'd find himself mistaken; for 'twas a Duty he'd never be able to endure. Well! (says he) e'en what your Highness pleases. But truly I thought a Devil might have liv'd very comfortably in that Condition: For he has no more to do, than I can see, than to keep his *Ears Open*, and *Learn his Trade*. For put case it should be some *Pretender* to a *Good Office* or a *Fat Bishoprick*, (though the *Fathers* and *Councils* are against *Pretenders* in this Case) I fancy to my self all the Pleasure and Divertisement that may be. It is as good as going to School; for these People teach the Devils their *ABC*; and all that we have to do, is to sit still and Learn.

The Vision that follow'd this, was the *Damon* of *Tobacco*; which I must confess, did not a little surprize me. I have indeed often said to my self, Certainly these *Smokers* are possess'd; but I could never swear it till now. I have (said the Devil) by bringing this Weed into *Spain*, reveng'd the *Indians* upon the *Spaniards*, for all the Massacres and Butcheries they committed there; and done them more Mischief, than ever *Colon*, *Cortes*, *Almero*, *Pizarro* did in the *Indies*. By how much it is more Honourable to dye upon a *Swords-point*, by *Gun-shot*, or at the Mouth of a *Canon*; than for a Man to snivel and sneeze himself into another World; or to go away in a *Meagrim*, or a *Spotted-Fever*, perchance; which is the Ordinary Effect of this poisonous *Tobacco*. It is with *Tobacconists*, as 'tis with *Demoniacs* under an *Exorcism*, they *fume* and *vapour*, but the Devil sticks to them still. Many there are that make a very Idol of it; they admire, they adore it, tempting and persecuting all People to take it; and the bare mention of it, puts

them into an Extasy. In the *Smoak*, it is a *Probation* for *Hell*, where another day they must endure *Smoaking*; taken in *Powder*, at the *Nose*, it draws upon *Youth* the *Incommodities of Old Age*, in the perpetual *Annoyance of Rheum and Drivel*.

The Devil of *Subornation* came next, which was a good complexion'd, and a well-timber'd Devil; to my great amazement, I must acknowledge; for I had never seen any Devils till now, but what were extream ugly: The air of his Face was so familiar to me, that methought I had seen it in a thousand several places; sometime under a Veil, sometime open; now under one shape, and then under another. One while he call'd himself *Childs-Play*; another while, *Kind Entertainment*; here *Payment*; there *Restitution*; and in a third place, *Alms*. But in fine, I could never learn his right Name. I remember in some places I have heard him call'd *Inheritance*; *Profit*; *Good-cheap*; *Patrimony*; *Gratitude*. Here he was call'd *Doctor*; there, *Bachelor*; with the *Lawyers*, *Solicitors*, and *Attorneys*, he pass'd under the Name of *Right*; and the *Confessors* call'd him *Charity*.

He was well-accompany'd, and styl'd himself *Satan's Lieutenant*: But there was a Devil of *Consequence*, that oppos'd him might and main; and made this Proclamation of himself: *Be it known*, (says he) *that I am the great Embroyler, and Politick Entangler of Affairs: The Deluder of Princes, the Pretext of the Unworthy, and the Excuse of Tyrants. I can make Black White; and give what Colour I please to the foulest Actions in Nature. If I had a mind to overturn the World, and put all in a general Confusion, I could do it: For I have it in my Power, to Banish Order and Reason out of it. To turn Sawciness and Impertunity into Merit; Example into Necessity: To give Law to Success; Authority to Infamy; and Credit to Insolence. I have the Tongues of all Counsellors at my Girdle; and they shall speak neither more nor less, than just as I please. In short: That's Easy to me, which others account Impossible; and while I live, ye need neither fear either Virtue, Justice, or good Government in the World.* This Devil of *Subarnation*, that talks of his *Lieutenancy*, what could he ever have done without me? He's a Rascal that no Person of Quality would admit into his Company, if I did not fit him with *Vizors* and *Disguises*. Let him hold his Tongue then, and know himself; and let me hear no more of those Disputes about the *Lieutenancy of Hell*; for I have *Lucifer's Broad-Seal*, to shew for my Title to't.

For my part, (cry'd another Mutinous Spirit) I am one of those *humble-minded Devils*, that can content my self to *Hold the Door*, upon a good Occasion; or *Knock under the Table*.

ble, and Play at Small Game, rather than stand out. But Few Words among Friends are best; and when I have spoken three or four, let him come up that lists. I am then (says he) the Devil-Interpreter, and my Business is, to Gloss upon the Text; in which Case the Cuckolds are exceedingly beholden to me; for I have much to say for the Honour of the Horn. How should a poor Fellow that has a handsome Wench to his Wife, and never a penny to live on, hold up his Head in the World, if it were not for that Quality? I have a pretty Faculty in doing Good Offices for Distressed Ladies, at a time of Need; and I make the whole Sex sensible, how great a Folly and Madness it is, to neglect those Sweet Opportunities. Among other Secrets, I have found out a way to establish an Office for Thievery; where the Officers shall be Thieves, and justify it when they have done. Here he stop't.

There was a short Silence, and then there appear'd another Devil, of about a Foot and a half long. I am (says he) a Devil but of a small size, and perhaps one of the least in Hell; and yet the Door opens to me, as well as to another; for I never come empty-handed. Why, what have you brought then? (says the Intermedler, and came up to him.) What have I brought? (quoth he) I have brought an Eternal Talker, and a Finical Flatterer: They are two Pieces that were in high esteem in the Cabinets of two great Princes; and I have brought them for a Present to Lucifer. With that, Lucifer cast his Eye upon them, and with a damn'd Verjuice-Face, as if he had bitten a Crab: You do well, (says he) to say ye had them at Court; and I think you should do well, to carry them thither again; for, I had as live have their Room, as their Company.

After him, follow'd another Dwarf-Devil; complaining, that he had been a matter of Six Years about so infamous a Rascal, that there was no good to be done with him; for the Bad, as well as the Better sort, were scandaliz'd at his Conversation. A mighty piece of Business! (cry'd the Governante,) And could you not have gotten him a handsome Office or Employment? That would have made him good for something, and you might have done his Business.

In the mean time, the Babler went whispering up and down, and finding Faults; till at length, he came to a huge Bundle of Sleeping Devils, in a Corner, that were fagotted-up, and all mouldy and full of Cobwebs; which he immediately gave notice of, and they cut the Band to give them Air. With much ado, they waked them, and askt, What Devils they were? What they did there? and, Why they were not upon Duty? They fell a yawning, and said, that they were the Devils of Luxury. But since the Women have taken a Fancy to prefer Guinea's and Jacobusses before their Modesty and Honour, there has been no need of a Devil in the Case to tempt them: For 'tis
due

but shewing them the *merry Spankers*, they'll *Dare* like *Larks*, and fall down before ye; and then you may e'en do what you will with them, and take them up in a *Purse-Net*. *Gold supplies all Imperfections*; it makes an *Angel* of a *Crocodile*, turns a *Fool* into a *Philosopher*; and, *A Dressing-Box well-lin'd*, is worth twenty thousand *Devils*. So that there is no *Temptation* like a *Present*: And, *Take them from top to bottom*, the whole *Race of Women* is frail; and, *one Thread of Pearl* will do more with them, than a *Milion of fine Stories*,

Just as this *Devil* made an end, we heard another snorting; and 'twas well he did so, for we had trod upon his *Belly* else. He was laid hold of, upon suspicion that he slept *Dog-sleep*; or rather the *Sleep* of a contented *Cuckold*, that would spoil no sport, where he made none. I am (says he) the *Nun's Devil*; and for want of other *Employment*, I have been three *Days* asleep here, as you found me. My *Mistresses* are now chusing an *Abbess*; and always when they are at that *Work*, I make *Holy-day*: For they are all *Devils* themselves then; there is such *Canvassing*, *Flattering*, *Importuning*, *Cajoling*, *Making of Parties*; and in a word, so general a *Confusion*, that a *Devil* among them would do more hurt than good. Nay the *Ambitious* make it a *Point of Honour* upon such an *Occasion*, to shew that they can out-wit the *Devil*. And if ever *Hell* should be in danger of a *Peace*, it is my *Advice*, that you presently call in a *Convention of Nuns*, to the *Election* of an *Abbess*; which would most certainly reduce it to its ancient state of *Sedition*, *Mutiny*, and *Confusion*; and bring us all in effect to such a pass, that we should hardly know one another.

Lucifer was very well pleas'd with the *Advice*, and order'd it to be entred upon the *Register*, as a sure *Expedient* to suppress any *Disorders* that might happen for the future, to the *Disturbance* of his *Government*. After which, he commanded the *Issuing-out* of a *Summons* to all his *Company* and *Livery-Men*, who forthwith appear'd in prodigious *Multitudes*; and *Lucifer*, with a *Hideous Yell*, deliver'd himself most graciously as follows.

The Decree of Lucifer.

TO our *Trusty* and *Despairing Legions*, and *Well-beloved Subjects*, lying under the *Condemnation* of *Perpetual Darkness*, that liv'd *Pensioners* to *Sin*, and had *Death* for their *Pay-Master*, Greeting.

This is to let you understand, That there are *Two Devils*, who pretend a *Claim* to the *Honour* of our *Lieutenancy*; but we have absolutely refus'd to gratify either the one or the other in that *Point*: out of a singular *Affection* and

and Respect to *Our Right Trusty and Well-beloved Cousin*; a certain *She-Devil*, that deserves it before all others.

At this, the whole Assembly fell to *Whispering* and *Muttering*, and *Staring* one upon another; till at last *Lucifer* observing it, bad them never trouble themselves to guess who it might be; but fetch *Good-Fortune* to him, known otherwise by the Name of *Madam Prosperity*; who presently appear'd in the Tail of the Assembly, and with a proud and disdainful Air, march'd up, and planted her self before the degraded *Seraphim*; who lookt her wistly in the Face, and then went on in the Tone he first began.

It is our *Will, Pleasure, and Command*, that next and immediately under *Our Proper Person*, you Pay all Honour and Respect to the *Lady Prosperity*, and Obey her as the most *Mighty and Supreme Governess* of these our *Dominions*. Which *Titles and Qualities*, we have conferr'd upon her, as due to her *Merit*; for, *She hath Damn'd more Souls, than all you together*. She it is that makes Men cast off all *Fear of God*, and *Love of their Neighbour*. She it is, that makes Men place their *Sovereign Good* in *Riches*: That *Engages* and *Entangles* Men's *Minds* in *Vanity*; strikes them *Blind* in their *Pleasures*; *Loads* them with *Treasure*, and *Buries* them in *Sin*. Where's the *Tragedy*, that she has not play'd her Part in't? Where's the *Stability* and *Wisdom*, that she has not stagger'd? Where's the *Folly*, that she has not improv'd and augmented? She takes no *Counsel*, and fears no *Punishment*. She it is that furnishes *Matter* for *Scandal*, *Experience* for *Story*; that entertains the *Cruelty* of *Tyrants*, and bathes the *Executioners* in *Innocent Blood*. How many *Souls*, that liv'd *Innocent* while they were *Poor*, have fallen into *Impiety* and *Reprobation*, so soon as ever they came to drink of the *Inchanted Cup of Prosperity*? Go to then, be obedient to *Her*, we charge ye all, as to *Our Self*; and know, that, *They that stand their Ground against Prosperity, are none of your Quarry*. Let them e'en alone; 'for 'tis but Time lost, to attempt them. Take Example from that *Impertinent Devil*, that got leave to tempt *Job*; he persecuted him, begger'd him, cover'd him all over with *Scabs* and *Ulcers*. So that he was! if he had understood his *Business*, he would have gone another way to work, and begg'd leave to have multiply'd *Riches* upon him; and to have possess'd him of *Health* and *Pleasures*. That's the *Trial*! And how many are there that when they thrive in the *World*, turn their *Backs* upon *Heaven*, and never so much as name their *Creator* but in *Oaths*, and then too without thinking on him? Their *Discourse* is all of *Jollities, Banquets, Comedies, Purchases*, and the like. Whereas the *Poor Man* has *GOD* perpetually both in his *Mouth* and *Heart*. LORD, (says he) be mindful
of

of me, and have Mercy upon me; for all my Trust is in thee. Wherefore (says *Lucifer*, redoubling his accursed Clamor) let it be publisht forthwith throughout all our Territories, That *Calamities*, *Troubles*, and *Persecutions* are our *Mortal Enemies*; for so we have found them upon Experience: They are the *Dispensations* of *Providence*, the *Blessings* of the *Almighty*, to fit Sinners for himself, and they that suffer them, are enrolled in the *Militia* of *Heaven*.

Item: For the better Administration of our Government, it is our *Will* and *Pleasure*, and We do strictly charge and command, that our Devils give constant Attendance in Courts of Judicature; and they are hereby totally discharged from any farther Care of little *Petty-Foggers*, *Flatterers*, and *Envious Persons*; for they are so well acquainted with *Hell-road*, that they'll guide one another, without the help of a Devil to bring them hither,

Item: We do Ordain and Command, that no Devil presume for the future to entertain any *Confidant* but *Profit*; for that's the *Harbinger* that provides *Vice* the most *Commodious Quarter*, even in the *Straitest Consciences*.

Item: We do Ordain, as a Matter of great Importance to the Conservation of our Empire, That in what part soever of our Dominions, the Devil of Money shall vouchsafe to appear, all other Devils there present shall rise, and with a low Reverence, present him the Chair, in token of their Submission to his Power and Authority.

Item: We do most expressly Charge and Command all our Officers, as well Civil as Military. To employ their utmost Diligence and Industry, for the Establishing a General Peace throughout the World. For that's the time for Wickedness to thrive in, and all sorts of Vices to prosper and flourish; as *Luxury*, *Gluttony*, *Idleness*, *Lying*, *Slandering*, *Gaming*, and *Whoring*; And in a word, Sin is upon the Encrease, and Goodness in the Wane. Whereas in a state of War, Men are upon the Exercise of Valour and Virtue; calling often upon Heaven, in the Morning, for fear of being Knockt on the Head after Dinner: And Honest Men and Actions are rewarded

Item: We do from this time forward discharge all our Officers and Agents whatsoever, from giving themselves any farther trouble of tempting Men and Women to Sins of Incontinence: For as much as we find upon Experience, that, *Adultery* and *Fornication* will never be left, till the Old Woman scratches the Stool for her Back-side. And though there may be several Intervals of Repentance, and some faint Purposes of giving it over; yet the Humour returns again with the next Tide of Blood; and Concupiscence, is as Loyal a Subject to us, as any we have in our Dominions.

Item: In Consideration of the *Exemption* aforesaid, by which means several poor Devils are left without present Employment: And, *Forasmuch* as there are many Merchants and Tradesmen in London, Paris, Madrid, Amsterdam, and elsewhere; up and down the World, that are very Charitably dispos'd to relieve People in Want; especially Young Heirs newly at Age, and Spend-thrifts, that come to borrow Money of them. But the Times being dead, and little Money stirring, all they can do, is to furnish them with what the House affords; and if a Hundred Pound or two in Commodity will do them any good, 'tis at their Service, (they say.) This the Gallant takes up at excessive Rate, to Sell again immediately for what he can get; and the Merchant has his Friend to take it off under-hand, at a third part of the Value. (Which is the Way of Helping Men in Distress.) Now out of a singular Respect to the said Merchants and Trades-Men, and for their better Encouragement; as also to the end that the Devils aforesaid may not run into Lewd Courses, for want of Business: We Will and Require, That a Legion of the said Devils shall from time to time be continually aiding and assisting to the said Merchants and Tradesmen, in the Quality of Factors; to be reliev'd Monthly by a fresh Legion, or oftener, if occasion shall require.

Item: We do Will and Command, That all our Devils, of what Degree or Quality soever, do henceforth entertain a Strict Amity and Correspondence, with Our Trusty and Well-beloved the Usurers, the Revengeful, the Envious, and all Pretenders to Great Places and Dignities: And above all others, with the Hypocrites; who are the most powerful Impostors in Nature, and so excellently skill'd in their Trade: That they steal away People's Hearts and Souls, at the Eyes and Ears, insensibly; and draw to themselves, Adoration and Reward.

Item: We do farther Order and Command, That all Care possible be taken for the Maintaining of Blabs, Informers, Incendiaries, and Parasites, in all Courts and Palaces; for thence comes Our Harvest.

Item: That the Bablers, Tale-bearers, Makebates, and Instruments of Divorces and Quarrels, be no longer call'd Fans, but Bellows; in regard that they Draw, and Inflame, without giving any Allay, or Refreshment.

Item: That the Intermedlers be hereafter call'd and reputed, the Devil's Body-Lice; because they fetch Blood of those that feed and nourish them.

Lucifer then casting a fowre Look over his Shoulder, and spying the *Gouvernante*; I'm of his Mind, (quoth he) that said, Let God dispose of the *Donegna's*, (or *Gouvernantes*) as he pleases; for I'm in no little Trouble, how to dispose of these Confounded Carrions. Whereupon the Damn'd cry'd out with one Voice: Oh Lucifer! let it never be said, that it rain'd *Donegna's* in thy Dominions. Are we not miserable enough, without this

this new Plague of being Batted by Hags? Ah, Cursed Lucifer! (cry'd every one to himself) *fling them any where, so they come not near me.* And with that, they all clapt their Tails between their Legs, and drew in their Horns, for fear of this new Torment. Lucifer, finding how the Dread of the Old Women wrought upon the Devils, contented himself, at the present, to let it pass only *In Terrorem*: But withal, he Swore, By the Honour of his Imperial Crown, and as he hop'd to be Sav'd, That what Devil, Devil's Dam, or Reprobate soever, should in time to come be found wanting to his Duty; and in the least degree disobedient to his Laws, and Ordinances: All, and every the said Devil or Devils, their Dams or Reprobates so offending, should be deliver'd up to the Torture of the Donegna, and ty'd Muzzle to Muzzle; so to remain, In *Sæcula Sæculorum*, without Relief or Appeal; any Law, Statute, or Usage to the contrary notwithstanding. But in the mean time, cast them into that Dry Ditch, (says he) that they may be ready for use upon any Occasion.

Immediately upon the Pronouncing of this Solemn Decree, Lucifer retir'd to his Cell; the Weather clear'd-up, and the Company dispers'd in a Frigate, at so horrible a Menace, and so went about their Business: When a Voice was heard out of the Clouds, as the Voice of an Angel, saying; He that rightly Comprehends the Morality of this Discourse, shall never repent the Reading of it.

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